



Mint and Honey by kaspbrakian_kid

Series: [Mint \[1\]](#)

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alpha Richie Tozier, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Antisemitism, Bisexual Bill Denbrough, Bisexual Richie Tozier, Canon-Typical Violence, Claiming, Class Differences, Don't Let The Tags Scare You, F/M, Fluff, Fluff and Humor, Forced Abortion, Gay Bashing, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Gay Stanley Uris, Graphic Description, Group Sex, Homophobia, Loss, M/M, Mating Bites, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Miscarriage, Mpreg, Multi, Multiple Pairings, Omega Eddie Kaspbrak, Omega Verse, Orgy, Pain, Partner Swapping, Period-Typical Homophobia, Period-Typical Racism, Protectiveness, Racism, Rutting, Secret Relationship, Small Towns, Tags Contain Spoilers, Werewolf Mates, Werewolf Politics, Werewolf Sex, Werewolves, i promise it's worth it

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Henry Bowers, Henry Bowers's Gang (IT), Maggie Tozier, Mike Hanlon, Patrick Hockstetter, Richie Tozier, Sonia Kaspbrak, Stanley Uris, Wentworth Tozier

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Beverly Marsh/Richie Tozier, Bill Denbrough/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Eddie Kaspbrak, Bill Denbrough/Mike Hanlon/Ben Hanscom/Eddie Kaspbrak/Beverly Marsh/Richie Tozier/Stamley Uris, Bill Denbrough/Richie Tozier/Stamley Uris, Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Mike Hanlon/Beverly Marsh, Mike Hanlon/Stamley Uris

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Summary:

Richie and Eddie are in their last year of high school and out of all of the Loser's Club, Richie is the only one who hasn't presented yet. But he hasn't turned eighteen yet, either. It's Bev that helps him out and helps him find out what he's meant to be. But who is he meant to be with? No one, if the town of Derry has any say.

Characters are aged up and Pennywise was not a thing.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Hello. I know there's a ton of hype about this right now because of the movie but I've always maintained that there was something between them ever since I read the book in Grade 10. Yes I understand that they're underage and yes I understand how disgusting it is so I've changed their ages completely. And if that still isn't enough for you then you can imagine it as completely different people altogether because I adore this story and I've been working on it for ages now.

It's something I really am proud of so give it a chance before you judge it.

I genuinely want to tell this story and I didn't really have any specific Richie and Eddie in mind, just the characters itself but I know that the recent characters have been more popular so I've used them as a reference.

1989

"Oh my fucking god. Oh my god. Ohmygod. Shit. Richie wait. This is a bad idea. Push it back in. No don't- ah. Fuck ow. Stop. Stop. Richie, I swear to god." Eddie panted anxiously, his words coming out way too fast as he looked at Richie's pink cheeks and wide eyes. It was dark and secluded around them despite the fact that they were outside. Eddie looked up at Richie's face in the shadowy darkness and natural light and tried to focus on Richie's face rather than the agony that radiated from the emptiness that he felt in his body that he hadn't felt in a long time.

"Eds, I- I can't just push it back in." Richie whispered as he watched a flash of pain run over Eddie's face, "It hurts."

"I don't fucking care." Eddie snapped, "If my mom sees me like this,

she will fucking kill me. I can't go home like this Richie. Push it back in a couple times."

Richie nodded, his pouted lips parted as he drew even closer to Eddie than he had been. Eddie trembled as his best friend moved closer but didn't make a move to stop him.

"Wait no." Eddie screwed his eyes shut, "No. Bad idea. I change my mind. I can't do this. It hurts too much."

"For God's sake, Eddie." Richie groaned impatiently, "It's gonna hurt either way. Whether I do it or someone else does it."

"That's unhelpful." Eddie narrowed his eyes up at Richie, "Why did you have to say that?"

"Because it's true." Richie shrugged a little, "Think about it. Get it over and done with with someone who's done it before."

"I- I- Fine." Eddie groaned and then looked at Richie with wide for eyes, "Please be gentle. Last time you did this, it hurt so bad."

"Last time I didn't have any experience." Richie countered as he took Eddie's arm in his own and stepped back, guiding Eddie's arm to place the smaller boy's hand on his chest.

Eddie's lip began to tremble as the pain shot through him again.

"I'm gonna push on 'three' okay?" Richie whispered to Eddie but the latter just nodded vigorously and tried not to think about the invasive pain.

Richie reached out and put Eddie against the wall. Eddie gasped as his back hit the wooden wall behind him.

Richie swallowed hard and pushed his glasses back up on his nose before he took Eddie's arm at the elbow and wrist and pulled gently, aligning the dislocated limb with the shoulder socket.

Eddie cried out wordlessly, mouth dropping open with sheer agony as Richie continued to push. Richie grunted, planting his feet as he pushed even harder to try and pop Eddie's arm back into place. There

was an eventual pop of bone in cartilage and the sharp electrical numbness radiated down Eddie's left arm that seemed to stay there.

The tears ran down his flushed cheeks and he cradled his arm to his chest when Richie let go.

"Better?" Richie asked softly and Eddie nodded, wiping a stray tear, "Good job, Eds."

"Shut up, you know I hate that." Eddie replied with a grunt as Richie put an arm around his recently-beat-up best friend.

"Whatever you say, Eddie Spaghetti." Richie smiled as they walked through the rest of the way of the sheltered kissing bridge towards the Barrens.

"Let's go. Before Huggins tries to find me again." Eddie looked behind them for any signs of the large bully or the Trans Am that he feared more than the Chariot of Death. Although, to Eddie, those two things were one in the same.

"Yeah. Big Bill is gonna blow his lid when he sees what happened to you." Richie's voice was gravely at the mention of the Alpha.

"Is he gonna be mad at me?" Eddie asked and watched Richie practically freeze up at the idea.

"Of course not, Eds. The man's no' a reprobate," Richie put on the best accent he could muster as he helped Eddie over the edge of the bridge carefully.

"Hey, that one was pretty good." Eddie commented as he climbed over the wooden fencing and steadied himself over the wet leaves and mulch of the rolling hills that cascaded down.

"Thanks, Eds." Richie helped Eddie down the hill carefully.

"My arm really hurts." Eddie whined unhappily and Richie looked down at Eddie's previously dislocated arm.

"Here." Richie sighed as he took off his backpack and set it at his feet. He removed his favorite button-up, the white one with the blue

flowers, and turned to Eddie in just his Freese's t-shirt and his shorts.

Eddie frowned, his lips parted with a puzzled shift to his eyebrows. Richie lay Eddie's arm in the back of the shirt and pushed it gently against Eddie's chest before he tied the rest of it behind his neck in a makeshift sling.

"Oh." Eddie sighed, his entire body radiating relief.

"C'mon." Richie put a hand on Eddie to guide him to the Barrens, "I don't wanna keep them waiting. They're gonna shit when they see you anyway."

"Beep beep, Richie."

2. Chapter 2

1994

The Losers were still together even after 5 years. They had grown even closer than they had been when they were in eighth grade. Now they were young adults that were all almost eighteen.

And almost all had presented by then, of course. Because despite their differences, they were all normal.

Bill was first to present of course.

He had been with the group of Losers and they were all sitting in Derry park when it happened. Bowers and his two goonies had wandered over to them with menacing glints.

Bowers was also an alpha, Belch Huggins and Patrick had become betas. They had kicked out Victor Criss when he had presented as an omega and had practically beat the shit out of him to prove a point. There was a rumor that they had stomped his teeth on the curb and that he was hiding in his house for the summer.

Bill had been glaring at the three bullies ever since they came into view and were growing closer. He didn't want to have to deal with this. Not on his birthday.

"Hey Losers. Hey Buh-Buh-Buh-Billy." Henry Bowers stammered dramatically as he tossed his closed switchblade from one hand to the other and tilted his head to the side, "Heard along the vine that it's someone's buh-buh-buh-birthday. We thought we'd give you a special... Gift."

"Fuh-Fuh-Fuck off, Buh-Bowers." Bill glared heatedly.

"Bill, shush." Bev whispered to him under her breath and put her hand on his exposed knee, "It's not worth it."

"Oh, you gonna take orders from your bitch-whore, Denbrough?" Patrick asked with a sneer and Bev snapped her head up, short ginger curls bouncing as her blue eyes zeroed in on Hockstetter.

"Shut up, Patrick. You're all talk with your big mouth."

"What did you say, you little-?!" Patrick snarled loudly, the sound ripping from his chest as he lunged forward to grab Beverly when Bill intercepted. No one had even seen him get up but all of a sudden he was there, tackling Patrick over into the grass, snarls and growls were coming from Bill's chest as he punched Patrick repeatedly. Henry grabbed Bill by the back of the shirt and threw him off with immense strength.

Bill went flying through the air and every one of the Loser's screamed out in shock to see their fearless leader airborne for a moment. Bill landed in the grass a few feet away and lay there. The air was thick with horror and anticipation. The three bullies walked over to where Bill sat up and shook his head to clear his dizzying thoughts.

He snarled, watching Patrick wipe the blood from his face, and his eyes suddenly glowed a brilliant and obnoxious green. Bowers and his gang immediately stopped in their tracks and a small gasp left Bev's mouth.

Green was an Alpha color. Always. Brilliant bright green irises were always present when an Alpha got caught up and tangled with his inner wolf.

"This isn't over, loser." Bowers raised his switchblade up at Bill and let out a snarl, "You won't always be around to protect your friends, Denbrough. We'll find ya."

"Get lost, Bowers!" Beverly called and threw a piece of tomato at him that she had picked out of her sandwich. It hit Belch on the arm and fell onto the grass. They looked at her with different variations of anger and Richie held up his middle finger.

Adults had turned to look at the altercation but knew better than to properly get involved when they saw Bill's eyes.

Bill got up and dusted himself off, wiping his jean shorts off. He looked at his friends who were wide eyed and not even touching their packed lunches.

"Bill..." Bev gasped softly with her eyes wide and Richie let out a short.

"Well I say, Billy-boy! Looks like you've gone and presented, old chap!" Richie adjusted his glasses and looked at his best friend, "Tally ho, off for a celebration of a man becoming a man! Alert the elders."

"Beep beep, Richie." Stan whispered without moving his eyes from Bill in what looked like awe and admiration.

After Bill, it was Eddie. It was almost a week later and not anywhere close to his birthday. Eddie had only found out later that he had presented because he was just always in the constant presence of a newly presented Alpha.

Eddie and Bill and Stan were all at Bill's house and playing cards when Eddie began to feel it. He had already started to feel iffy during the week. It started with hot flashes and occasional cramping. It started with binge eating and crying over nothing.

And then it went away.

But here he sat, sitting across from Stan and Bill with his six cards in his clammy hand. He chewed on his bottom lip and fidgeted uncomfortably.

"You okay, Eds?"

"Don't call me that." Eddie whispered, his voice cracking before he took a sip of his glass of milk. His hand shook violently and he set the glass down again in fear of spilling.

"Eddie..." Stan whispered again and set his cards down, "You're all pink in the face. You don't look so good."

"I'm... I'm fine. Yeah, no. I'm okay. I'm fine. I just feel a little weird." Eddie shrugged it off and set his own cards down. He scratched behind his ear and swallowed hard, his throat suddenly dry.

Eddie shakily got out of his seat at the table and his knees threatened to buckle. Bill was instantly at his side like the protective Alpha he was to the group.

"Eh-Eddie..." He whispered, his voice soft and comforting, "Yuh-You wanna go and lie down?"

"I think it's a good idea." Stan commented as he stood beside Eddie and held his hand as Bill took Eddie into his bedroom and lay him down on the bed. Stan gently took off Eddie's shoes and set them down neatly at the foot of the bed.

"Bill?" Eddie croaked out and the tall boy looked up with a smile in reply, "Don't leave. I-I don't wanna be alone."

"O-O-Of kuh-course not." Bill sat on the edge of the bed and looked at Stan, who looked pale, "What?"

Stan wordlessly pointed to the ground where Bill and Eddie looked down to see a trail of wet droplets that led from the bed and out into the hall. Stan and Bill looked at Eddie and Bill went pink.

"So that's wuh-what the suh-smell is." Bill whispered, "I-I've never had anyone else pruh-present before so I duh-duh-didn't know."

"What?" Eddie asked and looked at the floor again and at Bill, "I'm presenting?"

"Yuh-You're oh-oh-omega, Eds." Bill smiled sweetly and brushed a stray chestnut curl from his face.

"What?!" Eddie sat up with a shriek of horror and then was hit with a sudden wave of vertigo that had him drop back down again.

"Didn't you feel this running out of you?" Stan asked as he returned with an old mop in his hand.

"I-" Eddie huffed, "It's a hot day. I thought I just... had a bad case of swamp ass or something. Because I had a fever. Oh god. I'm a pansy. An omega. I'm gonna be fucking killed. Bill, what the fuck. What the fuck. I'm gonna be like this forever. What the fuck."

Bill let out a chuckle as Eddie sucked on his inhaler and looked at Stan who was silently and diligently mopping up the slick on the floor as though it were nothing. He looked back at Eddie, whose eyes were glowing a pale lilac, the true color of an omega.

"You should suh-sleep."

"Don't leave." Eddie's eyes were wide with fear at the sudden thought of being alone.

"I won't luh-luh-leave you, Eh-Eddie." Bill then looked at Stan who was standing there with a mop and a hand over his nose.

"I'm not even presented properly and I can smell him. How are you not choking?" Stan asked as he pulled his sweater vest up over his mouth and nose.

"I-It's not a buh-bad smell." Bill smiled and looked down at Eddie who was now sweating bullets despite being in a thin yellow t-shirt and small red shorts, "He suh-smells like huh-huh-honey. But it's luh-like suh-citrus, too."

"Billy..." Eddie whined unhappily, "'S too hot."

"Y'know what?" Stan straightened up, "I'm gonna go and find Ben and Bev." He cleared his throat, "Or-Or some birds in the park."

"I'll kuh-catch up luh-luh-later. I duh-duh-don't wanna luh-leave him aloh-lone, y'know?"

"Of course." Stanley nodded, smiling with clear understanding. He gave Eddie one last sympathetic glance before he and the mop disappeared.

"I feel bad. He has to leave because of me. Because I'm an omega. He's uncomfortable."

"Oh no. Nuh-No one eh-ever makes Stanley Yuh-Uris do anyth-thuh-thing he doesn't wuh-wanna do, Eds." Bill reassured when he heard the front door open and close, leaving he and Eddie alone.

"It hurts, Big Bill." Eddie's eyebrows knitted as a small roll of cramps bracketed his lower stomach.

"I'm suh-suh-sorry, Eddie." Bill pursed his pouted lips and scratched behind his ear, "I duh-duh-don't know how to huh-huh-help."

"Make it go away. Please." The last word cracked in Eddie's throat as another wave of pain hit him and soaked completely through his shorts.

"Okay. Okay, Eddie. I've got you." Bill leaned in, his body protectively spanned out as he hovered over the omega.

Eddie and Bill had been there for each other. They had been each other's first and they couldn't have been happier considering it was out of the way and it was for good reason. Not that anyone else outside of the group needed to know.

And so Eddie had presented early and he and Bill had been together for Eddie's first heat cycle that month because the first was always the worst. Even after that, they remained best friends and nothing more, there was no longing or pining after they had spent the week wrapped in each other's arms.

It was later, almost two months later, that Mike and Stanley both presented on the same day. Usually it would have been an abnormal occurrence but because of how it happened, it made perfect sense. Their birthdays were only a day apart and because everyone was together and it was a celebration of high spirits, when they both simply slid into their beta presenting at midnight with their cerulean blue eyes sparkling, no one was surprised.

Bill was sitting in the corner with Eddie beside him, the omega being extra clingy because he was on the tail end of a heat cycle. Bill was talking to Stan over Eddie's head and feeding the omega small pieces of cake from a paper plate.

Stan and Mike were dancing with some other people in the middle of the Hanlon's family barn to some music from an old stereo.

Bev and Richie were sitting on a pile of hay together, they were huddled over a comic book with Ben at their feet who was trying to construct something out of a few straws of hay from the bale that they were on.

It was perfect, really. Everyone seemed so content with the way things were going. Ben and Bev were dating, too. They were good for

each other. Ben was there for Beverly when she needed comfort and she was his motivation for literally everything. Even to lose his extra weight. He was starting to grow taller and fill out, looking a lot like Mike these days and it was amazing to see how happy he was and how happy he and Beverly made each other.

It was in each others' arms that Bev presented, her eyes glowing bright blue as she hit her birthday almost three months after Mike and Stan. Ben was elated to find out that she wasn't an alpha or omega because he was almost certain he was going to be beta. It ran in his family.

His suspicions were confirmed weeks later when he presented late on his own birthday when he was out with his family. He rushed over that evening to the clubhouse to tell everyone and they threw a celebration for the cause, smacking him on the back. He beamed with pride as he kissed his beta girlfriend, earning laughs and wolf-whistles from the group.

That was ages ago and all that was left was Richie.

His birthday had been a week ago and all of the Loser's had gathered in the clubhouse to play checkers, drink soda and listen to cassette tapes like Richie wanted. The entire day everyone had kept glancing at Richie to see if anything happened.

It was time for everyone to go home once the sun began to set and Richie had still not presented. He shrugged it off despite the knot in his stomach and thought that maybe it was just taking it's time because he was nervous.

He pushed his bike down the road towards his house, spying the off-white house through his thick glasses.

"It's okay, Rich. You're just nervous. Had people breathin' down yer neck all the livelong day, boy." He spoke to himself under his breath and nodded in reply as he trudged closer to the house.

And here he sat a week after and there was still nothing. He didn't feel any violent mood swings like an alpha would, he didn't feel any hot flushes like an omega, nor did he feel any goosebumps and

toothache like a beta.

Absolutely nothing that he could tell. And he couldn't even smell his own scent anymore. He, like everyone, had his own smell and when a wolf presents, the smell instantly grew stronger and was mingled in with a heady sensual musk that meant that they were ready to breed or mate.

Richie knew all of the Losers' scents by heart. Alphas like Bill had musky and earthy smells. Betas like the rest of the group had simpler neutral smells and omegas like Eddie has sweet smells.

Bill had this warm smell to him that was so comforting. He smelled like a campfire, not just a wildfire that had its sickly smoke. But the smell made you think back to when you went camping and sat with people you loved and talked shit around the hearth in the middle.

Stan smelled like lavender, a clean and fresh smell that suited him to a tee. It was something about the smell that emanated from his scent glands that you just wanted to sit and inhale for hours, mental images of purple fields blowing in the breeze.

Beverly had a fresh rain smell to her that could rival a countryside morning. It could almost make you feel like you had walked out of a forest cabin after a heavy storm. If you liked that sort of thing.

Ben smelled so intrinsically like eucalyptus that it was potent especially when Bev was around. It wasn't an unpleasant smell at all, but it was a strong scent that not everyone could be around if they weren't used to it. It made you think of a warm bath after a long day that had salts or oil in it to ease your pain. Which is what Ben did.

Mike smelled like cinnamon, an uncommon smell for a beta but it suited him. The scent was so very 'Mike' for being spicy, sweet and earthy. It had a homely smell that made Richie instantly think of when he was a child and he would come home to his mother baking cookies. Also a comfortable smell that he didn't hate.

And the only omega of the group had the sweetest smell because he was the sweetest boy. Eddie smelled like pure honey. The sickly sweet and sticky smell was tinted with a citrus tang that Richie

couldn't get enough of. No one could. Even the betas loved to take a whiff of Eddie when he passed by. It had Richie run mental images of thick honey running over his fingertips that he longed to suck on. But of course, even sweet Eddie had a bite to him like his scent did. And he bit hard when pushed too far.

Richie always had a clean smell that could go either of the three ways. His scent was so faint that it actually took a fair bit of rubbing on his scent glands for it to make itself known. He smelled like mint. Like pure mint leaf and nothing else. No other give away that would help him figure out just where he fell in the world.

He got to his house after his birthday party and pushed his bike into the open garage. He settled it against the wall before he greeted his father politely and walked into the house to see his mother cooking his favorite dinner.

"Aw ma, you didn't have to." Richie gushed and waved a hand at her as he watched Maggie lay down lasagna noodles and sauce.

"It's your birthday, Rich. Of course I want to." She smiled at her son as he went to grab a glass of milk from the nearby refrigerator.

"Thanks, mom." Richie chuckled and then sat down with his lips pursed, "Ma?"

"Yes, Rich?"

"When, um..." He twirled a dark curl around his finger, "When did you and dad... Present?"

Maggie looked up from the clear pyrex dish and turned to look at her son. She took a deep sniff of the air and realized that she couldn't smell her son's scent any stronger than she usually could. Her eyes dropped to him again and they were laden with a soft symphony of sympathy and trickled disappointment.

"Oh, Richie. Don't worry about it. It's still your birthday for a few hours." She rubbed her forehead with the back of her hand, "Just try not to stress."

"I'm not worried. I'm right as rain, dear mother. As fine as porcelain

china. As 'a' as an okay. I'm-

"Richie..." His mom smiled at him and he closed his mouth with a small scowl. Richie grumbled and lay his arms on the table with a pout.

That was a week ago and Richie still hadn't presented. He was starting to grow anxious but he tried not to let it show. Even his friends were on edge. He was getting side glances from every single one of the Losers. Richie always shrugged them off and told them that it was just because he had already had sex and his body wasn't as impatient as the rest of the virgins.

Ben always tried to comment to Richie about the 'good things to those who wait' or something like that and Richie just nodded and commented on how much he needed a cigarette for about five minutes until someone gave him one.

~

"Still nothing?" Maggie Tozier asked her son as he came downstairs for breakfast on Friday morning. Richie gave himself a small sniff and then shrugged at her. It had been exactly nine days since he was supposed to present and yet nothing had happened at all, "Oh, my Richie boy."

Wentworth let out a small huff and continued to read his newspaper, ignoring his disappointment of a son. Richie pushed the remark aside and sat down at the table when a small stack of pancakes was put in front of him. His stomach growled incessantly and he immediately began to pile into the food with an appetite that was more than his usual ravenous chow-down.

"Maybe I'm just broken. Broken beyond repair. A birth defect. A freak of nature." Richie shrugged and looked at his mom through his coke-bottle glasses. He cut another piece of fluffy pancake and shovelled it into his mouth.

Maggie shook her head, "Everyone presents at some point, Rich. I just don't know why you're taking so long. The only time there are blocks or delays is when there's a health issue."

"If that's the case then I should have presented before Eddie even!" Richie waved a hand in outrage and looked at his food with a scowl, "Dumb Eddie with his dumb face presenting before me. Why I oughta have him quartered, mother dear!"

"You don't mean that." Maggie chided and Richie let out a loud and drawn out sigh, looking up at the ceiling.

"What else could it be, then?"

"Maggie, what about his meds?" Wentworth suddenly spoke up after a long silence. The other two Toziers at the table turned to look at him with a frown, "His ADHD meds, do you think they could be stunting his change?"

Maggie was instantly out of her chair and ran for the phone on the wall. She pressed the pharmacy's number on speed dial and put the phone to her ear as she paced impatient, "Hi, yes. I'd like to speak to Mr. Keene. Oh, hi Greta, can I please talk to your father? Thank you."

Richie continued to eat in silence beside his father as he listened to his mother tapping her foot.

"Good morning Mr. Keene. How are you?" She asked politely and Richie's head was filled with the mental image of the pharmacist that he severely disliked. Both he and Eddie disliked the old man that just happened to be the father of the girl who picked on them and Bev.

"Ugh. Creep." Richie whispered at the thought and decided to rather focus on the conversation behind him.

"That's great to hear, Mr. Keene. I just have a question. It was Richie's birthday last week and he was supposed to present and he still hasn't. Wentworth said that it could possibly be because of the medication Rich is on for his ADHD. Is it a possibility?"

Richie waited to hear what Maggie would say, catching only 'Uh-huh' and 'okay' from here over and over as the creeper on the phone spoke.

"Okay. Thanks for your time, Mr. Keene. Thank you. Thanks. Bye." She smiled and hung up, both Tozier men turning to look at her. She

pursed her lips and walked up to her son, gripping his face in both her hands gently, "Taking you off those meds immediately."

"What did Keene say?"

"He said it's a common side effect and Richie was only supposed to be on them until last year and was meant to change his prescription early enough so this wouldn't happen." She sighed, "Sorry, Rich."

"So, now what?" Richie voice broke at the thought of being unrepresented forever.

"We take you off the meds and eventually you'll come right." Maggie pursed her lips, "All we can do is wait and see when it happens."

"Oh great." Richie scowled and pushed his empty plate aside, "One more thing to get picked on for."

"Stop complaining, Rich." Wentworth sipped his coffee before he got up, "It builds character."

"Yeah, I got about twenty of those up here. All of 'em about as unique as the last, old boy." Richie tapped his head, earning a small smile from his mother and a disapproving glance from his father.

An hour later and he was with his friends in their clubhouse and he was away from his worried parents. But he did have some explaining to do whether he wanted to or not.

So he did.

"So, what? You're stuck like this?" Eddie asked as he sat across from Richie in the clubhouse, pressing his feet on Richie's shoulders as he lay his head against the wall. Richie absentmindedly stroked a hand up and down the side of Eddie's calf, silent and brooding over the idea of staying this way for God knows how long.

"Cheer up, Rich. It won't be long." Bev sat down beside Richie and handed him the last half of her Marlboro. Richie took it between his lips and took a drag, exhaling weakly as the cigarette stayed between his pouty lips.

"Easy for you to say, Bev. You already know what you are. You all do. Then I sit here like a fucking freak with no smell or no instincts and no special dick powers." Richie snorted.

"Yeah, and we know what you are, too." Stan commented from his perch in one of the armchairs without looking up from his bird book.

"Oh yeah, Stan the Man, and what exactly am I?"

"You're Richie." Stan then glanced up from under his lashes, mousy curls hanging in front of his eyes.

"Dankeshön, Stanley." Richie rolled his eyes, "Super helpful. Reminds of all the other times you tried to give me sound advice. Look where the fuck that's gotten me."

"No, I thuh-think he's ruh-ruh-right." Bill appeared beside Richie and carefully took one of Eddie's feet from Richie's shoulder to lay his hand on it, "You're Ruh-Richie and no one else kuh-could ever be you. You wuh-wuh-won't stop buh-being Richie juh-just because you pruh-present."

"Yeah." Ben smiled and looked up from one of his library books, "No one better than a Richie Tozier."

Richie scoffed, his hands nervous fidgeting because he could feel that he hadn't taken his ADHD medication this morning. He needed to fidget with something, a part of him always had to be moving and right now all he could find to play with was Eddie's foot in his lap.

He puffed on the cigarette between his lips and played with the hem of Eddie's sock, smiling as Eddie wiggled his sock-clad toes. Richie hadn't even been off of his meds for a couple hours and he was already feeling like he couldn't sit still and his head was almost dizzy and aching.

"Thanks, guys." Richie whispered as he toyed with Eddie's foot slowly and then looked up at his friends, "I guess it's not so bad to be just me. Ees a meeracle."

"That's not what I said." Stan scoffed and slid further into the chair, "I said you're Richie, I didn't say it was a good thing for us. They added

that in."

"Stanley!" Beverly turned and hissed at him but Stan just hid his smirk behind his book and tucked his knees up to his chest.

"Buncha assholes, the lotta ya." Richie piped up as he stubbed his cigarette out on a nearby plate.

3. Chapter 3

1995

It was Richie's nineteenth birthday. He had been waiting an entire year to present and he still hadn't. But he thought that because it was coming to his birthday and he had been off his meds for an entire year, it was bound to happen.

It made sense in his mind.

But he had a plan B if he didn't present today. He was going to get a little... Help.

A week before his birthday, Richie decided that he wanted a backup plan to push things along. He had heard over the year at high school that a lot of people had presented when they were in the middle of fooling around with someone. It seemed like a good idea to try.

He decided to go to the one person he felt he could trust and could be physical with. His first proper crush.

Beverly.

He knew Beverly and Ben were dating and happily together. But he also knew that she would understand what he was asking. He wasn't asking for a fuck around or a fun lay. He was asking for help. In the old times, this is what wolves did. It made sense that some people just need a push.

Richie and Bev had always been close and he decided that if he was going to be a beta- a decision he had come to terms with- then he should get used to being with a beta.

He walked up to Bev one afternoon and slung an arm around her shoulder, giving her a cocky grin.

"Hey Haystack, you mind if I steal your woman for second?" Richie asked Ben who was on the other side of Bev as they all stood and looked over the Barrens and the flowing river.

"As long as you give her back, Trashmouth." Ben replied with a smile, leaning over to kiss Bev on the cheek before he walked over to Stan who was about a few feet away.

"What's up, Rich?" Bev turned, unleashing the full force of her blue eyes on him. He smiled at her cheekily for a moment before pushing his thin glasses up on his nose.

"Look, I... Bevvie you know I love you, right?"

"Of course, Richie." She smiled and tucked a short auburn curl behind her ear, "Why?"

"I- Whoa, is it hot in here? Jeez, turn down the heat-"

"Richie..." Bev asked with a frown, "Tell me what's wrong."

"I want to ask you a favor." Richie shoved his hands into the pockets of his shorts, "It's my birthday in a week and I figured that since I haven't presented yet, it's a good chance I might present on my birthday."

"Makes sense." Bev shrugged as she took the cigarette that was tucked behind her ear and put it between her lips.

Richie took out his lighter and struck it, shielding the flame as he held it out for her, "And if it doesn't..."

"Yeah?" She asked as she took a deep exhale of the slim stick and rested her elbow on her other arm, eyeing him, "How should I help?"

"I heard from a couple-a kids that they presented when they were... Y'know? Bumping fuzzies."

"Beep beep, Richie." She scolded him playfully and he recoiled and cleared his throat.

"So I was wondering if you'd help me. I don't know who else to ask. Who else I'd trust to be themselves and not judge me." Richie began fidgeting with his hand before he began biting on his thumbnail.

"Well, Richie... That's a big thing to ask. But I understand why. I'll

Speak to Ben first, okay? It's not like we're having sex to have sex. I wanna help you."

"Thanks, Bevvie." Richie smiled sweetly and gave her cheek a small stroke with his finger.

"I do have a question."

"Sure." He took the cigarette from her and took a drag, feeling the smoke burn his throat before he exhaled.

"Why me? I mean, okay I guess it makes sense if you were straight but... But you're not. Are you?"

"I don't know what I am. I just... I like who I like. But I want help from a beta. I'll probably be one too and I don't want to have sex with an alpha if I know I won't ever be able to have it ever again."

"That's true. I mean betas are eighty percent of the population so your chances are high." She sighed and took the cigarette back just after Richie had taken a second drag, "I'll talk to Ben."

And it was the next day that Bev told Richie that Ben almost insisted she help poor Richie. His friends wanted to help him as much as they could. No one liked to see their pack struggle that way.

Richie had held the party at his house with his friends and a few family members. After the dinner his mom insisted on throwing, he shooed them out of the house for a while so that his friends could actually have fun.

Eddie and Stan were dancing in the low light of the living room, both of them dancing very close to Bill who was slowly shaking his own hips to the punky pop music that was on the stereo. Richie had insisted on listening to all kinds of his favorite music from Elvis Presley to Guns 'n Roses and even some Madonna. Bev and Ben were laughing and standing near the food table, having a contest just between them on who could shove the most meatballs in their mouth.

Mike was sitting on the sofa watching Stan and Eddie with a very amused expression as he sipped on the cider that Maggie had

provided.

Not beer.

No. Never.

Just cider.

Richie stood in the living room doorway in his unbuttoned Hawaiian shirt that was way too many colors, an old t-shirt and his jeans. He pushed his new thinly-framed glasses up on his nose and tucked a dark curl behind his ear.

He watched as Stan gave Eddie's ass a squeeze and Eddie turned, looking appalled at Stan who then looked shocked and turned to point at Bill. Eddie rounded on Bill and slapped him across the face, angrily yelling at him about personal space as Stan howled with laughter, almost bent backwards.

Richie smiled and looked at them before he sat down on the armrest of the sofa next to Mike.

"Hey, Homeschool." Richie called down to Mike with a smile as the latter tipped his bottle in Richie's direction like a salute, "Having fun at my birthday bash, this hullabaloo at my expense?"

"Rich, this is a helluva shindig." Mike announced with a laugh and Richie smiled and looked up to see Beverly cheering for herself, chewing on a mouth full of meat as Ben looked very red and almost teary-eyed, rubbing his chest. Richie assumed he probably almost choked on the food in his mouth and so badly wanted to make a gay joke.

He bit down on his lip, the grin spreading across his face as he visibly began to vibrate.

"Hey!" He called across the room, "Hey, Haystack! Can't take meat in your mouth like your girl can?!"

Ben's head shot up in surprise and stared at Richie in horror, his face coated in a deeper shade of pink.

"Beep beep, Richie." Mike tapped Richie's leg with his cider bottle.

"Aw c'mon. It was funny." He pouted and watched Bev saunter over, her hips swinging from side to side.

Why had he never noticed that walk before? Surely she didn't walk like that all the time...

Richie looked up from her exposed legs and up to her face to see her eyes sparkling even in the dim light.

"Trashmouth." She greeted curtly.

"Marsh." Richie replied with the same intonation and looked at her, standing up to be just taller than her.

"Be careful with those jokes. I might call off my end of the bargain."

"Bevvie, no-" Richie's jaw dropped and he was genuinely horrified. Bev looked satisfied with his reaction and pursed her lips with her hands on her hips, "Don't cockblock me. Not today. It's my birthday. Bev, please."

"That's what I thought." She nodded firmly and then dropped the façade for a moment, "How are you feeling, Rich?"

"I don't feel very different.... Just..." He glanced at Mike for a second who then turned to look at Bill who was now dancing with Ben beside Eddie who was practically dancing on Stan. Richie took Bev by the forearm and pulled her aside, "I don't feel different in a way but I feel a lot... Warmer. Inside."

"That's a good sign." Bev nodded and then pursed her lips, "Is that all?"

"Yeah." Richie let out a defeated sigh, "I remember Ben said he got warm flushes months before he actually presented. I can't wait months, Bevvie. I can't. I'll go fucking mental. I swear-"

"Alright. Alright. Relax." She shushed him with her hands on his face, "It's okay. I'll help you anyway. It may speed it up."

"Thank you, Bevvie." Richie sighed out in relief and she took his hand before leading him out of the living room and into the hallway. They climbed the stairs wordlessly and it was when they got to the top landing that Richie broke the silence.

"What if people look for us? That'll be helluva fun thing to explain with my head between your legs or my-" He prattled nervously and Bev turned around to look at him as they walked to his bedroom door.

"I told Ben to tell them that we're having having a private discussion. The Loser's aren't nosy, they won't find us. If we wanna share, we will." Beverly shrugged as she walked into the bedroom with Richie, closing the door behind him.

"Okay." Richie whispered as a knot formed in his stomach and he looked at her, "So... So now what?"

"We have sex, dummy." She bent down to undo the laces on her boots before she toed them off and pushed them aside with her foot.

"God, okay. Time to sexually disappoint the first woman in my life besides Eddie's mom." Richie did the same, kicking off his sneakers before he peeled his socks off and threw them aside. He stood up and walked back to his bed. His eyes never left Beverly as he unfastened his pants and shrugged them down.

He realized that Bev hadn't taken anything else off and he froze, eyes going wide. He adjusted his glasses, "Bev?"

"Just watchin'." She shrugged, "I'm seeing you in a new light and it's nice."

"You've seen me in my underwear loads of times." Richie frowned as he shrugged out of his button-up.

"Of course. But we weren't going to have sex when we swam in the quarry or any of the other times. This is different. Same bodies but different... Mood."

"Oh." Richie looked down at his bare legs and then up at Beverly who was in her pretty floral dress, realizing just how she looked in a

different sense, "You're right."

Bev merely looked at Richie and gestured with a hand, "I believe you were going somewhere."

"Oh." Richie nodded and reached down to pull at his t-shirt, tugging it up and over his head to discard it nearby. He was now in his grey briefs and he waited for Beverly, his hands clenching and unclenching with nerves.

Bev eyed him, her eyes starting to glow up a notch from their usual soft blue to the bright cerulean. She reached up to undo the front buttons of her dress.

Richie sucked in a shaky breath and watched as Bev pushed the dress from her shoulders and wiggled her arms out of it before it she pushed it down to a pool at her feet.

Richie took in her pale and slightly curved body. He tilted his head to the side and tried to make out the freckles that he knew were there. Her pale skin looked so pretty in compliment with the baby blue bra and panties.

"Well, I... Wow. That's sure something." Richie commented simply as she stepped out of the dress and crossed the distance between them, her lips on his in a gentle kiss. He sucked in a breath of surprise and his hands instantly went to her waist.

"Lay down." She breathed over his lips and he nodded, shakily sitting on his bed before he lay back on the bed and took his glasses off.

He set them aside and then let out a groan of realization.

"Fuck."

"What?" She asked as she reached behind her to unfasten her bra.

"I don't have any lube or... Or protection. I knew I'd fuck up. I didn't even think-"

"Richie, you don't need lube. I'm not ninety." She laughed as she unhooked her bra and pulled it off, her small but supple breasts

dropping into their natural poise. Richie stared at them in genuine awe, realizing that he'd never ever seen breasts in real life.

"Whoa." He stammered out loud as she came closer to him with a smile on her rosy lips.

"Have you ever had sex, Rich?" She asked curiously and Rich instantly felt his face flush.

He scoffed at the question and looked away, "Duh. Been... Been with loads-a chicks. Guys too. Hundreds, I have."

"Richard Tozier. Are you lying to me?" Beverly took a step back and put her hands on her hips, her eyes narrowed.

Richie let out a groan and looked at her again, scratching his jaw idly, "Yeah, I lied. I'm... I'm a fat ol' virgin, Bevvie dear."

"I knew it!" She laughed brightly, "All bite, Trashmouth."

"I don't bite unless you want me to." Richie beamed and held out a hand for his friend. Beverly took the outstretched fingers and was pulled over to the bed when she climbed on and on top of Richie.

Richie sucked in a breath at the warmth of Beverly on his crotch. He'd never experienced anyone else but himself in that region and it was explosive to his nerves.

Bev leaned in, kissing Richie slowly, their mouths moving in sync as her body was pressed down into him.

Richie shuddered out a breath as his shaking hands ran over her shockingly soft skin. He caressed the planes of her back and her arms, thumbs over her collarbones when she sat up.

She took his large hands in her own and looked at them with her eyes alight, giggling at the size of his hands and fingers before she brought them up to cradle her breasts.

Richie shuddered again, the sensation of warm skin under his palms was something he'd never forget. His brain screamed at him to do something, to do anything. And he did the only thing his porn-

magazine filled brain could remember.

He gently massaged and caressed over the flesh and ran his long fingers over her breasts before they travelled down her sides and down over her thighs.

One hand reached up and tangled gently into her hair to pull her down into another kiss. It was the kiss that prompted Beverly to move on him. Richie let out a groan as he felt Beverly grinding her body down on his, the friction of their underwear skidding between them.

"Shit." Richie gasped out, his head going back and his eyes threatening to shut as she kissed at his neck. It sent a surge of heat through his body, his mouth drying up as he panted, "Good fucking god."

His hands reached back to squeeze her ass experimentally and he jerked forward, her body pressing down even harder.

"Jesus, Bev. Please." He gulped, wanting so badly to have more and hoping that she was still going to give it to him.

She sat up, tucking her hair behind her ears before she scooted back and took the band of Richie's underwear with her curled fingers, tugging.

Richie lifted his hips and closed his eyes, trying not to blush when he realized that his favorite girl in the world would be the first person to properly see him naked.

She slid his briefs down to his knees and he managed to kick them off when he looked down and noticed that she had barely moved to remove her own underwear.

"Oh, my god." He whispered, taking in her blurred but naked form, "Wait."

"What?" She asked out as Richie reached out and grabbed his glasses, shoving them on for a second so that he could properly take her body in.

"What the hell, Bevvie." Richie whispered as another wave of heat went over his skin, "Jesus."

"What, Rich?"

"Sorry, I-" He removed his glasses again and shifted, his hands under her thighs to move her closer, "You're beautiful, Bev."

"Let's have sex, Richie." She replied to his compliment in the way he was thankful for. She always knew what to say to Richie.

He nodded and brought her in for more kisses, rolling them over until she was beside him. He picked up one of her legs and pulled it up and over his hip until their bodies were as flush as they could be. She nibbled on his bottom lip before he licked his fingers and slid them down behind her, trailing them over the warmth and wet entrance that he was so curious about.

Beverly let out the softest gasp at the touch and Richie took it as a green light. His fingers slid even further in and his stomach clenched up to the point that it hurt, his fingers encased in a tight warmth that had his head spinning. He knew the basics of what to do but he also knew the woman he was entwined with and that if he wasn't doing enough, she'd do it for him.

She closed her eyes, falling into the moment as Richie moved his fingers in and out slowly, setting an experimental pace as his inner wolf bristled and roiled at the intense heat that his body was experiencing. He felt the wave of Bev's scent wash over him and he took in a deep breath, her usual fresh rain smell was tainted with a heady sex musk that had him almost salivating.

His body kicked in automatically as he slid his fingers out, sucking on them for a mere moment before he moved, hovering over her. She moved further into the middle of the bed as Richie settled between her open thighs.

For just a moment he leaned down and ran his tongue over the very top of her cleanly shaven mound and stuck his tongue in, tasting her and feeling the way she shivered under his touch.

He knew he could get lost between her thighs for hours if he let himself. But that wasn't what he wanted. Not now. He lifted her thighs up, her perfect legs wrapping around his waist as he glanced down, he wrapped a hand around his aching length and gave himself a few strokes.

The moan that left him was almost guttural, pulling at his throat as his thighs shook. He placed one hand on the wall as the other touched Beverly again.

She smiled, reaching down to touch Richie's dick for the first time. He almost fell over, gasping at the feel of her warm palm. She wrapped her hand around him and lifted her hips, guiding him further down to where his hand was on her. He stroked a careful finger between her warm lips and came to realize exactly where he needed to bury himself.

He nodded, lining himself up before he pushed in. There was less resistance than he had expected as he slid into her body. She let out a loud moan, her body arching up as Richie fought for control. He panted heavily as he gripped the wall and tried to still himself, letting her breathe.

He pushed himself all the way in and her hands were on his shoulders, neatly clipped nails raking over his pale skin as he thrust in and out.

Richie let out a small snarl when he heard the sounds she made, her body reacting to his in a way that seemed almost illegal to him.

He scrunched his eyes closed and tried to focus on where their bodies were connected. It was a glorious feeling, thrusting in and out roughly as the tight, heat-drawn knot in his stomach continued to form and tie itself over and over in the very lowest pit of his stomach.

Each of his long strokes was punctuated by a groan or moan from them both and he almost fainted when she slipped a hand between them to help herself. He wanted to look, his very perverse insides wanted to watch Beverly masturbate, but even now as he was buried inside of her, that seemed a step too far. It wasn't right.

He closed his eyes and bracketed her face with his tense arms as she lifted herself higher, her body stiffening as she rose to chase her release even faster.

And then Richie felt it, a sudden and sharp pain that shot down his spine and through his limbs. He snarled loudly and pushed into her at a blinding speed that he didn't know he had in him. His body was on fire, a sudden drive in him that he hadn't expected.

Beverly came unravelled beneath him, her walls quivering around his length as she bucked her hips up to him and rode out her release with soft moans.

Richie heard each and every one of her cries, each piece slotting into his tense form. He was so close, his breath barely able to come out in anything other than broken pants every few moments. His moans were staggered and jagged as he gripped one of her thighs and held it close.

He tipped over, profanities falling from his lips as stars burst behind his eyelids and he came deep into Beverly with quick thrusts.

He panted, letting go of the wall above her head and sat up, slowly pulling out as he opened his eyes. He looked down at her and as she looked back, her smile faltered.

His stomach dropped, "Oh god, don't look at me like that. Was I that bad? I mean I know it wasn't very long but, I've never- Bev, I-"

"Rich- Richie... I- You..." she sat up on her knees in front of him and looked at him in surprise, a hand on either side of his face, "Oh, Richie..."

"Bevvie, what?" He gasped, still trying to catch his breath, "What is it? What did I do? Was it the right hole?"

"You presented." She beamed brightly and Richie let out a humorless laugh of surprise.

"Really?!" He jumped off of the bed, still naked, and looked at himself in the mirror.

When he expected to be greeted by himself with eyes as blue as Beverly's own, what looked back was not what he had thought. Bright green.

He looked at the reflection of his momentary lover in the mirror and back at himself. He was stunned. Richie Tozier at a loss for words.

"I'm- I'm an Alpha?" He whispered as he looked at himself in the mirror.

Still as garish and lanky as he had been last year. Just taller. Now at six foot.

"I'm just as surprised." She admitted and unceremoniously grabbed one of Richie's t-shirts to wipe herself off with before she slid her underwear back on.

Richie didn't even care that she had done that to his favorite t-shirt. He looked at himself again, his eyes returning to their former dark brown. He turned to see her busy with her bra and he frowned.

"I don't understand. How?"

"Aren't you happy?" She asked curiously as she bent down to pick up her dress.

"Of course..." Richie seemed breathless as he picked up his discarded boxers and tried to put them back on, "I just... I wasn't expecting to be an alpha. Alpha."

Beverly let out a small snort and then covered her face with her hands, her eyes on him with embarrassment, "Richie, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to laugh. I- I just..."

"You're laughing at me being an alpha?" Richie gave her a hurt look and she only seemed to want to laugh more.

"Oh yeah, very scary." She giggled behind her hand and pulled her dress up. She tucked her arms into the sleeves and then looked at her best friend again, "Oh, c'mon, Rich. It's a little funny."

"As funny as World War Two." Richie snarled and she eyed him as she

did up her buttons.

"Beep beep, Richie."

Richie then went passed her and sat down on his bed, biting on his lip as he put his glasses back on, "My dad's gonna be happy."

"Good." Bev sat beside him and put on her socks.

"Mom, too." Richie whispered as his parents' proud smiles filled his head and then he put his head in his hands.

"What is it?"

"I'm an alpha." He said simply and Bev patted his shoulder.

"I think we kind of figured that out."

"No, Bev. I'm an alpha. But... So is Bill. There can't be two alphas in a family. It doesn't work like that. Unless the one is offspring of the other, then there's an already set pecking order."

"Oh, don't be silly. Bill won't care. He loves you." Bev put her boots back on with a small grunt and stood up, "I'm gonna go down and find Ben and when you're ready, I want you to come downstairs, too."

"You giving me an order, beta?" Richie looked up to see a twinkle in her eye.

"I am. Just because I'm a beta and you're an alpha, doesn't mean you make the rules. This makes the rules." She gestured to her crotch before turning and walking out of the room.

"It does when it tastes like that." Richie whispered in her wake, still sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Hey Trashmouth, where do you get-?" Stan asked as Richie reappeared in the living room five minutes later. Stan was cut off as everyone turned to look at him. He stared back silently and realized just how badly his scent was radiating.

Out of the seven Losers there, Beverly was the only one who's jaw

hadn't dropped.

"You presented?" Ben asked, breaking the silence in the room despite the music playing.

"That's nuh-not all." Bill came closer, sniffing them both up and down before he let out a loud bark of a laugh, "Thuh-They fuh-fucked!"

"What?!" Stan shrieked in horror, his bird book sliding out of his hands as eyes widened.

"In my defence," Richie held his hands up, the grin on his face still wide, "I was shit at it and it was my first."

"Yuh-Yuh-You puh-popped his chuh-cherry, Bev?" Bill looked at her as she sipped on her cider with a knowing smile to her lips.

"I helped him present." She shrugged and every set of eyes turned to look at Richie again, the excitement in the air was now thick enough to cut with a cake knife.

"I know, right?" Richie gestured wildly with his hand as a wider grin stretched over his face and every single one of them broke into raucous chaos of rushing legs and cheers as they all scrambled to hug Richie.

"Congrats, Tozier!" Mike gave his friend a hearty slap on the back as everyone else crowded and hugged him, even Bill was in the mix. Big Bill was the one that Richie was so worried about.

There couldn't be two alphas.

They would always fight.

And Richie didn't want to fight with Bill.

Richie shook Stan's hand and got a hug from Bill when he turned to see Eddie beaming at him brightly.

He smiled at his best friend and pulled him into a hug. He wrapped his arms around Eddie and hugged him before he ruffled the short boy's hair.

Eddie scowled and moved away, fixing his hair, his eyes narrowed, "Fuck sake Richie."

"Got a problem, spaghetti man?" Richie grinned, "Got a problem with the alpha?"

"Oh god." Stan groaned, "As if the Trashmouth didn't need any more inflating of his big head."

"Oh shut up, Stan." Richie grinned at Stanley in the corner, "You're just jealous."

"Jealous of you, Tozier? Oh yeah, I'm practically green with envy." Stan rolled his eyes and went back to his bird book, biting into a small sandwich.

"Ignore him." Eddie laughed and took Richie by the hand, "It's still your birthday. Enjoy it."

4. Chapter 4

It was a week after Richie's birthday and everyone was excited. They had decided that now that they were out of school, they would do more things together.

Everyone had piled into Mike's old Chevy truck and driven into the next town over to see a local band play a small concert.

Everyone had put on their very best lax clothing and felt about as excited as they were when they graduated.

Despite the fact that they didn't have much in the way of clothing and kept their individual styles simple, they did try and put their best foot forward. Richie smiled warmly when everyone met up at his house.

He, himself, had decided to go with a darker pair of jeans and a slightly newer, less musty button-up with his boots. Instead of losing another pair of glasses to make Maggie shit in her pants, he opted for his scratchy contact lenses. He didn't have to wear his glasses as much anymore since he had presented, his eyesight seemed to slowly be correcting itself like Bill's stutter that was also fading over time.

Speaking of Bill, he and Stan were next to arrive. Bill was in his usual light jeans and a red flannel. Richie burst out laughing when Stan walked in dressed in his tan corduroy slacks and a maroon cardigan over his button-up. Bill gave Richie a 'beep-beep' and a small growl for laughing at his best friend.

Richie did suspect something between the two of them despite the incompatibility of their wolf class but he didn't want to bring it up.

The three of them waited outside on the porch when Eddie came riding along on his bicycle. Richie smiled brightly and got up, pulling his best friend into a hug, the sickly honey scent instantly invading his nostrils. He tried not to take a deep sniff of Eddie as Eddie's head pressed comfortably on his shoulder. He didn't realize how tall he had grown over the week.

Eddie was in a pair of denim short overalls and a salmon polo, and his usual long socks and trainers.

Mike arrived only five minutes after with Ben and Bev sitting in the bed of the truck. They all climbed out to regroup and go into Richie's kitchen.

Ben was just in jeans and a blue t-shirt and hoodie, with Mike in his own black jeans and white t-shirt.

Richie leaned in, giving Bev a kiss and a wide smile. They had become impossibly close since his birthday, their platonic relationship had been shifted and even though there weren't any more sexual feelings between them, Richie still felt closer to her.

She was in a tight pair of black jeans, boots and a flimsy white blouse. Her auburn hair had grown out to push behind her ears.

They chatted for a little while in the kitchen before they all walked out and climbed into Mike's truck.

Bill and Stan squeezed into the front of the truck with Mike while the rest of the group sat in the flatbed.

Ben and Bev sat against the back window with Richie and Eddie sitting across from them against the side. Ben slid his arm around Bev and held her close to him and Richie grinned at Eddie before he did the same, making them all laugh.

Bill opened the window between them so that they could all talk and joke around on the hour-long drive out of town.

They got to the venue and everyone could sense the excitement in the air around the small outdoor entrance. There were people milling around, a lot of them around the same age or older. It was a local band in Maine that was jumping around from town to town, but because Derry was as small as it was and because Derry was the type of town that it was, the genre of the music probably wasn't going to be very welcome.

The genre of music would be about as welcome in Derry as his sexuality, Richie mused.

Everyone walked to the gate of the Bangor Waterfront Pavilion and pulled out their collective wads of cash for their tickets and handed it to Bill, who then handed it to the bulky man in the tight shirt.

They were all given their tickets that were stubbed and their hands were stamped. Everyone in the group had been let in and they turned to see Mike, who had been taken aside.

"Hey, you. Negro. What's in the bag?" The security guard asked and held out his hand for the backpack that Mike had slung over his shoulder.

"Oh." Mike smiled, "It's my friendfriend's bag."

"Let me see." He let a group of people with backpacks go passed without checking them. Richie and Bill noticed that every single one of those people were white.

"You didn't check their bags?" Mike gestured to the teenagers that were already into the grounds and looked at the guard again, "Why me?"

"Don't make me ask again. Give me the bag, negroid." The guard spat and Richie could hear Bill growl under his breath and clench his fists.

Mike shrunk back and away from the Alpha guard and shrugged the backpack from his shoulder when Bill stepped in and put his arm out in front of Mike to stop him.

"What are you doing?" Mike whispered to Bill as he clutched the bag in his hand, "It's fine, Big Bill."

"N-No. It isn't. He's buh-being racist." Bill scowled up at the bald-headed guard.

"Don't intervene." The guard looked at Bill and took the bag from Mike's hand, "I have nothing against you."

"But you have something against Mike." Bev stomped over to stand by Bill, "That's awful."

The guard looked at them incredulously, "Stay out of this."

"It's a goddamn blanket and some fruit." Beverly snatched the bag from the guard and put it over her own shoulder, "If I walked in here like this, would you check me?"

"I- Well, I-" The guard stammered before he squared his shoulders, "Don't make me throw you out."

"Do it then." Ben went to stand by his girlfriend, "Then we want a refund and an apology."

"An apology? For what? Doing my damn job?"

"For being a racist." Stan called out but stayed by Richie and Eddie. The guard turned to look at Stan and pursed his lips before he muttered under his breath and turned to help some other people who wanted to get in.

They all entered the grounds and looked around in awe at the large green field. There were people everywhere, sitting or standing on the grass in small clusters.

Bill pointed to a small spot in the middle of the field before they all made the trek. Richie looked around, squinting into the bright sun before Eddie dug into his fanny pack and gave Richie a pair of sunglasses.

Richie took them and then realized, as he put them on, that they were his old spare pair. He smiled at Eddie gratefully and they continued to walk behind Ben and Beverly who were holding hands contentedly.

Richie a hand twitched to instinctively hold Eddie's hand like they used to when they were younger but there were so many people around. He knew they were in a bigger town and people were probably a little bit more understanding about sexuality than they were in Derry but the last thing he wanted to do was ruin everyone's day because he wanted to hold his best friend's hand.

"Yuh-You okay, Mike?" Bill asked as they got to the spot where they had chosen to sit. Mike just gave Big Bill a small smile as he and Bev unfurled the blanket that had been in the backpack. Sure, it wasn't

going to be a sit-down type of concert but the concert only started much later and they had gotten there early to get a good spot.

Everyone sat down on the blanket. Bill sat down beside Stan, who sat down beside Ben. Ben opened his legs and allowed Bev to sit between them with her back against his chest. Richie chose to sit next to Bev and gave her head a small kiss before he turned to Eddie, who had just sat down beside him.

Mike sat down between Eddie and Bill, completing the circle of Losers on the old plaid blanket.

"Hey, Eds." Richie smiled as he watched Mike start to unpack the snacks and place them in the middle of their circle.

"Yeah?" Eddie asked as he fiddled with his fanny pack and opened it, grabbing a small bottle of hand sanitizer.

"I, uh..." Richie watched Eddie profusely slathered his hands in sanitizer, "I dig your socks."

"Smooth." Bev commented before biting into a strawberry that Ben was holding out to her.

"Thanks, Rich." Eddie smiled as he reached out to grab a peach from the small pile and bit into it. Richie immediately blushed and looked elsewhere.

His eyes zoned in on a couple not too far away. Two men who were sitting in the same way as Ben and Beverly. They were sitting openly. Unashamed of their public affection. Richie's eyes were almost burning a hole into their heads. He couldn't fathom their brazen display or why no one was punching them or calling them 'fags'.

Eddie turned to see what Richie was looking at and smiled at the sight as he chewed on his fruit, looking up at Richie.

"Nice, huh?"

"Weird..." Richie muttered under his breath and he looked at Eddie to see a frown on his brows, "I mean, uh..."

"What is it?" Eddie probed further, looking at the two men and at Richie again.

"Nothing." Richie set down the apple he was about to bite into and got up, his hands shaking as everyone looked at him, "What? Never seen a grown man have a heart attack before? Well, then you've seen it here first, folks!" He spat in a British accent before he turned and almost ran for the gates. He pushed out passed some of the people trying to get in and went out to the gravel car park. He climbed onto the back of Mike's truck and sat down gingerly.

The sun had been baking the fiberglass and it was definitely felt through the back of Richie's shirt but he didn't care. It was the least of his worries. His heart was racing and his brain had started to short out. He couldn't understand why it had bugged him so much when he saw those two men sitting together like that.

So what?

"Rich?"

"Please don't, Billiam." Richie sighed and looked up to see Bill standing beside the truck with a look of concern on his face.

"The guh-guys sent muh-me to come and luh-look for you." He explained, "We were wuh-worried."

"About me?" Richie feigned shock and put a hand to his chest, "I say good man, no mortal fellow need worry about good ol' Trashmouth!"

Bill smiled but the smile didn't quite reach his eyes, he could see right through Richie's attempts at changing the subject and making himself look better than how he really was inside.

Richie sighed again and dropped his head back down, "Was I that obvious? They sent you right away? The big guns straight outta the gate. Not even Mike first?"

"Muh-Mike has his own thuh-things to deal with. What huh-happened back there?" Bill asked as he climbed onto the truck and sat across from Richie.

"Fucked if I know, Big Bill." Richie shrugged and began fiddling uncomfortably with his shirt hem, his hands still desperate to touch anything when his mind was so active.

"Eddie suh-seems to think he did suh-something wrong." Bill added in and Richie looked up in surprise.

"Spaghetti? Never!" He almost seemed appalled, "How could something so small upset me so much?"

"You'd buh-be surprised. Ruh-Remember when he buh-broke your Atari?" Bill commented with a laugh and Richie scowled.

"Damn Kaspbrak."

"I thuh-thought you'd be guh-grateful to get out of D-Derry for a while." Bill commented after a few moments of silence and Richie looked up at the blue sky, noting how it was slowly turning orange as the day began to dwindle.

"I did too. It's nothing. I'm fine." Richie shrugged, "You should go."

"I've nuh-known you since we were fuh-four, Tozier. You're n-not fine. If you could tuh-talk to anyone, it's me."

"Bill..."

"Ruh-Richard."

"Don't whole name me, sir." Richie scowled at his longtime friend.

"Don't guh-give me a ruh-reason to, Trashmouth."

"Go back to the group. I'll be fine, Big Bill." Richie waved a hand, "Just needed some fuckin' air."

"Oh-Only if you tuh-tell me why you luh-left like that. I can accept your ruh-reason but you huh-have to have a beh-better reason to tell Eddie or he'll buh-blow a guh-gasket." Bill chuckled and Richie automatically winced, thinking of his best friend and how he'd explode on Richie in the angry and snippy way that he always did.

"I'm not used to the big city life." Richie shrugged, "It's weird to see people being so open."

"How s-so?" Bill frowned as he scooted closer to Richie.

Richie grimaced, hating how he felt about sharing his thoughts and feelings. Everyone else in the group was able to talk so freely, even Stan. And yet, it was something that Richie always struggled with. Talking about how he felt without trying to be funny always made him feel like a nuisance or way too vulnerable.

"I... Wow, is it hot in here? Maybe we should get some drinks or-" Richie adjusted his gangly legs to get up when Bill put a hand to his shoulder and Richie froze instantly, cursing internally, "God damn it."

"Talk to me." Bill ordered in a soft voice and Richie instantly balked. Even though he and Bill were both Alphas, they both knew that Bill was in charge. He was the Alpha male of the two and they were both perfectly okay with that. Richie would never think to challenge Big Bill like that. And when Bill told him to do something, he instinctively would.

"Those guys I saw. Sitting so close. Like Ben and Bevvie. It... It's so unnatural." Richie whispered out and looked at Bill to see a wide flash of shock across his face.

"Uh-Unnatural?" Bill repeated, "For tuh-two men to have fuh-feelings for each other?"

Richie looked away, instantly regretting his decision to try and explain his feelings. It never ended well when he tried to talk about his emotions or what was on his mind. He wasn't good at explaining.

"No. Not..."

"Ruh-Richie." Bill looked at him, his voice etching on a level of stern that had the latter grimacing again, "What the huh-hell is wrong with you? You have a puh-problem with people shuh-showing their love? Since fuh-fucking when?"

"B-Bill. No. I-"

"Richie, w-what the fuck?"

Richie's heart was beating violently in his chest. His brain was screaming at Bill to stop because it was getting out of hand and Bill was not understanding. And yet Richie couldn't bring himself to say it, "Bill."

"That's aw-awful, Richie. Why wuh-would you be so awful about puh-people loving who they want to love? W-Why would it mah-matter-Richie?"

Richie's eyes were blurred with salty tears, his mouth open as he tried to breathe. He didn't mean to start whimpering, his body didn't usually react this way. But Bill was angry with him for the wrong reasons, angry at him about being homophobic where he wasn't. He would never be. And yet, he couldn't bring himself to say what he wanted to.

"Are you kuh-crying?"

"No. Never " Richie sat up and looked up, pushing his tears back as he clenched his fists tightly, "No."

"Rich..." Bill's voice dropped, the softened sympathy that laced his voice was a clear indication that he suddenly understood Richie's reaction, "I'm suh-sorry. I didn't know."

"Didn't know what?" Richie laughed dryly, "That I'm a homophobe?"

"Richie, thuh-that's not- I didn't muh-mean..." Bill sat up on his knees, "I know you're nuh-not. That's wuh-why I was surprised. Why were you kuh-crying?"

"I'm not gonna say it." Richie looked up simply, his voice a lot steadier than it had been.

"Okay." Bill ceded, putting his hands up in surrender.

"Go back and tell them I'm not dead or anything. I'll come back when the show starts."

"I'll stay wuh-with you." Bill smiled gently, "You're my buh-best fruh-

friend, Rich."

"But what about Stan?" Richie asked and Bill looked up in surprise at the mention of the name, his eyes widening for a split second before he returned to his usual calm façade.

"What about Stan?" Bill repeated with a frown and Richie looked his best friend up and down with a raised eyebrow.

"Nothing..." Richie shrugged, "You guys seem real close, is all. I mean if I didn't know any better I'd say-"

"Richie please don't." Bill suddenly interrupted him, his eyes filled with worry, "Don't say anything. I can't. You don't understand."

Richie's eyes widened when he heard the panic and saw it all over Bill's face at the idea of Richie knowing what he knew.

"Hey. It's fine Bill. I have no idea what I'm talkin' about." Richie comforted his friend by patting him on the shoulder. Bill looked slightly green in the face but nodded anyway, "Guess I had more than my foot in my mouth, huh? Trashmouth? More like Foot'nMouth."

Bill let out a small chuckle and looked down, the golden sun turning his hair from it's usual red to a brilliant copper and orange that was almost blinding. It was such a comforting color. Richie reached out, running his fingertips over the long and straight fringe.

Bill glanced up with his blue eyes alight but didn't move, the smile still on his lips. Richie smiled in return and couldn't help it, it was so contagious to look at Bill for too long. It wasn't just Bill being Bill, it was his Alpha energy that was so intoxicating to everyone around him. Richie was so lost as to how he and Bill were even comparable in class. How was he an alpha?

No one gravitated to him like they did to Bill. No one threw themselves at him or touched him in the same way as they did with Bill. It was astounding. Although, Richie mused, you had to be attractive beforehand for that to be a factor. Something that Richie knew he was sorely lacking.

Even when he wasn't being labored by his enormously thick glasses,

his posture was shit, his body was too skinny and too long and his features were normal. Not like Bill.

Bill had had a year to go into his Alpha changes. He was almost six foot two now, his body filling in with lean muscle and toning and his features were also fuller in the face. He was still skinny and still lanky but it wasn't as obvious as Richie's biological mess.

"I know thuh-that luh-look." Bill interjected, breaking Richie's thoughts like a pin to a bubble, "Stop thuh-thinking so loud."

"Stop analysing me, Mr Sex-god." Richie narrowed his eyes as Bill's ears went bright red.

"I am nuh-not."

"Tell that to Stanley Uris." Richie snickered and Bill reached out to punch him hard in the shoulder. Richie grunted, wincing at the powerful blow to his socket, his hand going up to hold his aching arm, "Jesus, Bill. That fucking smarts."

"Your muh-mouth is too fucking suh-smart, Tozier." Bill flapped him with the back of his hand before grinning, "Just shut up."

"No can do, señor. Your lies, they smell like caca to me, Beeg Beel." Richie put on his old Pancho Villa voice and Bill let out a spitting laugh, falling back against the inner wheel-well of the flatbed, a hand on his stomach.

"God, I fuh-fuh-fucking hate thah-thah-that one." Bill cackled as Richie grinned with pride and sat back, putting his legs out in front of him.

"Ees true, señor Beel. Ees true." Richie said gravely before he cleared his throat, "Bill?"

"Yuh-Yeah?"

"If... If you did have something going on with someone- Anyone. You'd tell me, right?"

"Rich." Bill frowned, "That's a huh-huge question. I mean you're my

buh-best friend but what if you tuh-tell someone? Even if it's by muh-muh-mistake. And the puh-person I'm with isn't ruh-ready for people to know. That's..."

"You don't trust me?"

"You're a buh-bad liar, Rich."

"Oh."

5. Chapter 5

It was the loud sound of the band on stage that alerted Richie that they were probably going to want to head back into the venue. The local band, Rustic Overtones, was one of Richie's current favorites.

He and Bill hopped out of the truck after being in there for about two hours. They showed their stamped hands to the guard at the gate and walked in. It was a lot darker now, just after sunset, and everyone was standing and cheering.

There were a lot more people in the venue now, the grass was covered in a large crowd of people and Richie was instantly worried about Eddie being in such a large crowd. It was not even that Eddie had anxiety in crowds but he was also a small omega and Richie knew how people could be.

He and Bill wormed their way through the yelling and screaming people, glad that they were both taller than most. They got to their small group and Richie instantly noticed the lack of fanny pack.

He leaned in to Mike, who was standing near to Ben and Bev, "Where's Eds?!" He shouted loud enough and Mike turned to look at him and then looked around with a small shrug.

"Last I saw him," Bev answered instead, "He had gone over to talk to some guy over there!"

Richie turned to look in the general direction that she was pointing and he squinted. Sure enough, he saw Eddie.

The crowd was still large but not large enough that people were on top of each other and there were still breaks in between the groups of people.

Eddie was standing and smiling, talking to a taller man with dark hair. Richie raised an eyebrow when he saw Eddie's hands clasped in front of him, his one foot back and pointed as though he were leaning closer, his eyes batted by his long lashes.

He was flirting.

"What the flying fuck?" Richie muttered to himself and then looked at Bill, who seemed to be looking at the same thing.

"Wuh-Well then." Bill stated simply as he came to a stop beside Richie, "Didn't suh-see that kuh-coming."

"I don't think so." Richie started towards Eddie when Bill put a hand on his shoulder, stopping him in his tracks.

"Luh-Leave them be." Bill gave Richie's shoulder a squeeze.

"But what if he hurts him?" Richie looked between Bill and Eddie with a painful jolt ticking at his heart, "I swear to god-"

"Eh-Eddie is fine. And uh-until he isn't, you stuh-stay here." Bill warned and Richie scowled, glaring at Eddie as the small omega laughed. Clearly, whatever the guy had said was very funny.

Richie was seething with jealousy. He was the only one allowed to make Eddie laugh like that.

"Come and enjoy the show." Bev called to Richie, "I'll flash you."

Richie turned to look at her and walked back into their small group to try and enjoy the music. Bev lifted her shirt, showing him one of her boobs that was nestled in a black bra.

"Thanks, Bev." Richie smiled, appreciating the thought, "That means a lot."

She merely returned to watching the show with Ben, who had wrapped his arms around her, his head beside hers as he stood behind her and swayed with her to the music.

Richie looked up at the four men playing on the stage before he closed his eyes, leaning his head against Ben's arm as he listened to the sound of the music.

He was lost in his own world for at least two songs before he opened his eyes again, blinking a couple times. He looked up at Ben

sheepishly, who gave him a kind smile. And then he looked over to see Eddie curled up in the taller man's strong arms, the two of them way too close and the man was whispering in Eddie's ear and making him giggle.

Richie felt a low snarl in his chest and he looked at Bill, his eyes flashing bright green with fury before he turned and marched over to where Eddie was. He tapped the guy on the shoulder and was immediately ignored, earning a small frown from Eddie.

Richie then forcibly pried Eddie from the beta's grip and let out a snarl. But Eddie's eyes flashed bright purple.

"Richie, what the fuck are you doing?"

"You leave him alone!" Richie seethed heatedly when Eddie slapped him on the arm.

"Hey! You leave him alone." Eddie scowled at Richie, he was absolutely furious, "Go away, Richie."

"You know this loser?" The beta asked and Richie let out a snarl again and brought his arm back. He was about to punch the hell out of the guy when his fist was stopped. He turned to see Mike and Stanley behind him looking a mixture between confused and annoyed.

"C'mon, Rich. Leave them. Eddie's making friends."

"The hell he is." Richie dropped his arm but squirmed out of Mike's grasp, "Why does he need more friends? There are seven of us, for god sake. It's bullshit."

"Go away, Richie." Eddie scowled again as he stepped into the betas arms and was wrapped up against his broad chest.

"Yeah, Richie. You heard Eddie-bear. Go away." The beta crooned as he pulled Eddie closer and eyed Richie victoriously.

Richie turned on his heel and stormed off passed Stan and Mike and walked to his friends where he spun around a couple times, unable to find an outlet for his pent up energy. He was panting, furious and unable to comprehend what had happened.

"Rich. Richie- Richard!" Bev grabbed him by the shoulders, "Calm down."

"What the- What just..." Richie breathed, "Why? And who? I just... Bev-"

Bev gave Ben a small glance before he let her go and she took Richie by the arm. They walked through the crowd and stood right at the back of the venue and out of earshot.

"Relax." She gave his shoulders a gentle squeeze as they locked eyes, "Eddie's never been to a big city. He's never gotten to experience open sexuality before. He's exploring and finding himself. And besides... It's Eddie. He can take care of himself. We aren't going anywhere without him."

"Sure. I just..." Richie scowled back in that direction, "Don't like the way he was holding him."

"But Eddie likes it. Do you want Eddie to be happy?"

"Of course, Bev."

"Then let him be happy." Bev urged, "If he makes mistakes then we'll be here to help him."

"Fine." Richie sighed, "He's so lucky. He's braver than I am."

"Do you want to be in that guys arms?" Bev asked with an eyebrow raised and Richie realized that this was going downhill fast. And at the bottom of that hill was a pit. In that pit was a festering pool of miasma that Richie wanted to ignore. That pool was also another name for his feelings.

"Bev. No. I- Well, yes. No." Richie ran his hand through his curls and blew out a breath of fresh air. She handed him a cigarette and a lighter and he gladly took it, his hands shaking. He put the cigarette in his mouth and lit the end of it, inhaling.

The smoke burned his throat and he closed his eyes, exhaling the smoke as he instantly took another drag. Bev took the cigarette from him and took her own inhalation.

"I don't know what I want. I don't know anything right now. I just know that I don't like what was happening there." Richie scowled as he toed the grass with his shoe.

"It's not your call to make, Rich." She inhaled another long drag and passed it to him again.

He nodded, "Fucking asshole kid."

"Who? Eddie?"

"Yeah."

"Just let him have his moment. He can't do that in Derry at all. It's probably so exciting for him."

Richie was about to answer when he heard a familiar squeal of laughter and he turned to see Eddie being pulled out of the crowd by the same beta, both of them running in the direction of the closed snack shack.

Richie's eyes widened as Eddie and the beta disappeared into the dark alleyway. Richie didn't want to think about what Eddie was doing.

"Why are you so protective?" Bev frowned as she took one last drag and squashed the stump under her shoe, "Do you like him?"

"No more than I ever did. He's my best friend. But he's an omega. And he's just running off with a beta. Some unworthy piece of shit. He doesn't deserve-"

"I'm a beta." Bev folded her arms and stared at Richie with a cold expression, "Am I not worthy, either?"

"God, no. Bev you're priceless. And your status means nothing to me. None of yours do. But... Eddie can do so much better than that."

"Just because Eddie can do better, doesn't mean that that's what he wants. He's his own person. You should take care to remember that."

"Alright alright, Marsh. Go easy on me." Richie held his hands up and

then sighed, "I don't wanna know what he's up to."

"You don't. Keep it that way." She looked at him, "I'm going back, okay?"

"I'll follow you in a minute." Richie stated and then added on when he saw her dubious glare, "I won't follow him, I just want some air."

"Fine." She narrowed her eyes before she turned and walked off into the crowd.

"Won't follow him but I can walk until he comes into view. Smart plan, ol' Tozier." Richie put his hands in his pockets and began walking along the grass and passed the snack shack. The closer he got, the more in-tune his alpha ears were becoming.

There were huffs of breath and soft sounds of pleasure and Richie felt his hands become clammy. He stopped, peering into the alleyway when he saw what he had hoped to be untrue. Eddie was pressed up against the side of the wall, his legs wrapped around the beta, knees in the crooks of the betas elbows. His overalls lay discarded on the ground as well as his fanny pack, he was in just a t-shirt and his trainers.

His head was cast back in the crisp moonlight, his mouth open as he was pushed into repeatedly. Richie's eyes widened at the realization, feeling completely idiotic that it took him so long to realize what was happening. He scrambled back before he ran into the crowd, pushing brutishly through the crowd before he came into contact with Bill's back.

Bill turned, about to lecture the rude person who pushed him, when he saw it was Richie. And a very flustered Richie at that.

"Wuh-Where were you?"

"Went for a walk." Richie waved both hands, "The concert is boring me."

"It's not ee-even three quarters fuh-finished, Rich." Bill frowned, "And I thuh-thought you luh-loved Rustic Overtones? This was yuh-your idea."

"They're better on cassette." Richie shrugged coolly, "I wanna get outta here."

"And guh-go where?"

"We should go and grab a milkshake." Richie smiled, "What do you think?"

"It's not juh-just up to me. There are seh-seven of us after all." Bill reminded his friend, who looked crestfallen when he saw how everyone was enjoying themselves. Bill looked back at Richie, "We can get a muh-milkshake when it's oh-over. I saw a duh-diner back d-down the road."

"Right."

~

An hour later and everyone was sitting squished in a booth in a small diner. Richie was sitting right on the end beside Bill, next to him was Stan who was next to Mike. Beside Mike was Ben and then Bev and right across from Richie on the other end was Eddie.

Richie stared at him for ages, unable to get the mental image out of his brain of Eddie was pressed between the wall and the beta, his knees to his chest with his head thrown back. He couldn't see Eddie the same way and it was burned into his head forever.

"What, Rich?"

"Nothing, Eds. Nothing."

"Don't call me that." Eddie scowled as he took a sip of his chocolate shake.

Richie didn't respond for once, his nose still able to pick up on the smell of the beta on Eddie. He caught sight of Bev giving him a pointed look and he grimaced and looked away, his own chocolate shake discarded as his appetite dwindled.

"So, Trashmouth..."

"Yeah, Haystack?" Richie looked over at Ben, who was smiling back at him.

"Enjoy the concert?"

"It was... Sublime."

Everyone stared at Richie in anticipation, waiting for him to break out into a voice or a joke but he remained silent.

"And now, Tozier?" Stan asked, his voice in a playful sneer, "Cat got your tongue?"

"No, I wish I swallowed it. Although I'm not the best at swallowing tongues. That title belongs to Spaghetti over here." Richie announced, "Right, Eds?"

Eddie's eyes went wide, "Wh- What the fuck are you talking about right now?"

"Beep beep, Rich." Stan muttered under his breath and Bill nodded in approval.

"Oh, don't act dumb. I saw you and your precious beta going at it behind the snack shack. 'Oh, oh, harder. Harder, Shaun'." Richie scowled and Eddie went red in the face, pulling out his inhaler to puff on it.

"Richie!" Bev seemed horrified that he had dropped such a huge bomb in front of everyone.

"So, it's not like you didn't know?" Richie snorted, "Puh-lease. He didn't have to say a damn thing. We can smell it a mile off, that omega smell. Was I the only one who was going to say something?"

"Yes." Every one of the Loser's replied in unison besides Eddie and Richie recoiled.

"What the fuck is wrong with you, jerk?" Eddie leaned in, "Who gives a crap what I do? I'm allowed to do what I want."

"Or who you want." Richie added in, fist curling on the table,

"Although, you weren't the one who was doing anything."

Eddie let out a snarl at Richie, who let out an even louder, dominant growl that had everyone in the group recoil and stiffen except for Bill. Their natural instincts kicking in.

"Now eh-everyone just kuh-calm down-"

"I will not fucking calm down!" Eddie hit his two hands on the linoleum table and stood up, standing next to Richie to peer over him, "Not until this fucking dipshit apologizes for being the world's biggest perverted moron! Fucking bullshit!"

"Excuse me?" Richie then stood up, towering over Eddie, "What the fuck did you just say, Kaspbrak?"

"You- You heard me." Eddie spat, his mouth moving fast as he spewed his anger, "Fucking- Fucking spying on me. Fucking- Being a total asshole."

"At least I'm not being a slut." Richie quipped back and Eddie gasped as well as Bev, everyone fell silent.

Eddie's eyes were welling with tears as he stared up at Richie incredulously. Richie instantly regretted it and sat back down, letting out a shaky breath.

"Eds, I'm sorry. I wasn't-"

"No." Eddie held up a hand, his lips curling into his mouth as he closed his eyes and looked back up at Richie, "Save it. I don't want to hear about it." He looked at Bill as he put his money on the table for his milkshake, "I'll be in the truck."

"Eddie, wait-" Bev called out as he walked to the door and out into the parking lot. Then all eyes turned to look at a sheepish Richie, who was staring down at his own hands with an intense interest.

"What the huh-hell is your pruh-problem, Tozier?"

"I'm just a perverted moron, remember?" Richie stated simply, turning to get out of the booth, "Or a trashmouth. Or a loser. It's the

only way anyone sees me. Good ol' good for nothing. Except the jokes."

Richie walked out of the diner and went to the truck. He saw Eddie sitting in the passenger seat, turned to the side and away from anyone. He was drawing small shapes in his own fogged breath on the window. Richie walked over and opened the driver side door before he slowly climbed in.

"Get the fuck out." Eddie murmured quietly, "I don't wanna talk to you."

"Then don't talk." Richie shrugged, "I'm sorry for what I said. I don't know why I said it. I don't know why I've acted like this all day. It's not like me at all. I just... I don't know, Eddie. I never know anymore."

"Well, you were being a giant dick. For no reason. The guy I was with was perfectly polite and he made me laugh and he didn't hurt me once." Eddie turned to look at Richie, "Why were you trying to protect me? I'm not yours to protect."

"You're still my best friend, Eddie." Richie scoffed, "And it upset me so much to see you with some guy. You deserve so much better. Better than a king. Better than a giant ten inch-"

"I was just having fun, Rich." Eddie scowled and folded his arms, "And you just ruined everything."

"I did..." Richie trailed off. He could see the gang inside still sitting at the booth, they were smiling and laughing and telling jokes without him.

"What the fuck gives, Tozier?"

"I have no idea. I think... I just... I was being too protective because I'm not used to us being in a big city where anything could happen to you. You could have been hurt or..." Richie grimaced at the thought and couldn't even bring himself to say it.

"But I wasn't. So why are you still being an asshole when everything was fine? What did I do to make you so fucking infantile?"

Richie recoiled again as Eddie's voice rose, "You're an omega, Eddie. You're..."

"What? What exactly am I? What about my status has changed me so drastically from the person you know? Does being an omega change the fact that I stood up to my mom? Does it change the fact that I was fine even after breaking my arm that summer? Even though it was my own fault because I thought it was fine to climb a tree? I'm still fucking fine, Richie. All that time I was an omega. I have always been. How the fuck is it different now?"

"Because... Because now we know you are. And everyone does. They can smell it on you. And some people have a twisted sense of what an omega is, Eds. We read the paper in Derry. You know what happens to omegas who trust too easy."

"Well..." Eddie trailed off, losing his steam when he realized that what Richie was saying made sense, "I understand that, Rich. I get it. But you made me feel like shit for having fun. What if that was us? What if that was you and me in that alley? Would I still be a slut for having fun?"

Richie's head was bombarded with mental images and he yelped in fright, "Wh- No. No, of course not. Never ever, Eddie."

"Then explain it to me."

"Eddie. I said I was sorry. I said it was an accident. I got mad and it just slipped out. I wasn't thinking. I never think."

"No you don't." Eddie scowled, slapping Richie hard on the leg, "Fucking alpha. Idiot."

"I'm sorry, spaghetti head."

"Yeah."

"So..." Richie sighed out and closed his eyes for a second before he turned to look at Eddie, "Since I'm your best friend and you can tell me. How was it?"

Eddie tried to hide his smile but a small laugh escaped, he looked out

of the window and went pink, "It was... Nice."

"Is that all? You had a dick in you and it was 'nice'."

"Well, it's hard to follow up after having sex with an alpha. Even though it was a year ago. It leaves quite an impression."

"Oh, is there a difference?"

"About a five inch difference." Eddie chuckled, "But he knew how to use it so I wasn't complaining. It was good."

"So then why did you say it was only 'nice'? Did he do something weird? Was he too quick?"

"Because it was... Well, dirty." Eddie scrunched his nose up, "Not the dirty that sex should be but... It was outdoors and rushed. And I was against a fucking wall for shit sake."

Richie snorted at Eddie's disgusted face and watched as he pulled his inhaler out again, giving himself two pumps of it at the mere thought of the dirty space, "Same ol' Eds."

6. Chapter 6

Almost two weeks since Richie had presented as an alpha, much to everyone's surprise. Even his parents. Maggie and Wentworth had come home on their son's birthday party and saw him, they instantly knew. They had never been so proud of their son. His father was even more proud to find out that his son had also had sex with someone.

Although Maggie didn't need to know about it and Wentworth didn't need to know that just because he slept with a girl, didn't mean he was exclusively into girls. Richie liked having a roof over his head, after all.

But no one had told him what happens two weeks after he presents. Not until the day before. Two weeks later and Bill had warned him because it seemed very clear that Richie had no idea what was about to happen to him. Richie had wondered why Bill had vanished two weeks after he presented.

Oh boy, did he find out.

"Tuh-Two weeks after yuh-you present as an alpha, you... You go into a suh-cycle." Bill explained as he looked up from the newspaper he was reading that afternoon. The boys were all sitting together without Ben and Bev who had gone on a date to the movies, and Mike who was doing chores on the farm.

"I thought it was only omegas." Richie frowned and looked at Eddie with a hand gesture towards him. They were sitting on the long grass in the Barrens, just above the hill. They had brought the same plaid blanket from the concert. Bill and Stan were sitting together on one corner and sharing the daily newspaper.

Richie and Eddie were sprawled out lazily over the rest of the blanket. Eddie was laying on his back with his knees up, legs over Richie's lap as Richie leaned back and kept himself up with his arms behind him.

The word for the situation itself was 'comfortable'.

"Nuh-Nah. That's a he-heat cycle." Bill licked his finger and turned the page of the newspaper to continue reading the article he was busy with that was about the Derry festival, "Alphas have... Whuh-What was it kuh-called again, Stan?" Bill looked at his boyfriend-secret boyfriend to everyone outside of the group- and Stan looked up from the other page in the newspaper that he was reading about the drought in Maine.

"A rut." Stan said idly as he scanned the article with his finger, his mousy brown curls blowing gently in the dry breeze.

"Yeah." Bill nodded, "A ruh-rut cycle. It takes a wuh-while for it a-all to hit it's full tuh-tilt once you present and then it huh-hits you like a fuh-fucking wave." Bill explained, his ears growing pink.

"What happens?" Richie frowned, a sudden mental image in his head being conjured up of dicks exploding or wolves gone mad and fucking rotisserie chickens.

"Imagine the ho-horniest you've ever buh-been..." Bill started and Richie nodded, thinking back to when he had started exploring his own right hand and his own asshole, "Then tuh-triple it."

Hang on.

Triple?

"Whoa." Richie laughed out loud and a grin spread over his whole mouth at the sheer prospect of socially being allowed to jerk off without being judged, "That sounds awesome."

"It's awful." Bill shook his head with genuine disagreement and Richie rolled his eyes because of course Bill would find fault with a full week of jerking off.

"How so?" Richie asked simply to humor Bill despite not actually caring what his reply was.

"You have an almost constant boner for a week and besides fucking anything that's around, all you wanna do is cry." Bill looked at whatever Stan was showing him in the newspaper and pursed his lips.

"Sounds like you, Eds." Richie grinned and reached out to poke Eddie in the ribs playfully.

"Hey!" Eddie jumped, a blush on his cheeks as he sat up and punched Richie on the arm. Eddie let out a scoff and took his legs off of Richie before folding his arms, the blush reaching his ears.

"Ruh-Reason I'm telling you is kuh-cause it's almost two wuh-weeks for you. And I can suh-smell you a lot more. It's kuh-coming." Bill warned as he pursed his lips and lay his face on his fist.

"Like you'll be." Stan added in mildly as he turned to lay on his stomach with his sneakers up behind him and continued to read.

"Stan!" Eddie's mouth opened in horror, his cheeks turning pink as he turned to look at the usually mild Mr. Uris.

"It's true, isn't it?" Bill agreed with his boyfriend, a smirk on his face as he looked at Richie knowingly and clearly speaking from experience. Richie hoped to get that mental image out of his head.

"He'll be weeping from both ends." Stan added in matter-of-factly and Eddie let out a groan, flopping backwards and looking like he was going to combust.

"That's disgusting." Eddie choked out in the tiniest voice as he tried to digest the current conversation.

"Well, you're no one to talk. You practically leak lube for a week to be mated, Kaspbrak." Richie interjected and Eddie let out a strangled scream and rolled over to bury his face in his hands.

"Fuck off, jerk." Eddie whimpered weakly and Richie grinned brightly before he looked at Bill again, kicking his sneakers together absentmindedly.

"At least I'm not at school anymore." Richie sighed happily, "I can just ride it out at home without that social objection."

"You're gonna wanna ride anything." Bill admitted and Stan let out a snort, "The first rut is always the worst."

"Bill is right." Stan sat up on his knees and closed the newspaper, "I can definitely smell you a lot more. It's stronger. It's like walking around with a large tube of Crest Extra White." Stan leaned in, his nose wrinkling.

"Really?" Richie gave himself a cursory sniff and frowned, pushing his glasses up, "I don't smell any different."

"You do." Bill said as he also took another sniff, "You juh-just don't smell yuh-yourself. Like when Eh-Eddie goes on huh-heat. He just suh-smells his own seh-scent and not whuh-what we smell."

"Oh." Richie looked at Eddie with a thoughtful frown to his brows, watching the smaller omega shift to sit up on the blanket and clutch his knees to his chest, his small hands playing casually with his new inhaler, "I've never experienced an omega on heat when I've been presented."

"It's wuh-wild." Bill laughed and looked at Eddie with a twinkle in his eye, "Like nuh-normally he just suh-smells like himsuh-self. But when he's in heat, it's duh-different."

"That's why I stay home." Eddie shrugged and then disappeared back into his knees, "I don't like everyone knowing. It's bad enough that I have to go through it every month."

"Well, you were ee-either at ho-home or wuh-with me, Eds." Bill ribbed Eddie jokingly, making the omega blush and almost curl into himself and Richie found it very interesting.

"Did you guys fuck more than once?" Richie sat up properly and looked at the two of them, "I thought it was just the once when Eddie presented? Me, oh my, what did I miss here, boys?"

"Well, we suh-spent the entire wuh-week together when Eddie pruh-presented. And I also hit my ruh-rut just after that buh-because he presented because of me. So we had suh-sex a lot in thuh-those two wuh-weeks."

"My god." Richie's jaw dropped, "Eddie. You're brave."

"Brave and needy." Eddie corrected, "You have no idea how it feels."

You have no control. It hurts and you know exactly what will fix it."

"Never been more glad to be a beta." Stan sighed serenely and then looked at Bill, "Sometimes."

"Don't thuh-think about it, puh-petal." Bill reminded him before he leaned in to kiss Stan's temple. Stan closed his eyes for a few seconds before they opened again and he looked at Richie.

"It's really strong." Stan sighed and tilted his head to the side, squinting in the bright midday sun, "You should probably go home and get what you need all sorted before anything happens and you get caught with your pants down." Stan then added, "Literally." Which made Eddie snicker brightly at the idea of Richie in any sort of embarrassing distress or predicament.

"What do I need?" Richie began to suddenly feel a little anxious and he leaned in. He did have to admit that he had been feeling more on edge today. His body was littered with unusual goosebumps despite the warm weather. His brain was more alert to his surroundings and small sounds actually made him jump.

"Well, an oh-omega is always pruh-preferable." Bill shrugged and eyed Eddie with a grin, earning a middle finger in return, "Or just a muh-mate." Bill chided but then looked at Richie seriously, "But a lot of wuh-water, a lot of luh-lube and whuh-whatever you need to feel suh-safe. You feel really vuh-vuh-vulnerable in a rut. Be-Because you're the kluh-closest to your inner wuh-wolf than you ever wuh-will be."

"Sounds wicked." Richie stated with a heavy breath before he adjusted his glasses and looked to his left, "Care to join me, Eds?"

"What? So you can rip me in half?" Eddie snorted, his cheeks and freckles going pink, "Hard pass."

Stan let out a snort and so did Bill, laughing quietly when Bill looked at Richie, his ears glowing pink again when Richie frowned at the reaction because Richie had no idea what they were talking about.

"Ruh-Rich?"

"Yeah, Big Bill?"

"Have you ever... I mean I'm sure you have..." Bill trailed off before he cleared his throat, his big blue eyes looking at Stan and then back at the slow-on-the-uptake alpha, "Jerked off after you've presented, I mean."

"Oh." Richie chuckled at the fond memory of discovering his new and improved stamina and arm strength, "Yeah I did."

"Notice a difference?" Stan pried and leaned in, the action making Richie frown. He was definitely missing something important here but he couldn't place exactly what it was.

"In what?" Richie adjusted his glasses again and looked at Bill and Stan who looked very cheeky and at Eddie seemed both flustered and confused.

"The size." Stan interjected to save Bill the exasperation of explaining in very lengthy terms, "If your genitals are any bigger than they were."

"Oh..." Richie looked down at his crotch and then at his hand, trying to remember the ratio between the two as he frowned heavily, "I mean now that you mention it, yeah. I guess it was bigger. There's a usual ratio of how much dick I can fit in my palm and now that I'm thinking about it, the ratio was totally off."

"It's bigger in a rut, too." Bill added gravely and Richie's eyes widened, his head snapping up in shock. There was no way he could possibly have a bigger dick.

Prayers answered.

"What? Don't fuck with a man's dreams like that, Billiam."

"Don't call him Big Bill for nothing." Eddie added in with a grin as he went back to lean on his elbows and Stan acknowledged the comment with a nod of agreement.

"Yeah. Yuh-Your dick is nuh-normal when you're just you but wuh-when you go into a ruh-rut, it also gets buh-bigger. Your rut is s-

supposed to be the time when you buh-breed. When you're nuh-not in a rut, you're shuh-shooting blanks."

"This is fucking wild." Richie gasped at the idea and looked at them all to make sure they weren't completely fucking with him. But he was met with perfectly straight faces despite the variances of pink tinge.

"Did you not pay attention in class?" Stan sighed at Richie's lack of biological knowledge.

"I don't remember any of this." Richie scratched his head, "I mean clearly I did remember it then because I didn't fail biology in school. I didn't fail any classes ever."

"A miracle on its own." Eddie commented quietly and Richie gave him a hard shove, clicking his tongue in disdain when Bill answered him with a perfectly reasonable explanation.

"Puh-Probably because yuh-you're off your muh-meds. You're more fuh-for-forgetful."

"Good point." Stan nodded as he began braiding two pieces of long grass together idly, his head in Bill's lap, the latter running his fingers through Stanley's curls.

"You guys put me off having sex for life." Eddie muttered with an annoyed scowl, "I'm fucking short as it is and now you're telling me I have to fit something the size of my arm into my body and it's a biological necessity? That's a fucking load of bullshit."

"I'm sure when you're in heat and you're all needy, you'll be thinking differently, Eds." Richie reminded him, "Besides, you've already had Big Bill over here. Anyone after that isn't going to make any sort of impact."

"That's what I'm worried about." Eddie muttered with a scowl and aimed a kick at Bill, who smacked the bottom of Eddie's shoe with the back of his hand and let out a laugh.

"And you, Trashmouth. Shut up. Am not." Eddie added in as he scowled at his best friend and brandished his inhaler at the alpha as

some sort of threat.

"Someone's a liar." Richie said idly and heard two small sounds of agreement.

"Am not!" Eddie urged and sat up on his knees, "I am not! Guys! Guys, c'mon! I'm not! Stan, tell them I'm not a liar!"

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves here, Kaspbrak. The day is still young."

7. Chapter 7

The very next morning was when Richie woke up with a start. He sat up in bed and was panting, his body on high alert and tense, his skin excruciatingly warm and coated in sweat.

He looked around, his fingers clenched in his sheets, his stomach tied in a fierce knot. He let out a labored breath and climbed out, his knees buckling.

Bill was right. He was definitely not feeling like himself and he couldn't quite grasp what it was that had hit him so hard. Surely it wasn't his rut. Surely something so natural couldn't make you feel so sick.

He pulled on a shirt and readjusted his boxers before he opened his bedroom door. He could instantly hear the deafening silence of the house and he frowned, walking down to the kitchen.

"Ma? Pops?" He called out as he went into the kitchen, frowning when he saw that he had a sandwich, a bottle of water and a letter waiting for him.

Despite the fact that he was usually ravenous in the morning, today he was actually the furthest from hungry. He eyed the bread on the small plate and grimaced unhappily. He opened the letter and lay it out on the table to read. He opened the water and took a sip as he read his mom's elegant scrawl.

Rich,

Dad and I went out for the day and decided to give you some space on your first day of your rut. There's a sandwich and a few bottles of water for you.

We'll be at Aunt Wendy's for the day, her number is on the fridge if you need us.

Be careful please.

Mom

Richie felt his cheeks go pink at the realization that his parents had left him alone in the entire house for the entire day just so he could furiously jerk off. Although it was pretty great that he didn't have to worry about anyone else.

He left the sandwich and the letter on the table and took his water back upstairs. He walked into his bedroom and took a sip of water when a sudden sharp pain surged through his lower abdomen and shot through his nerves. He gasped, his hand automatically constricting around the plastic bottle. The water shot up into a geyser shot before it rained down onto him and on the carpet.

He clutched his stomach, eyes squeezing shut as he staggered to his desk and held himself up, the water bottle discarded on the floor.

"Motherfucker." He gasped weakly, his knees caving in as he was rocked with another heavy cramp.

He shuddered out a small grunt, his fingernails digging into his already sensitive skin. He tried to straighten himself up and barely managed to do that when his stomach began to twist uncomfortably. It was a knot that was constantly churning and twisting, a knot that he knew way too well thanks to puberty, but this time it was so much worse.

He looked down at his soaked legs and at the spilled water on the floor and decided that he should probably shower and get the night-sweat stink off of him.

He padded into the bathroom, peeling his t-shirt off along the way, before he walked into the small green washroom. He discarded his pajamas and tossed them in the general direction of the laundry hamper and took his glasses off.

He opened the curtain of the shower and stepped into the bathtub, turning the cold water on all the way to it's end to cool his fiery skin. He sighed with relief and slid down the wall carefully to just sit awkwardly in the bathtub. His knees were bent to accommodate his lanky frame.

He put his head back against the tiles of the wall and closed his eyes, letting the torrent of icy water splash down onto his chest.

He tried to ignore the ache in his lower stomach and tried to focus more on cooling himself down. He sat up, pulling the sheet of plastic across the bathtub to give himself some semblance of privacy.

He reached down, his eyes still shut, and wrapped a hand around himself. His eyes snapped open when he realized he could barely get his fingers around his own length. He had tried so hard to ignore his own throbbing ache, tried to push it back in his mind, and didn't even want to look at his own dick.

Now, however, he couldn't look away. He knew his hands were on the larger side and even then, he could just barely touch his thumb and index finger together. His vision was hazy, his eyes wide, as he tried to genuinely come to terms with the size of his own dick.

It was dizzying. The idea that it was attached to his body and that it was almost double the size of what he was naturally endowed with. He wrapped a hand around himself again, sighing at the touch that untied a tiny inch of the knot.

He stroked himself slowly for only a few seconds, frowning when he realized that it was doing absolutely nothing to ease his pain. He sped up, his arm working as fast as he could as his free hand gripped tightly onto the rim of the bathtub.

His first orgasm hit him like a freightliner almost a few minutes later. He had been so pent up inside that it hadn't taken very long for him to let go. He cried out, his voice rough and jagged, his chest rising and falling frantically as he came in warm spurts over his own stomach and down over his fingers.

He wanted to let go of himself, he instinctively wanted to pull away because whenever he would jerk off, his orgasm meant that it was over for him. Not this time.

His erection didn't even soften despite the release he had pushed himself through. It was such a rush, a glorious and primal feeling that had his toes curling inward and his mouth dry out.

He continued to stroke his dick quickly and roughly. A small moan tumbled out of his mouth in sharp flickers over his tongue. His hips lifted, his feet pressed against the bottom of the bath, his skin flaring up with even more heat.

The second time felt different. This time there was still the urgency to get off, but the frantic need had dulled, now it felt like he could be at it for hours. His body also reacted differently, the hair on his arms and neck stood up, a low snarl snicking in his throat.

He could feel his second release climbing faster towards its apex and his body twisted inside. There was also something different about his dick as he stroked it. He glanced down in a steamy wet haze and saw that he had already formed his first knot. The sight was instantly burned into his mind and for some reason it only spurred him on, his inner wolf urging him to breed and to come.

He let out another moan, the stuttering gasps falling from his pouted lips as he came in another heavy burst. The amount of his physical release was almost embarrassing and Richie knew in the back of his mind that if he wasn't in the shower, it would be a bitch to try and clean.

He slowed his exhausted arm, his still-hard dick laying flush against his stomach as he panted under the cool jets of water. He pushed his wet hair from his face and sat up. He let the water run over his red face and sat there with his eyes closed, his heart hammering in his ears.

"God damn it." He whispered to himself, the slow realization creeping in that his knot hadn't released and his dick was still rock solid. It would probably be a while until it would go down.

He also knew that it would be a while until he could properly stand up without falling over. He reached up with his foot and tried to turn the shower off. He frowned in concentration, biting on his lip as he used his toes to try and turn the faucet.

"Fuck it." He grunted and sat up, turning the water off. He lay back in the tub and in the sudden silence. He stared up at the ceiling before he closed his eyes, the rush of hormones pushed another cramping

shudder through his stomach.

His face contorted with pain and he hissed out, his hand resting on his lower stomach. He tried to ignore his dick that was beside his hand. So close and so easy to reach out.

He shook his head and physically reached out to take his own hand away. He sat up again gingerly before he lay back down. He closed his eyes, despite being somewhat uncomfortable in the small bathtub, and decided that even though he was naked, horny and sopping wet, that he was going to take a nap.

Richie awoke much later and let out a groan of discomfort. His brain had been conjuring disjointed dreams of the most disgusting and obscene filth that he didn't even know he could create. His cheeks were pink with embarrassment and despite how much he hated the thought, he couldn't deny that he enjoyed it.

He sat up slowly and helped himself out of the bath. He was now completely dry and even his hair had dried back into its usual haphazardly curly mane. He grabbed his glasses and walked out into the eerily quiet house. He listened on the landing for signs of life and when he heard none, he crossed lazily into his bedroom.

The minute he opened the door, he visibly relaxed and his shoulders dropped into a somewhat comfortable height. He went to sit on his bed and that's when he caught the soft smell of something he recognized. His head lifted and he tried to zero in on the direction of the smell but it was too faint.

It smelled of lemon honey. A pure and sickly sweet scent that hit him in the back of the throat, right in the glands. He scanned his room for the source of the smell, eyes narrowing as he inspected every item to find the alien object. The piece of something that didn't belong.

He got up, his knees shaking, and turned in a slow circle to see if he could at least find the general direction of the wolf scent. It was a lovely smell, but a homely smell. It was a smell that he knew and had known for over a decade.

It was Eddie.

But he just needed to find the culprit piece of clothing that was infiltrating his alpha space. He began searching, squatting down to dig in the pile of old clothes in the corner. The search came up empty.

He tried a new spot nearby and when that also yielded nothing, Richie couldn't deny that his heart was starting to increase in pace. He couldn't understand why he was getting so anxious. His body couldn't bear to live without the smell being nearby. He had to find it. He had to hold it. Inhale it right in his own face.

He let out a small whimper and began ripping through every inch of his room in an almost frantic push of desperation.

It wasn't until Richie had literally up-ended his bed, flipping it over onto its side with one arm, that he found it. He stared down at the offending article of clothing and reached down to grab it.

It was Eddie's hoodie.

He put his bed back down and sat on the edge of it, Eddie's navy hoodie in both hands. He ran a hand over it before he buried his face into the material and took in a deep sniff.

There was a sudden shift in Richie that happened before he could realize. It was instantaneous. The moment he took in the smell in its strongest form from the clothing, it hit something deep inside Richie and he felt like he couldn't breathe. His chest seized and he let out a gasp.

His head was suddenly bombarded by images of he and Eddie in dim light, bodies connected, limbs entangled and flush with heavy sweat. The sounds were so close in his head that it was almost as though it were right in his ear. His teeth felt bare, as though they were aching to be buried in flesh. But not just any flesh.

Eddie's flesh.

Richie panted hard, dropping the jacket into his lap before he pressed the heels of his hands into his eyes until his vision was filled with spots of varying color.

He hadn't even noticed that he had knocked his own glasses off somewhere in his own desperate search. Sure, now he realized his vision was blurry as hell but beforehand, it was almost as though it didn't matter.

He looked down at the material in his lap, the smell still wafting up into his nose, making his body ache with need. Not just any need. A need to breed, a need to mate, a need to fill and to satiate. A need to protect and to conquer. A need for Edward Kaspbrak.

Richie shook his head and tossed the hoodie aside. He was being ridiculous. He was being inappropriate. Sure, he knew Eddie was cute and openly told Eddie that he thought so. But this was different.

Richie wasn't joking now, Richie wasn't trying to make anyone smile or laugh. Richie wasn't even sure what was happening to him. This was his best friend that he was thinking about.

Eddie was his best friend besides Bill, Eddie was his closest friend, his confidante, his advisor and his audience. Eddie was never someone that Richie fantasized over or looked at differently, even after Eddie had presented.

And even when Richie had become an alpha, he felt a need to protect his omega friend from harm and that was it. He never harbored any crush for Eddie than he usually did.

He couldn't say his conscience was completely clean, however. He did remember times when he would look at his best friend and realize that he was far from unattractive. But Richie thought that was normal, he had had thoughts like that about all of his friends.

They were all fleeting thoughts, never attaching themselves to any of Richie's feelings. Richie found every single one of his friends attractive for a different reason.

Bill was that tall and toned athlete that a lot of girls lusted after once he filled into his alpha body. Richie couldn't ignore that when he saw Ben fill out a pair of pants or take off his shirt. Ben had lost so much weight and had filled out but still retained some cute fill to his cheeks. And he was so smart, too. Richie couldn't ignore him. Bev

had always held a place in Richie's heart since they met and even though most of his thoughts for her were platonic, he did notice her in her dresses and her long legs. How could he pass her by without giving her a second glance? Even Mike had made Richie blush when they were at the Hanlon farm and he had sat with the group while Mike was doing chores. Richie couldn't stop himself from eyeing Mike's muscles in his white vest. Even Bill made a comment. And even Stan was a different kind of attractive to Richie. Stanley was soft and warm and welcoming, his body lean but strong and graceful like a dancer. Richie had seen him on multiple occasions when they swam in the quarry.

But they were all fleeting thoughts that never progressed passed any of that. Even if they were all affectionate and closer than most groups of friends, Richie hadn't felt anything for any of them.

Until now. Until Eddie. Richie had seen Eddie many times. He watched Eddie jog by in a t-shirt and red poly shorts, his perfect legs toned from the daily routine of running that Eddie has been doing for over six years. Richie saw Eddie's body when they would swim together or even at sleepovers. Richie caught himself looking at Eddie's face in the sunlight or even in the blue glow of the TV screen. Richie had memorized every detail from doe eyes to pink lips and could probably draw Eddie if he had the talent for it.

But still, the acknowledgement of his best friend's appearance never took on a secondary emotion. It never went beyond that and never fell into the cesspool of Richie's feelings.

So, why now?

Richie had smelled Eddie's scent before this. He had taken in that honey smell since before he was even in school. He had even smelled Eddie after he presented. It made no sense in his rut-addled brain.

But oh-

Oh, he had never smelled Eddie whilst he was in a rut. This was his first rut. His first rut and his first encounter with an omega scent. Just like Bill had said.

If this is what Bill was talking about, Richie envied the fact that Bill had had an omega to plow into for his own first rut.

The idea of Bill and Eddie together had an angry snarl tear out of Richie's chest and he instantly grabbed the nearest item and threw it into the opposite wall, his veins coursing with electric jealousy.

He grabbed the hoodie and brought it up to his face to take in another deep inhale as his other hand wrapped itself instinctively around his length. He moved the jacket out of the way and spat into his palm before he continued to stroke himself.

He closed his eyes, his mind feeding him sordid images of himself and an omega that hadn't featured before. He let out a loud moan and sped up, gasping and jittering on the edge of the bed as his toes curled into the carpet.

He fell back on the bed, his head hitting the mattress before he rolled over onto his stomach. His entire body was howling for release but his right hand wasn't enough. His body was overtaken by another wave of intense heat and he let out a low whine before he collapsed.

He needed release and this wasn't it. He needed someone. He needed anything.

He needed Eddie.

8. Chapter 8

Richie had finally managed to make himself come, finally grappling with his third orgasm as he rutted his hips into his own mattress and into the hoodie he had found. The friction was so much better and rougher than his hand.

He lay there on his bed for a few moments as he tried to catch his breath. His body was still thrumming with white hot electricity and he grimaced when he felt how sticky his lower half was.

He could feel his dick finally softening a little bit and he sighed with relief. Despite that, the growing hunger in his stomach still remained. He rolled over and stood up, unable to look at the mess that he had made on the bed.

He wiped himself down roughly and threw the old shirt aside before he got dressed. He grabbed the first few items he could find and put them on. He did try and find a baggier pair of pants and a loose shirt so that he didn't die of heatstroke in his own clothing.

He didn't even put shoes on as he grabbed his glasses and launched himself down the stairs. He took a bottle of water from the fridge and downed half of it before he walked out of the house.

He thanked God that Eddie didn't live across the town and that he wouldn't have had to cycle there. The idea of peddling right now would have definitely killed him.

He looked down the road and could see Eddie's house. Sonia's yellow station wagon wasn't in the driveway and he hoped that Eddie hadn't gone with her. He began walking down the road, sipping on his water, and hoped that he wouldn't cross paths with anyone along the way.

As he drew nearer, his body wanted him to get there even faster and before he knew it, he was jogging. He threw his water bottle in a nearby trashcan before his feet pushed him up the Kaspbrak driveway.

He got to the door and began pounding on it, his heart hammering in his chest.

"God, alright!" Eddie yelled from inside, "One sec!"

Richie's heart leapt in his chest when he heard Eddie's voice and the rattle of the lock on the door. Richie began rocking from side to side impatiently as the door was unlocked and pulled open a small fraction. Eddie eyed him for a second and then opened the door.

Eddie froze in the doorway, his face suddenly flooding with color and his knees dipping. Richie knew that the smell emanating from him was obvious and he was hoping that Eddie would understand, but at the same time, there was a part of him that didn't care.

"R-Richie..." Eddie breathed and he began backing away from the door, his chest rising and falling rapidly as he started to pant, "Fuck-God- Rich, what are you... Why-"

Richie crossed the distance between them as Eddie backed up against the stairs with his eyes wide. Eddie let out a small groan as Richie's hands ran over his body, his own lungs barely able to concentrate on breathing.

"Kiss me, Eddie. Kiss me, please." Richie gasped, his fingers digging desperately into Eddie's hips as he pressed himself close to the small boy. Eddie's eyes closed at the proximity of the alpha, his head tilting to the side as he all but melted in Richie's feverish arms.

Eddie turned his head away, gasping for air as he tried to focus, "Richie... Fuck, you- you're making me want to do things."

"Yeah." Richie nodded fervently, his voice barely above a whisper, "Yeah. Things. Things are good."

Richie buried his face into Eddie's neck and took in the deepest breath, inhaling the sweet smell of Eddie that was just barely tinted with arousal. He let out a groan as Eddie reached out behind him with a leg to kick the front door closed. Richie lapped at Eddie's neck, mouthing at the scent glands that was just below his ear. Eddie let out a moan, a louder cry as he stuttered back against the stairs, his

hips pressing into Richie's.

"Fuck, alpha..." Eddie whined low and Richie instantly moaned out, pushing Eddie down onto the stairs. He hovered over him, a thigh between Eddie's legs, his knees on the stairs. He leaned in, sucking on Eddie's neck, his mouth shaded with the soft taste of Eddie's sweet musk. It was like nectar to Richie, a taste that lingered over his every tastebud that he would never get tired of.

Richie ground his hips down against Eddie's hip, pushing for friction and touch to ease the ache of his erection. He let out a small sob, sucking on Eddie's neck even more as his fingertips dug into the carpeted stairs.

"Help me, Eddie." Richie whimpered pathetically, his breath ragged as he pushed his hips down into Eddie and heard the omega's breath catch.

"I- Fuck- Richie, I wanna help you." Eddie began as his hands ran over Richie's shoulders before the one hand knotted itself into Richie's hair to pull him closer, "Fuck, alpha."

"Please." Richie begged again, his body so tense and the pain of his release being so far away was enough to make him want to cry.

"I-I can't help you if you're driving my fucking kidneys into the stairs, Richard." Eddie gave Richie's head a small slap and Richie instantly sat up, his gaze was faded and hazy with lust, his perfect lips in a swollen pout.

Eddie scrambled up from the stairs, straightening his sweater vest when he looked at Richie, "I-I can't. My mom will be home soon."

"My house." Richie breathed, tugging on Eddie's hand, "Folks are out for the day. Left me alone. Eddie, please." Richie begged, "Please. I need you."

Eddie looked Richie over for a long second, sucking in a breath as he closed his eyes. Richie knew that his rut scent was clouding Eddie's head and he hoped it was working.

"But, my-"

"Eds, I don't give a fuck about Sonia." Richie almost snarled the name before he put Eddie up against the wall in front of the staircase and ground himself against the trembling omega, "I want you, Eddie. I need you. Please."

"Fucking God damn it." Eddie groaned, his hips pushing forward on their own as his nails raked against the wall. Richie let out a moan, looking at how Eddie's head was tilted back and his body bowed and slanted towards Richie's hips.

Richie didn't care if Sonia walked in right there and then. He couldn't care less if he had Eddie mounted against the wall and he was knot-deep inside him. It was all he craved and he would be goddamned if Sonia Kaspbrak was going to get in his way.

"Make me come, Eddie. Please." Richie whispered as he leaned in even closer, holding Eddie to the wall with his hands on Eddie's hips. Eddie merely nodded, exposing his neck in submission as he began grinding against the tall alpha. Richie's eyes fluttered shut almost instantly, his hips moving in sync to Eddie's own. As much as he desperately wanted to feel the skin on skin contact, he couldn't deny just how good it felt to have the friction of his jeans against his almost pyretic and flushed skin.

"O-Oh fuck." Eddie continued to gasp, his nails raking up the wallpaper before they latched onto Richie's back, one hand pulling him in and the other on Richie's ass to keep his crotch closer than it had been, "God-"

"E-Eds." Richie barely managed to gasp, his hips rutting desperately against the omega, listening to Eddie's small panting moans and his high pitched whines.

"Shit-" Eddie let out a moan, his head going back, his eyes squeezed shut when his body was wracked with soft jittering tremors. Richie let out a groan that purred into a small growl as Eddie came in his slacks. Richie put an arm behind Eddie and held him close as he rutted into his own orgasm. He came hard in his own jeans, snarling and moaning brokenly as his body was riddled with exquisite ecstasy.

He could feel his clothes sticking to his body from his running sweat

and his own release. His thighs shook as he tried to keep himself up. He pressed his nose into Eddie's neck and took in a deep breath, sighing out as the scent encircled him and made him instantly relax.

Eddie suddenly pushed Richie off of him and Richie stumbled back, grunting in pain as his hip hit the coat rack. He looked at Eddie incredulously with wide eyes to see the omega fuming at him with arms folded.

"What the hell, Tozier." Eddie spat suddenly and Richie recoiled, eyes wide and confused.

"What?" Richie breathed out, "Eds, what?"

"I'm so fucking mad at you!" Eddie hissed as he crossed the distance between them before extending his arm and palm. His hand connected flat with Richie's face and the sound of a rough slap echoed through the house, "I can't believe you!"

"Jesus Christ, Kaspbrak." Richie rubbed his cheek, "What did I do?"

"I don't want this! I don't want to be the omega that everyone goes to when they need to get off. First Bill and now you. I'm the closest thing you can hump so you just settle for me? That's fucking bullshit, Richie. I'm not gonna be your fucking humping pillow."

"Eds, I didn't-"

"Don't call me that." Eddie spat, his eyes narrowed, "I can't believe you..."

"But I... I don't...." Richie's eyes suddenly blurred with tears and he looked away, remembering what Bill had said about his emotions being off the rails, "Eddie, I just..."

"Are you- Are you fucking crying right now?" Eddie asked with disbelief, "Richard Tozier, what the fu-"

"Eddie, I need you." Richie whispered weakly and Eddie rolled his eyes, "You're all I want."

"Too bad." Eddie scowled and then rubbed his upper arm slowly, "You

called me a slut for hooking up with some guy and for being with Bill and then you show up here unannounced because you're in a rut and expect me to just ride you until you're okay again. It doesn't work like that."

"I know." Richie sniffed, the tears fell down his cheeks and he wiped them away quickly, "I just... I had to find you. I was fine until... Until I found your scent and-"

"And what?"

"And I couldn't be away from you. I couldn't even come on my own after that. My body, it didn't... I couldn't stay away."

"Richie..." Eddie sighed and looked down at his sneakers and then down at Richie's bare feet and his lightwash jeans that were stuck to his skin and his cheeks went pink, "Fine."

"What?"

"I'll... I'll help you." Eddie nodded, "But I can't... We can't..."

"Just come with me. We can be alone all day." Richie smiled hazily at Eddie and took his hand, "And we can cuddle." Richie gave him the sweetest smile he could muster.

Eddie eyed his best friend with a dubious glance before he turned and walked up the stairs. Richie's heart sank and he took a few steps forward.

"Relax, alpha." Eddie looked over his shoulder from the top of the stairs, "Just getting my inhaler. I have the feeling I'm gonna need it."

Richie felt a small twang of lust in his stomach at those words and he stepped back down off of the stairs before he opened the front door and stepped out. The dry breeze felt like heaven on his skin and he closed his eyes, his eyelids burned underneath with the image of Eddie's face as he was in the midst of his own orgasm.

Richie felt someone take his hand and pull him. He looked out to see Eddie tugging him off the porch with a grin. Eddie had changed his clothing from his soiled slacks and his pullover sweater and was

dressed in one of Richie's old t-shirts and his shorts.

Richie grinned brightly as he allowed the omega to take him along. He stared at Eddie's slender legs and his mouth practically watered at the idea of being between them. His eyes roved up, watching Eddie's backside as he walked along towards the empty Tozier household.

They got to the front door when Richie opened it and pulled the omega inside. He instantly wrapped his arms around Eddie, who yelped in surprise and was lifted up by one leg around Richie's waist. Eddie gasped and reached behind him to close the door before he was pushed up against it.

Richie sucked in a breath against Eddie's neck before he shuddered out, his breath wavering as more tears welled in his eyes. He pushed them back before he looked at Eddie, who's hazy smile faltered immediately.

"Even though we're alone, I really don't wanna do this in your mother's living room." Eddie managed as Richie nuzzled Eddie's neck.

He nodded, wanting to do whatever Eddie wanted and needed. He took Eddie and pulled him up the stairs in silence, tugging the omega along until they were in the bedroom. Eddie sucked in a breath and looked at Richie with bright pink cheeks.

"It smells in here." Eddie whispered as he walked into the untidy room, "Smells like you."

"It's my room." Richie commented softly and closed the door behind him before he walked up to Eddie and began kissing at his neck slowly and softly. Eddie tilted his head to the side in submission and let out a groan.

"Smells like... Alpha. Like sex." Eddie continued, "Like you right now."

Richie nodded furtively and ran his hands over Eddie's hips, pressing himself against Eddie's ass.

"Wait- Rich-" Eddie whispered, "God..."

"Please, Eds." Richie breathed and bit on Eddie's ear in a primal manner before he nipped at Eddie's neck with his teeth, "Please."

"Rich." Eddie groaned and turned himself in Richie's arms to look at him, moaning, "I-I want to. I want this..."

"Thank God." Richie whispered as he pressed his hardened erection against Eddie and it made Eddie buckle immediately and give in to the feeling of Richie's dick pressed against his own.

"Richie, Jesus. Wait." Eddie squirmed from Richie's firm grasp and Richie let out a groan, "Look... I'm- I want to do this. God, I really do. I'm so down. But... Rich, think about it. I'm not in heat, I still have a week until then."

"So?" Richie purred out as he looked down at Eddie, his brain completely overtaken with primal lust.

"So, I-" Eddie instantly went pink, "I won't be able to take you... For the sake of my own asshole and my ability to walk, I can't."

Richie let out a small groan and his head hung back, "Then why the hell are you teasing me like this?"

"I-I can help in other ways." Eddie offered, "I wanna make it better."

"How?" Richie grimaced as he unabashedly stuck his hand into his pants after he unbuttoned them, groaning at the touch.

"Come here." Eddie pulled Richie to the bed before he pulled off his shorts and lay down on Richie's unmade bed. Richie pulled his t-shirt off and shucked his jeans down to his ankles. He kicked them aside and took off his glasses before he climbed onto the bed. He sat between Eddie's thighs and looked down at the slender omega when his mouth filled with saliva.

Eddie hadn't even looked at Richie's face once he had taken his pants off. His eyes were wide and filled with lust as he openly gawked at the size of Richie's dick.

"Definitely not." Eddie muttered quietly and looked up at Richie, "But I still want you. I don't want some alpha to just control me in bed. I

don't want to be a fuck toy like this, Richie."

"I don't want to control you, Eds." Richie reassured as earnestly as he could, "I just want you."

Richie slid between Eddie's thighs and looked him over, his long fingers running over Eddie's pale thighs and up. He tugged on Eddie's shirt and pulled it off, taking in the sight of the naked omega beneath him.

Richie leaned in, his arms keeping him up, and began to kiss Eddie desperately. Their mouths twisted and tongued in sync, their breaths were heavy and panted and Richie couldn't get enough. Even with the crested waves of uncomfortable heat that rolled over him, he still needed a different kind of heat to his body. He needed a physical heat and wanted to create it with Eddie.

Eddie's legs wrapped themselves around Richie's waist and their bodies melded together. They both gasped out at the rub of skin on skin, the exciting sparks edging Richie forward to another release.

"Fuck-" He gasped when another wave of cramps suddenly hit him, "It fucking hurts."

"I can't, Rich." Eddie croaked quietly, his hips still rolling up against Richie's hips who was still grinding down in slow stutters. Richie sat up a fraction and looked down to where their dicks were running together and a strangled whimper left his throat. The size comparison was something he would never get over.

It was a biological note that omegas weren't in need of being well-endowed because they weren't the ones who were doing any breeding. Eddie's dick was beautiful and blushing pink as it lay against his pale stomach and it was almost embarrassing for Richie to see their lengths side by side.

Eddie's dick was just under half the size of his own and Richie instantly felt embarrassed by his alpha-sized dick. It was when a hand slid over his length that Richie was brought out of his silent reverie. He gasped shakily and looked up at Eddie in surprise.

Eddie sat up, leaning on his elbow, and wrapped his hand around Richie's dick, or as much as he could fit in his circled fingers. Richie cried out the relief of his aching and his head rolled on his shoulders, his eyes watching Eddie intently.

Eddie was concentrating on Richie's length in his hand, his hand stroking quickly as Richie sat up on his knees. Eddie got up in a fluid motion onto his own knees and put his leg between Richie's, putting his knees right up against the alpha. He began grinding his own erection on Richie's thigh as he stroked the alpha in sync with his hips.

Richie gasped at the new experience, his head falling back on his shoulders. One of his own hands went down to grip the sheet beside him when the other held onto Eddie's thigh.

"F-Fuck Eds, I-" Richie barely managed to gasp out, "Fuck. So close. Fuck- Don't stop. Don't- Shit-"

"So good for me, alpha. So good." Eddie moaned quietly, his hips canting against Richie's now slick thigh.

Richie cried out as the knots in his stomach released instantly with sharp fizzles of pleasure. He came with a heavy grunt all over Eddie's thigh and hip, his warm load running over the pale and shaking thigh of a desperate omega.

Eddie let go of Richie, his hands on Richie's shoulders in a firm grip as he rode the alpha's thigh in a desperate attempt to orgasm.

Richie let out a growl and pushed Eddie back onto the bed, his mouth on Eddie's neck and his hips on Eddie's.

"Richie, please. Please, oh god. Rich- I- Fuck-" Eddie arched his hips.

"Eds- I gotta- I need..." Richie panted, sweat sticking his hair to his face, "Please."

Eddie's eyes went wide and he shook his head in a silent plea that only had Richie whine out in a wolfish plea.

"You'll hurt me," Eddie panted, "I- I don't know... Rich, just-"

Richie doubled over again, grimacing at the ache in his lower stomach as his body urged him to knot. Richie began to whimper over and over and Eddie let out a moan.

"Rich..." Eddie swallowed hard and let out a small scoff of a laugh, "I- Why don't you... You can- You can fuck my thighs if you want."

Eddie meant it as a joke, as a way to make Richie laugh. But the look that he received from Richie was far from amusement. It was sheer agony and desperation. Richie whined at the idea and Eddie merely nodded, looking up at the alpha.

Eddie lifted his legs up and crossed his ankles, pressing his feet up to one of Richie's shoulders to keep his legs tightly together. Richie swallowed dryly and reached a hand down to smear in his come that had been on Eddie's hip.

He slipped his fingers between Eddie's thighs and ran those two fingers over the underside of Eddie's dick. Eddie bucked his hips up in surprise and looked down as Richie sat on his knees and pushed his dick between Eddie's pale thighs.

He wrapped an arm around the omega's thighs and lifted him up with ease. He thrust his hips back and forth, moaning at the slick feel that seemed to slide around his length perfectly.

"Shit-" Richie's head fell back, his pouted lips parted as he panted and thrust roughly. His dick slid between Eddie's thighs and Eddie was so enraptured by watching it. He weakly lifted himself up onto his elbows to watch. Richie's length was so impressive that even when his hips pulled back, his dick was still between Eddie's legs.

It was the feeling of Richie's dick touching his own that had Eddie gasping for air. He reached down to touch himself, wrapping a hand around his dick to stroke quickly.

"Ed- Eddie, fuck." Richie pushed Eddie's legs forward as he leaned over him, pushing Eddie's legs to his chest as he fucked into the gap of his perfect thighs, "Sh-Shit. What the fuck-"

Richie looked down to see that Eddie had been touching himself but

no longer had the reach now that he was literally folded in half. His hands were gripping the sheets, his legs were trembling and his brows knitted.

Richie had no idea how long he had been fucking the omega's slick thighs and he had no idea how long he would last, but when he looked down at Eddie to see the omega release in a heavy shudder, his entire body blanked.

Eddie cried out, coming in hot streaks on his own chest. Richie let out a moan and pulled out, watching Eddie's legs fall to either side of him as the omega panted weakly.

Richie sat back and picked Eddie's legs up before he took the omega and turned him over. Eddie let out a yell of surprise as his head was pushed down onto the pillow and his ass was pushed up into the air.

"Richie, Fuck-" Eddie was about to call out when Richie took Eddie's legs in his hands and pushed them together before he slid into Eddie's thighs. He groaned out and picked up the gruelling pace that he had had before Eddie came. The omega groaned out at the sound of skin slapping skin, the feel of Richie's dick between his legs was slick and feverishly warm.

Richie grunted, fucking roughly and quickly, his dick leaking a constant slick as he neared his release.

"Alpha, please." Eddie moaned, "Please."

Richie let out a small snarl as he reached forward and around Eddie's body and ran his hand over Eddie's semi hard erection. He used the slick he collected and smeared it over Eddie's already somewhat slick hole. Eddie cried out, his body pushing back in a wordless plea for Richie to keep going.

He slid a finger into Eddie almost without effort, the tight heat had him moan as Eddie arched his back and mewled with the touch.

Richie could feel his knot forming, the tight pulling in his stomach that told him how close he was to finishing.

He slid a second finger into the omega and fucked him with both

digits as quickly as he could as his hips snapped in and out.

"Fuck- Yeah, ah." Richie gasped, a small dribble of spit from between his clenched teeth fell and landed on Eddie's plump asscheek. He smeared the saliva with his free thumb as Eddie's hips rocked back and forth to succumb to the feeling of Richie's long fingers buried to base knuckle.

Richie felt the tense muscles in his thighs and stomach finally give out and he came. He fucked Eddie's thighs roughly, moaning in small bursts as Eddie garbled out pure filth and spurred him on.

Richie pulled out of Eddie and sat back, panting and wiping his mouth on the back of his hand as Eddie fell forward weakly. Richie sucked on his fingers, tasting Eddie's sweet slick on his tongue. He climbed forward and pressed his weight over the omega, growling tenderly, his arms holding him up as he ran his face over Eddie's shoulder.

Eddie let out a pathetic whine that had Richie grunt in reply and sit up. Eddie turned back over and Richie went pink when he saw the amount of his own come that had shot onto the bed that Eddie had been forced to lay in.

"Sorry." Richie whispered, his voice cracking, and he reached down beside the bed to grab a t-shirt for Eddie to use.

Richie watched Eddie wipe himself down before he leaned in to kiss Eddie softly. The omega tilted his head to kiss back before he pulled back.

"Rich?"

"Hmm?"

"I'm still mad at you." Eddie sighed, "I got you off twice because you needed it and you weren't listening to me."

"Ed-"

"No, listen. I don't want to be the group omega for you to use. I don't want you to come crawling with your tail between your legs because

you can't knot anything else. It's not fucking fair-

"Eddie-

"It feels like you're just settling for me because I'm here. Why the hell would you do that? What the fuck makes you think-

"Eddie!" Richie grabbed Eddie's face in his hands and stared down at him, silencing the omega with a whimper, "Listen."

"I'm listening. I'm angry but listening."

"I don't want anyone else to have you, Eddie." Richie whispered and Eddie's face went red and he pulled his face out of Richie's grip.

"What the fuck?" Eddie looked insulted, "You want me all to yourself and no one else can have me? Is that it? I just have to be okay with that? Richie, of all the selfish-

"Eddie-

"You aren't my fucking boyfriend, Tozier. You don't get a fucking say in what I do with my body and I'm a fucking independent- I can do what I want. You can't tell me what to do. None of you losers can, I'm not just gonna be the fucking omega. Nuh-uh- No. I can't fucking-

"Eddie, what if I... What if I don't want you to- to be with anyone else?" Richie tilted his head to the side and Eddie stared at him blankly.

"Are you not fucking listening to me, Richard? I swear to God, you fucking alphas- I'm not just going to sit around and wait to be used-

"No but-" Richie tried again but Eddie was now in full swing.

"Fucking moron alpha rut-

"Oh for God's sake, Edward. Shut up!" Richie grabbed Eddie's shoulders tightly, "Shut your fucking mouth okay? I don't want you to be anyone else's and I don't want anyone else. I want you. Rut or not. Like- Like as a... As my... We would be..." Richie cleared his throat and shrugged, "Together. You 'n me, Spaghetti."

"Oh..." Eddie breathed out in a huff, "Oh."

"If you... If you want."

Eddie pursed his lips and rolled them into his mouth before he sucked on his teeth. He looked up at Richie solemnly, "I'll think about it."

9. Chapter 9

Later that afternoon after Eddie and Richie had taken a nap together, their limbs tangled and Eddie's smaller body was curled under Richie's tall frame.

They had woken up when the dog next door began to bark when the owners came home from work. Richie groaned, his dick hardening as it pressed itself against Eddie's back. It had been about three hours since Richie had had his last orgasm and his body was beginning to heat up again.

"Rich?"

"Spaghetti?" Richie asked softly as he buried his face in Eddie's hair and took a sniff, the smell calming his internally raging fire just a smidge.

"You mean what you said earlier? About us?"

"Definitely." Richie breathed out as he wrapped his arms around Eddie, "God, you smell fucking good, Eds."

"If you mean it, and not just because you want sex, then I say yes." Eddie replied simply and Richie let out a small joyful howl and pushed Eddie over before he rolled onto Eddie and began kissing his shoulder.

Eddie sighed contentedly at the affection and closed his eyes as Richie slowly and deliberately pushed his dick against Eddie's ass as he placed kisses along Eddie's spine.

The moan that left Eddie was lower in pitch and volume, his own hips pushing down into the mattress for friction.

"Eds..." Richie all but purred, "Eddie, I need you."

"I'll fix it." Eddie whispered as he lifted his ass up into Richie and Richie's eyes fluttered closed.

Richie sat up and put his long fingers on Eddie's ass, kneading the

flesh before he leaned down and ran his tongue over the exposed flesh. Eddie jumped in fright before he sank closer, letting Richie's mouth wander closer and closer to where he wanted to be.

"O-Oh shit-" Eddie gasped as Richie licked and lapped at his asshole slowly, moaning to himself at the taste of honey and sex on his tongue. He wrapped his hand around his dick and stroked himself lazily.

Eddie was almost sobbing, the moans that were leaving him were disgustingly primal and desperate, his thighs trembling at the intensity.

"Rich..." Eddie gasped out, "Richie." He pulled away and sat up before he climbed off of the bed, "Lay down, you jerk."

Richie grinned sheepishly as he slid down onto the bed and rolled onto his back. Eddie looked the alpha up and down, his eyes resting for a longer second on Richie's erection that was leaking on his stomach.

Eddie nodded to himself before he leaned over and took a large puff of his inhaler. Richie let out a small laugh looked at Eddie's pink cheeks.

"Do I take your breath away?" Richie chided with a shit-eating grin and Eddie scowled before he climbed onto Richie's lap and leaned in, watching Richie's eyes lust over.

"Yeah of course. I'm always breathless around you. Suffocating me with your bullshit." Eddie sat up and when Richie reached out to touch him, he slapped Richie's hands away sharply.

Eddie ground his hips down on Richie's lap and the alpha lifted his hips up, his breath ragged as the shots of pleasure spurred him on to want so much more.

Eddie smiled down at the alpha, "You like, Richie?"

"What the fuck kinda question is that?" Richie blurted out and Eddie rolled his eyes as he sat up on Richie and folded his arms.

"A question I'd like an answer to before you coat me in semen again, if you don't mind." Eddie shot back and Richie pursed his lips, "Now, I asked if you like what you see, Tozier."

"Fuck yeah, I do." Richie carefully put his hands on Eddie's thighs, "I really like, Eds."

"I'm glad you like how I look." Eddie went pink, "But Rich, the thing is... Do you like how I taste?"

Richie balked hard, his mouth dropping open at the blatant question. His mind instantly went blank and all he could do was nod.

Eddie nodded in silence and lifted his leg. Richie was about to protest the omega that was getting up but he was cut off when all Eddie did was turn around with his back to Richie.

Richie stared up at the smooth expanse of Eddie's back and shoulders and was about to comment when Eddie moved closer and bent over. Richie let out a moan that was louder than he expected it to be, a warm tongue running up his length.

"Fucking hell, Eds." Richie panted, his eyes squeezed shut as his hips lifted, "God yes."

Eddie merely let out a hum and continued to lick Richie's length with his warm tongue and a hand that was slowly stroking the base.

Richie reached up behind him and puffed up his pillow before he reached up to run his hands over Eddie's plump ass. Eddie took Richie into his mouth and Richie barely managed to keep himself from crying out. He slid a finger into Eddie's hole, feeling the omega moan around his length and slid further down.

Richie slid a second finger in, pulling and pushing his fingers in and out of Eddie, crooking and rubbing them as his thumb pressed against Eddie's sensitive taint. Eddie yelped out in surprise and sat up, panting heavily. He ground himself down on Richie's fingers, moaning as a hand stroked Richie's length with deliberate steadiness.

Richie sucked in a breath as Eddie stirred his hips in a circle, his sweet slick trailing down into Richie's palm as he sped up. As he

pushed himself into the fingers of the alpha, he used both of his hands to stroke Richie's thick length. He cried out as Richie tilted his two fingers, pressing them down to knuckle at his prostate.

"O-Oh. Wh-" Eddie gasped in surprise, "Shit. R-Richie, fuck."

Richie began to thrust his fingers in and out quickly as Eddie went back down to mouth at the tip of Richie's dick. Richie took Eddie by the hips and pulled him back, replacing his fingers with his tongue in an instant. The guttural moan that left him was loud but muffled by flesh as he sucked and licked roughly.

Eddie's body clenched and unclenched as his mouth bobbed up and down quickly. Richie's tongue continued to press in and around Eddie's slick-slid hole and it was so sweet that his mouth was in overload. Eddie's own moans were choked as he took as much of Richie into his mouth as he could, desperately pushing back and forth.

Richie's head fell back when Eddie's spare fingers began to massage his balls, easing and pushing Richie into another knot. Richie gasped and lifted his hips, his head back in the pillow as warm waves pulsed from his skin. The tight knots in his stomach were so tight that he was surprised he could move at all.

"Eddieeddieeddie," Richie babbled quickly, "Fuck- Eddie, I'm-"

Eddie pulled off with an obscene pop and his heavy panted breaths were like a symphony to Richie. All he wanted to do was push Eddie back down so that he could come. His mind was so focused on his climax that he was about to scream.

Eddie merely shifted off of Richie's chest and sat next to him on his knees before he took Richie back into his mouth.

Richie's eyes widened to the point that it physically hurt. Despite the blur to his vision, he could still see the basic outline of Eddie's mouth sliding down over his dick. He sat up with one arm keeping him up as he watched Eddie's head move up and down over his dick, he watched the corners of Eddie's mouth turn white at the immense stretch.

Eddie could barely go halfway down before he was choking and had to come back up. Richie's chest heaved as his hips lifted again. He wrapped a hand around the base of his dick and began stroking himself as Eddie took whatever he could into his mouth and pressed his tongue flat against the side.

"F-Fuck." Richie hissed from between his teeth as he jerked off quickly, his hand being pushed away by Eddie, who picked up the very same movements. Richie's free hand knotted itself into Eddie's soft brown hair.

"Eds, I- You gotta stop. Fuck-" Richie was so close to his release but he knew that Eddie was playing literal chicken with his dick. Seeing who would move first. Richie could see how badly Eddie wanted to do this but he also didn't want Eddie to drown.

Richie tugged on Eddie's hair and pulled him off. Eddie's mouth came off with a visceral slurp, saliva running from his swollen lips and his eyes were dark with a primal lust that had a coil tighten in Richie's stomach.

"Sorry. I just-" Richie panted, "I didn't want you to die."

"I've...." Eddie wiped his mouth on his arm, "I've done this before."

"You..." Richie stopped the thought abruptly and his eyes widened, "Fuck."

"Don't think about it." Eddie urged, "Want you to come for me."

"God, Eds..." Richie breathed out, "Fuck." Eddie sat down and ran his tongue over Richie's length but wrapped his hand around the base instead.

Richie sucked in a breathy moan, his knees buckling at the sheer pleasure. He was so close.

It wasn't even three strokes after that moment of conversation that Richie hit his glorious peak. He came once more and felt the warm gush on his stomach and chest and felt Eddie's hand working him with swift diligence. His moans were loud and unabashed, they were broken and filled with raw lust. He saw stars behind his lids and his

limbs felt like jelly.

He collapsed back on the bed and wiped his hair from his face. He opened his bleary eyes and saw Eddie looking down at him.

"What?" Richie croaked as Eddie came to sit beside him with his legs folded.

"You really mean it?" Eddie frowned, "Honest?"

"About me 'n you?" Richie asked as he sat up and went to reach for his cigarettes, "Course, Eds."

"How do I know you won't change your mind when your rut is done?" Eddie folded his arm as Richie lit up a cigarette and took a deep inhale of the lifeblood.

"Wanna know if I'm serious?" Richie asked as he tucked an arm behind his head and left the cigarette hanging between his lips for a moment.

"Well, duh asshole." Eddie scowled, "Kinda dumb question is that?"

"Well," Richie exhaled and sat up slowly before he put on his glasses and looked at Eddie with his bright pink cheeks and his big brown eyes, "I swear."

"On what?" Eddie narrowed his eyes, "What do you swear on?"

"If I'm not serious about this and if I change my mind when this week is over then I'll never touch a cigarette or make another joke ever again." Richie stated as he took another drag and exhaled the smoke out of the corner of his mouth and away from Eddie.

"Don't joke like that." Eddie muttered barely above a whisper, his eyes widening even more despite how Richie remained solemn, "You mean it?"

"Well, fuck yeah." Richie ashed his cigarette into a nearby soda can and set it down on top of the tin. He blew the cloud of smoke away from Eddie and looked at him as he crossed his ankles, "As serious as a staph infection."

Eddie's face scrunched up at the mention of one of the things he hated and at the memory of he and Richie years ago when they used to explore the Barrens.

"Not funny, Trashmouth."

"You weren't complaining about my mouth a few minutes ago, Kaspbrak." Richie commented simply, "Like mother like son."

"Oh, for fuck sake." Eddie scoffed and got off of the bed to get his shorts, "You're fucking disgusting, Richie."

"True. It's a gift." Richie sat up and took a drag of the cigarette that was between his fingers, his head tilted to the side. He put the cigarette out and decided to keep the last half for later as Eddie slid on his red shorts.

"A gift?" Eddie turned to look at Richie with his hands on his hips, "Just shut up, asshole. That mouth is good for one thing but talking isn't it. C'mon."

"Where to?" Richie got up, frowning as Eddie threw a pair of sweatpants at him. He bent over to pull them on and grabbed a clean t-shirt.

"We both need to eat." Eddie shrugged, "You more than me."

"I've already had something to eat." Richie sighed as Eddie took him by the arm and lead him into the hallway.

"Did you have breakfast?" Eddie asked as they went down the stairs.

"Well, no." Richie shrugged as they went into the kitchen, "Haven't had food but I did eat."

"What?" Eddie turned to look at him and when he saw the smirk on Richie's face, his eyes widened and he looked away. Richie watched the blush rush into Eddie's cheeks and ears as he decided to busy himself with finding food.

"Gross, dude." Eddie whispered as Richie slid into a kitchen chair and stretched his legs out in front of him.

"Worth it though." Richie grinned brightly as Eddie took out a carton of eggs and some bread.

"Ok, so I'm making us some eggs on toast. Simple food. You don't need anything too heavy when you're not going to want to eat later." Eddie explained as he grabbed a pan from the cabinet near the stove.

"Why won't I want to eat?" Richie frowned as he watched Eddie start to prepare the eggs.

"It's going to get worse." Eddie cracked a few eggs into a bowl and looked at Richie, "Ruts and heats are worse at night because of the moon."

"Fuck sake." Richie groaned and put his flushed cheeks on the cool surface of the table, "An entire week of this?"

"It gets better as the days go on." Eddie began whisking the eggs together as a small bit of butter began to melt in the pan, "Even tomorrow is a little better."

"I wanna see the guys." Richie pouted, "This fucking blows. Almost as much as y-"

"Anyway..." Eddie interrupted Richie pointedly, "Tomorrow you should be okay to see them for a little bit but not the whole day. Your body is still going to have rushes that we need to take care of."

"We?" Richie's head tilted, his brain bracketing, "We?"

"Yes." Eddie poured the egg mixture into the pan before he turned to look at Richie, "We."

"What about tonight? If it gets worse then I don't think I can do this alone." Richie's cheeks went a shade pinkier than usual and he scratched awkwardly behind his ear, "Especially if my folks are back."

"Yeah, it's really not a good idea for you to be around other people. You have to be able to get this out of your system. Like," Eddie began whisking the eggs in the pan studiously, "When Bill went through his rut, his parents let Bill and I stay at their cabin near the Kenduskeag."

"Oh." Richie muttered, "I wondered where you went. What did Sonia say?" Richie snorted, "Bet she nearly had a fucking cow."

"She got over herself when I presented. I made sure she knew I was still me and nothing changed. She's an omega, too. She understands. She's calmed down a lot more now." Eddie shrugged, "She still a fucking pain in my ass but it's better. I'm allowed some semblance of a life now."

"Good 'ol Sonia." Richie sighed and watched Eddie pop two slices of white bread into the toaster.

Eddie turned to look at Richie with a small twinkle in his eye and a smile on his face, "I may have an idea."

"What's that, alleycat?" Richie asked as he began twirling a spoon with his fingers.

"Mike's farm. It's just after harvest now so his family is away for the annual conference. And the workers leave for the week to go with to the conference or take leave. The loft in the barn would be completely abandoned. We can ask Mike if we can stay there for a day or two. And if we do, we'll be alone and the guys can visit when you're feeling okay."

Richie got up and leaned in, pressing Eddie close against his body. He ran his nose over Eddie's neck and took in a small breath, "So smart."

"My eggs are burning, Rich." Eddie sighed and Richie nodded.

"God, so are mine." He muttered and Eddie let out a bark of laughter before he snuck out of Richie's grasp to continue stirring the eggs in the pan.

"Go and phone Mike." Eddie waved off the alpha as he grabbed the toast that had popped.

Richie went over to the phone on the wall and grabbed the phone book that was on the table. He flipped through the index of names and turned to the H page in the book, scanning through his mother's friends and acquaintances.

He dialled the number for the Hanlon farm and leaned back against the wall, listening to the phone ring in his ear.

"Mike Hanlon speaking." A calm and kind voice answered in a very professional manner and Richie couldn't help but grin.

"Hey Homeschool, it's Rich."

"Oh hey, Bill told me what happened to ya. How's it going?" Mike laughed quietly.

"Fucking lethal." Richie snorted, "But I have someone to help me out."

"Who?" Mike sounded genuinely intrigued and Richie bit his lip, turning to see Eddie who was bright red and waving his arms as a clear sign that Richie was not supposed to say.

"Listen Mikey, Eddie wants to talk to you real quick." Richie said after a moment of panic and Eddie went pale, his eyes narrowing as Richie held the corded phone out to his boyfriend with a sheepish smile.

"What the fuck, Richie?!" Eddie hissed out, looking exasperated, "I'm not fucking talking to him! You talk to him!"

"No, you!" Richie pushed the phone out even more toward Eddie who vehemently shook his head, "Eddie, c'mon!"

"No!" Eddie whispered out, his voice coloured with disbelief, "I swear to god, Richie-"

"One sec, Mikey." Richie called to the phone and pushed it to Eddie again, who yelped as he was pulled closer, a butterknife falling to the floor with a clatter.

Eddie gave Richie a swat on the arm before he took the receiver between his ear and his shoulder.

Richie picked the knife up and gave it a wipe on his pants before he gave it back to a frustrated looking Eddie. Eddie just let out a grunt and continued to butter toast, "Hi Mikey. Yeah, I'm just here to feed him and make sure he doesn't hurt himself. Yeah. Yeah I know."

Richie sat back down and watched as Eddie flitted around the kitchen to juggle between the toast and the eggs and the plating of both.

Eddie slid a plate of scrambled eggs and toast to Richie and gave him a knife and fork before he walked back to the counter, "No, no. The reason we actually called was because I had an idea and I wanted to ask a favor. Richie's still in his first day and it's going to get worse and I don't want him to hurt himself around his parents or anything so I thought... Yeah? Yeah, I know. I thought about that. No, only a day or two."

Richie piled into the food, almost inhaling the eggs and warm toast that was in front of him, not even bothering to use the cutlery and was rather shovelling with his fingers.

"I'll see what I can do. Yeah? Yeah that's fine. Sure, before then is fine. Okay. Okay. See you later, Mikes." Eddie hung up and turned to look at Richie, "Thought you weren't hungry, big guy?"

"So did I." Richie managed around a mouthful of toast, "Even the best of us make mistakes, Eds."

Eddie sat down across from Richie and began to eat, "Mike said you're welcome to stay in the loft if you're up for it. No one's gonna be around very much. But we gotta be there before nightfall."

"Can do." Richie shrugged, "Eds?"

"Hmm?"

"Why didn't you tell Mike?" Richie frowned, "I mean I get that you didn't want him or any of the guys to know that were together just yet but... What about you helping me with my rut?"

"Well, I didn't want to blurt it out if it isn't his business." Eddie shrugged, "I don't want the world to know and think that I'm an alpha jumper. They'll figure it out soon enough."

"Oh..." Richie then felt an uneasy twist in his stomach, "Eddie?"

"Yeah?"

"You're... You're not embarrassed to be with me, right?"

Eddie was quiet as he chewed his food and then set his cutlery down, his face in a distinct expression of thought.

"I'm nervous about us because of the town itself. We're both boys, Richie. You remember what they did to Adrian." Eddie dredged up the memory that they both wanted to forget, "I don't want that to be us. So I'm not going to shout it out to the world. But that doesn't mean I don't want to tell people. I'm not embarrassed, I'm just... I'm cautiously realistic."

"I get that." Richie nodded, "God knows, we don't need to give Bowers any more fuel than he has. Or anyone else. But... Like, with the guys. Would you want to tell them or is this a secret?"

"We can tell them..." Eddie bit into his toast before he brandished the small slice at Richie, "After the week is done."

"Okay." Richie smiled, "Let's finish and get to Mike's so- Wait, Eddie... Are you... You're gonna stay with me, right?"

"Wouldn't ever leave you like that, Tozier." Eddie snorted and rolled his eyes, "I'm not heartless."

10. Chapter 10

Eddie and Richie both managed to pack at least one bag of essentials each and got on their bicycles. Eddie did offer to call a cab so that Richie wouldn't have to exert himself anymore than he already had but Richie refused entirely and told Eddie that he was being unnecessary.

They rode down Witcham street and continued into the dirt road that followed off of the end sidewinder. They pedalled beside each other with wide grins and despite the intense heat in Richie's system, he couldn't deny just how nice the cool dusk breeze was on his skin.

They pulled up to the gate of the Hanlon farm and hopped off of their bikes to get in. Richie pulled the gate open and let Eddie pass before he closed it again. They pushed their bikes up the dirt tracks and the white farmhouse came into view from around the corner of the orchard.

"Remember what I said." Eddie warned, "I swear to god, Richie, if you say anything. I will literally-"

"Relax, Eds. I'm good. I'm fine. I won't say anything. And even if I did, Mike will probably think it's because of my rut and that I'm fucking zonked out of my head." Richie huffed as he pushed his bike, "Probably am, to be honest."

"Let's just get you to the loft." Eddie pushed his bike over a small dip in the road before they stopped outside of the farm house.

They saw Mike sitting on the porch in a chair with a sheep dog at his feet and he looked up from the history book that he'd been reading.

"I could smell you up the road, Trashmouth." Mike greeted and set his book down to get up but Richie held up both hands.

"I wouldn't do that, Homeschool. I'll jump anything that gets too close." Richie went pink in the face as Mike let out a boisterous laugh and put a hand on one of the porch pillars.

"I like how he thinks I'm kidding." Richie turned to Eddie who just gave him a small and nervous titter in response.

"Well, me and ol' Gables here," Mike gestured to his faithful dog, "We set the loft up for you. There's a mattress and some blankets, there's a generator if you want to run anything electrical. We do have a small spare radio and TV if you wanna use them."

"Let's just get him in there first and then we'll worry about his entertainment." Eddie shoved Richie's arm and turned him in the direction of the barn.

"Sayonara, Homeschool." Richie gave Mike a small salute as their bikes were discarded in front of the house and he was steered toward the loft by the omega.

"Don't break my farm, Tozier!" Mike yelled after them and Richie let out a small snicker. He and Eddie crossed the small distance to the big wooden barn and attached to it was a wooden loft. It wasn't like a regular loft that sat above the barn. This loft was built onto the barn like a garage, still lifted above the ground to keep the storage dry even if it were still above some crawl space.

They walked into the barn to find it mostly empty except for the hay and barley, it was sans animals. They walked up the short steps and into the loft where Mike had dragged the simple mattress. There was a pile of linen in the corner and even a flask of something to drink.

They smiled at Mike's endearing efforts and dropped their bags on the ground by the door.

"Eds?" Richie looked at his boyfriend for a moment.

"What is it?"

"Does Mike know you're staying with me or what?" Richie asked idly as he kicked off his shoes and pushed them aside, "Where does he think you're staying."

"He thinks I'm staying in the house with him." Eddie shrugged, "On the phone he offered me the spare room so I can stay nearby if you need me. It seemed like a good idea."

"But-"

"But I will be staying here. Not inside." Eddie whispered, "I'll be here with you until bedtime and then I'll go inside until Mike's asleep. I'll come back out when he's unconscious."

"Okay." Richie nodded, mulling the idea over in his head as he played with his tongue against his teeth, "That should work."

"How are you feeling?" Eddie asked as he went to open the small push-out window across from the mattress to stand and look out over the farm.

Richie shrugged and took his sweatpants off, throwing them near his bag. Eddie scoffed and picked them up, folding them neatly before he set them down on top of Richie's backpack.

"I'm good for now." Richie nodded, "Think I'm good until sunset."

"You should try and sleep before your next wave hits." Eddie looked at Richie with earnest, "You need rest. It's important."

"Eds."

"Nuh-uh- Rest." Eddie shooed Richie with both hands, "You gotta. I said so."

"But Eds." Richie was forcibly pushed down onto the mattress and he let out a laugh, pulling his pillow under his head as he looked up at Eddie fondly, "Happy now?"

"I'd be happier if you had a fucking 'off' switch." Eddie muttered as he lightly kicked the mattress with his sneaker, "Go the fuck to sleep."

"Lay by me." Richie held his arms out, "C'mon Ed's. Eddie, please. Eddie. Eds. Eddie. Edward. Eduardo. C'mon. Lay by your big alpha."

Eddie glared down at Richie, his nostrils flaring with annoyance. He clicked his tongue as he muttered to himself and unclipped his fanny pack.

"Fucking death of me." He scowled as he lay down beside Richie on

the mattress, "This is so dusty."

"You've got all your meds with you. You'll be fine." Richie instantly wrapped his arms around the omega and pulled him in closer, taking a deep inhale of Eddie's head and the smell that lingered in his brown hair.

"But it's dirty." Eddie whined, his words muffled by Richie's chest.

"Says the guy who's had about six loads blown on him in one day." Richie commented lightly and Eddie reached out to punch him in the gut with the side of his fist. Richie let out a gust of air and a grunt at the blow to his stomach but all it did was make him laugh.

"Wasn't six." Eddie readjusted so that he was laying with his head on Richie's shoulder, "Only four, I think."

"Good to know." Richie said idly, "I can make it six."

"Richie, I swear to God-"

"Relax, short stuff." Richie began to stroke his fingers through Eddie's hair gently, "I joke."

"Close your eyes." Eddie instructed, "I'll be here."

And Richie did as he was told, pulling Eddie closer as he closed his eyes and listened to the soft sounds around him, his dopey brain drifting off almost instantly into a dark sleep with twisted dreams that Richie couldn't even decipher.

It wasn't even Richie's own immeasurable libido that woke him for once. He felt rustling and squirming beside him, an incessant movement that eventually pulled him from his sleep. He rolled over and turned to put on the small gas lamp that Mike had provided. He looked over to see Eddie also asleep but looking very flustered and very sweaty.

"Eddie?" Richie poked his boyfriend on the arm and leaned in, "Eds?"

Eddie let out a groan and opened his eyes, instantly sitting up with a gasp. He turned to look at Richie in the dim light, his pupils wide.

"Jesus, Eddie. What got into you?"

"I just, uh..." Eddie cleared his throat, "Had a bad dream."

"Oh." Richie whispered before he touched Eddie's shoulder in a comforting touch. Eddie stared at Richie's hand on him and looked up at Richie, his brows furrowing, "What, Eddie?"

"Nothing." Eddie shrugged, "How are you?"

"I'm okay." Richie shrugged, "So far so good. You should probably go and see Mike before I jump you, though."

"That's a good idea." Eddie nodded as he stretched his arms up and stifled a yawn. He looked down at his wristwatch, "It's only eight."

"What time does Mike go to bed?"

"Usually early when he has to work on the farm but I'm not sure. He still has to feed animals and stuff in the morning."

"I'll be fine for an hour or so." Richie reassured Eddie as he got up and went to get his sweatshirt, "Won't fuck any sheep or anything."

"Ugh." Eddie's face screwed up in disgust as he pulled his maroon hoodie on, "Richie, that's fucking disgusting."

"Just letting you know." Richie shrugged as he turned into his side to eye Eddie with a mischievous glint behind his glasses.

"God." Eddie sighed and put his hands on his hips, "Why the fuck are we together. You're so god damn annoying. How are we even best friends, Richie."

"I'm special and you need me." Richie grinned, "I was the only one to love you losers for the virgins you were."

Eddie rolled his eyes and reached down to pat Richie on the head, "Whatever helps you sleep at night, man." He hopped out of the loft and exited the barn. Richie rolled onto his back and got up to stand by the window. He watched Eddie walk to the house and into the front door and he grinned to himself.

Richie closed his eyes and let the chilly breeze blow over his flushed skin. He knew that no one else would be coming to see him and because he knew his next rutting wave was approaching in the next few hours, he decided to strip down.

He removed his shirt and set it down by his bag before he pushed his sweatpants down to his ankles and bent down to take them off. He pushed them aside and looked back out the window. He could see the upstairs windows where the lights were on.

He knew which lights belonged to Mikey's bedroom and he would wait until the lights went off. Richie fidgeted, realizing that he didn't have much in the way of recreation, and then began digging in his backpack for a comic book.

He pulled out his favorite issue of Clone Spider-man which had come out the year before that his mom has bought him for his birthday.

He sat himself down on one of the crates by the window and sighed, lingering in the cold air as he used the ambient light from the gas lamp to read.

Richie was so deep into the comic and had just gotten to where the Jackal had found out that Peter was actually Spider-man when the lights of the Hanlon home went out.

Richie glanced at the house and then at his comic, he bit down on his thumbnail and continued to nibble on a hangnail. It was becoming increasingly difficult to focus even on his favorite comic because he was battling. He was waiting for Eddie to come back and constantly watching the front door of the house as well as trying to push down the wave that was bringing itself up in his stomach.

His leg began to shake impatiently, jittering beneath him as he used it as a fulcrum to rest his comic book. He scoffed at himself and threw the book aside before he put his elbows on the windowsill and lay his chin on his fists.

His eyes roved over the dark grass and the tall trees, scanning and darting quickly over the small animals. His ears could hear almost all of the soft sounds around him.

The front door opened and Richie sat up higher, squinting into the dark. He watched Eddie slowly close the front door before he jumped over the side of the porch fence with ease. He jogged to the barn and Richie could hear the large door open and close a few seconds later.

"Rich?" Eddie whispered, "You alive?"

"Yeah." Richie called out as Eddie walked into the loft with a smile, stopping in his tracks immediately.

"You're naked." Eddie blurted out suddenly, his eyes looking over Richie a few times as his hands clenched and unclenched at his sides. Richie looked down and back up, grinning smugly.

"I was getting hot."

"I'll say." Eddie cleared his throat softly and looked away, "You seem pretty 'with it'."

"Wave hasn't hit yet." Richie shrugged as he stood up and stretched, "But I can feel it."

"Oh." Eddie muttered and looked around the small loft, his lips pursed in an unhappy sour line.

"What's up with you?" Richie got up and came to a stop in front of Eddie who took a small step back.

"I, uh..." Eddie swallowed hard and closed his eyes. Even in the dim light, Richie could easily see the bright pink tint that took on Eddie's tan face, "I'm... Feeling weird."

"Weird?" Richie frowned, "Like... Like sick?"

"No." Eddie walked around Richie in big but feeble steps and went to stand by the window, "Hot."

"Hot?" Richie spun on his heel, "Like feverish?"

"Yeah." Eddie puffed out before he pulled his t-shirt off of his body and dropped it by his bag. He looked at Richie again and blushed, ignoring the alpha as he put his hand on his cheek to feel the

temperature.

"Eddie, if you're feeling sick, you can-" Richie began and Eddie put up a finger to silence him. Richie was about to argue when Eddie nonchalantly pushed his shorts down to his ankles. Richie's mouth dropped open a small amount as he sucked in a breath, "Fuck."

"Richie don't." Eddie groaned and dismissed the alpha with his hands, "I don't wanna hear it. I feel awful."

"Sorry Ed's. You're hot as fuck." Richie hurried over and carefully ushered Eddie to the mattress, watching the omega lay down before he squatted down beside him and brushed a stray lock from Eddie's sweaty cheek.

Eddie looked like he was about to complain, his face scrunched up with disdain when Richie moved his hand away. Eddie nodded and turned over onto his stomach, clutching the pillow under his chin as he pressed his head into the puffy cushion and let out a groan. Richie sat down slowly on the wooden floor beside Eddie with his legs crossed and looked at him with his head tilted.

Eddie peered up at Richie with one eye before his head disappeared again, "Stop staring."

"Can't help it." Richie muttered, "You're the most interesting thing in the room."

"Go blow your mom." Eddie muttered with a scoff and Richie let out a loud chuckle.

"Fuck off, you go and blow your mom. Asshole."

"Jerk." Eddie rolled onto his side and looked up at Richie, "I'm feeling better. Maybe."

"Maybe?"

"Cooling down out here. Mike had the fireplace going inside." Eddie's face looked uncomfortable at the thought of the hearth that was burning in the house, "Too hot."

"You want some soda or something? I brought-"

"Richie, I'm fine." Eddie rolled his eyes, "I'm here to look after you, not the other way around. I don't need to be babied."

"You're right." Richie brought his hands up, knowing that because of his upbringing, Eddie hated being babied and looked after when he felt it wasn't necessary, "Sorry."

"Although..." Eddie rolled his tongue around in his mouth for a moment and looked at Richie, "Nuh-uh. It's fine."

"What, Eds? C'mon." Richie urged and leaned in, "Tell me."

"I just... I could use some love right now." Eddie shrugged and looked up at the ceiling. Richie went onto his knees and moved forward to hover above Eddie with a smug grin, "Oh, fuck off. Forget I said anything."

"Oh no. I heard you. What was that, Kaspbrak?" Richie climbed over Eddie to lay beside him, his grin still wide, "You want some ol' Tozier love?"

"God, no. Kill me now." Eddie sat up to get off the bed when Richie wrapped a long arm around the omega to pull him back down. Eddie landed on the mattress with a huff and he scowled darkly at the ceiling, "God damn it, Richard."

"You're in for it now, Edward. Come here." Richie turned Eddie onto his side with ease and pulled Eddie against his chest. Eddie was curled up in Richie's arms with his back against Richie's chest and he exhaled slowly, his body relaxing a fraction as Richie began to scent Eddie.

"I swear to god." Eddie breathed out as Richie ran his nose up and down over Eddie's neck slowly, drawing out more scent as he let more of his scent out to relax the omega, "You're an idiot."

"I mean sure." Richie replied, his voice soft and serene, "I'm always an idiot. But it's different."

"How the fuck is it different, dickhead?"

"I'm your idiot now." Richie commented simply as he mouthed at Eddie's scent glands and the sound that left Eddie was a mix of a scoff and a sigh, a mix of annoyance and relief.

"A gift and a curse." Eddie conceded after a moment of silence and then let out a snort, "You're scenting me and trying to relax me and yet you still have your boner against my fucking kidneys, Richie. Your brain and your balls need to come to an agreement."

"Oh, we have." Richie murmured again before he pressed himself against Eddie pointedly, "I'm trying to relax the shit out of you so I can hump the fuck out of you."

"Of course." Eddie sighed as he pushed himself back slowly against Richie, letting out another soft breath.

"Problema?" Richie asked curiously as he nipped at Eddie's neck and the omega let out a laugh.

"No hay problema, señor." Eddie replied simply and Richie let out a small laugh before he tugged on Eddie's shoulder to lay him on his back. Richie looked down at Eddie with a smile before he began kissing over Eddie's shoulder and up his neck again. Eddie let out a small whimper as his head tilted aside, letting the alpha into his neck.

Richie let out a low hum as he licked at the flushed skin, hearing Eddie's breath hitch as his pulse picked up. Richie began sucking on Eddie's flesh, purposefully sucking to leave a mark. He knew it wasn't always easy to leave marks and it often took time, but time was something that Richie currently held in abundance.

"Shit-" Eddie barely managed to whisper out as a hand wrapped around the ridge of the mattress and the other stayed wedged between his and Richie's bodies.

Richie was already beyond words, his brain unable to begin the comprehension of language. He had already slipped into submission of the inner wolf that had been waiting all day for the moon to dance in the sky. He closed his eyes and began biting and nipping on Eddie's throat and collarbones before the omega pawed at him

restlessly.

He did as he was being asked and rolled onto Eddie, pressing his scorching body down onto Eddie's own. Eddie's hips lifted instantly to meet the alpha, one of his knees lifted to bracket Richie's body down against him.

Richie let out a small growl at the silent plea and rocked his hips down, hearing Eddie's gasp pitch and rise in its volume. Eddie's neatly clipped nails raked down his shoulders and back up, urging Richie to keep going, their hips meeting in sync as they ground against each other.

Richie lifted himself up to take Eddie's hands and put them up on the pillow on either side of his head. Eddie's legs wrapped around his waist and lifted himself up with a whine as Richie continued to grind down against the omega.

"R-Richie..." Eddie gasped aloud as Richie's grip on him tightened. Richie leaned down to kiss him roughly, their mouths connecting in a primal kiss of lips and tongue and teeth.

Eddie came suddenly, surprisingly quickly, between the two of them. He cried out almost silently and rocked his hips up as he shot warm spurts over his own stomach. His head was thrown back in pleasure as the waves made his body tremble. Richie looked at him, his hips still moving back and forth in a steady rhythm, when Eddie's body jerked back and he yelped.

Richie paused his movements as Eddie tightened his legs around Richie, his ankles locking. Eddie pulled his arms from the alphas grip and pulled Richie down to kiss him again in a rough manner.

Richie let out a gasp, feeling a hand tug on his curls as the other took his glasses and threw them aside. He pushed himself down against the omega, hearing him moan and whine at the feeling of the exquisite length that was pressed so deep against his hip.

"Please..." Eddie let out a low groan, his hips pushing up to gain any friction and Richie was surprised to find that despite Eddie's previous climax, he was already hard again, "Pleasepleaseplease, Rich. It

hurts."

Richie sat up then, panting heavily, and he looked down at the desperate omega with his eyebrows knitted. Eddie let out a whimper and looked at the alpha from under hooded lids as a hand reached down between his legs to tease himself, his trembling hand running over his erection slowly.

Richie swallowed hard and shook his head, "Eddie, you-you said-"

Eddie vehemently shook his head, "Don't care. Please."

"Shit." Richie grunted, "Eddie, I don't wanna hurt you."

"Shut up." Eddie spat venomously and he forcibly kicked Richie in the spine with his foot, "You fucking shut up. You better fucking shut your fucking mouth, Tozier, or I swear to fuck I'm gonna-"

Richie gripped Eddie by the front of his scalp and the omega let out a sudden yelp from the pain, "What are you gonna do, Kaspbrak? Go and fucking tell me then, asshole?"

Eddie panted, his voice keening in his throat as his shoulders pulled tight to his neck to assimilate the pain in his head, "Just stop fucking talking and fucking fuck me."

"Are you fucking crazy?" Richie let go of Eddie's hair and sat up when Eddie's legs moved from around Richie and dropped to his sides.

Richie was about to protest when Eddie let out a sudden wail and began to cry. Richie jumped at the sudden flurry of tears before he picked Eddie up and held him. Richie sat on the mattress and pulled the blubbering omega into his lap.

"What the fuck's got into you, snot nose?" Richie asked quietly and Eddie merely shook his head and continued to cry in Richie's neck, holding on to him weakly.

"I d-don't fucking know!" Eddie hiccupped between sobs as he sat up and wrapped his legs around Richie and held him close, "I-I couldn't help it."

"Christ, Eds." Richie shushed him with a tender circle that was being rubbed into his back over and over, "Big old baby."

"Am not." Eddie sniffed indignantly before he flicked Richie on the shoulder.

"Well, yeah. You are." Richie retorted simply and Eddie let out an annoyed growl, "Them's the facts, man."

"Fuck off." Eddie sniffed, "I'm not a baby. I'm no one's baby. Ever. Just because I cry, doesn't make me a baby."

"Alright." Richie soothed the heated omega that was now silently stewing and sulking in his lap, "No baby."

"Good." Eddie swallowed and closed his eyes as he sniffed again before he looked at Richie with a sour face, "You're an asshole."

"Why?" Richie asked with genuine surprise as Eddie looked out of the window listlessly.

"I wanted you to do me and you said no."

"I'll fucking break you in half, Eds. Now isn't the time for bravery no matter how horny you are." Richie reminded the omega as he massaged his hip bones in a slow and sinuous manner. Eddie closed his eyes and concentrated on the touch that he was receiving before he continued.

"Be that as it may. I still want you." Eddie breathed out, "More than ever. I want what you have and I want you to give it to me. Every inch. Every single stride and I'm going to fucking take it. I'm going to fucking take it to the fucking knot and you, Mr Tozier," Eddie grabbed Richie's hair and pulled his head back so that their eyes met in a dark gaze, "You are going to fucking do it because you're no damn pussy and you won't say no to me. And I know for a fucking fact that you're going to breed me like you want to."

Richie was dead silent for the first time that day. He could barely react as Eddie put their foreheads together, their heated bodies suddenly seeming so far from each other.

"Don't make me fucking beg." Eddie added in his voice only a notch softer in volume, "Don't make me think about it. I don't want to think. Shut me off. Off. All of it. Just give me all of you."

Richie picked Eddie up by the hips and put him back down on the mattress, his hands pushing Eddie's legs open before he knelt between them, still unable to form correct or coherent sentences as the words played in his head over and over.

He slid Eddie down to meet him, pulling Eddie's hips up just enough for his ass to touch Richie's thighs. He ran a hand down and glanced up to see Eddie staring up at the ceiling with his lip between his teeth. Richie slid two fingers even further down and was suddenly met with slick.

He looked up at Eddie, who hadn't looked away from the rooftop, and back down as he slid two fingers into the omega with ease. Eddie let out a moan of relief and moved his hips into the motion. Richie let out a small moan at the feeling of his fingers being so entirely encased in the wet warmth. The smell that was rolling from Eddie was intoxicating and it had Richie's skin ablaze and frozen all at once.

He pushed his fingers back in and out, watching the muscles in Eddie's stomach contract as waves of pleasure coursed through his system. He moaned with every small push into his body, the sound only had Richie itching to replace his fingers with his own dick.

And it was as though Eddie had read his mind. He reached down to paw at Richie's arm, pulling at it before he pushed his hips closer to Richie, grinding against him. Richie pulled his fingers out, lifting his hand up to watch the slick as it rolled in rivulets down his palm. He went onto his knees and put Eddie's legs around him, pressing the tip of his length against Eddie's slick hole.

He pushed forward, gritting his teeth at the initial resistance that met him. Eddie merely relaxed into the movement, his body dipping into the mattress as Richie pushed in. The moan that left the omega was indescribable. It was a beautiful broken and weak sound that tore from his throat at the exact moment that Richie slid into him.

His back lifted off of the bed, his head thrown back as his legs shook. His eyes were squeezed shut and his teeth gritted down into a grind. Richie held himself up with one hand as the other reached down to slowly massage and tease Eddie's asshole. Eddie was panting, his tanned chest rising and falling as though he had just run a mile.

Richie continued to push in, his own body taut with the self control that was stopping him from slamming into the omega in one fluid motion. The feeling was exquisite and way more primal than he had ever experienced- a ton more intimate.

Richie pushed in completely, his thighs pressed against Eddie's ass, and he waited. His own breaths were short and shaky, his muscles tight and tense beneath his skin that seemed to be running rampant with magma beneath the surface.

"Please fucking move. Fuck- God. Shit-" Eddie didn't even get an entire sentence out before Richie had pulled out and slid back in, the movement was followed by a soft squelch as Eddie's body gushed lubricant to ease the ache and the intrusion that he craved.

Richie repeated the action, pulling out and thrusting in, watching the way Eddie moved with him, watching the way his body pushed into the thrust to take it all and relish in it. Richie picked up a faster pace as Eddie's grip around him tightened, a feat on its own considering the sheer sweat that Richie had on him.

Eddie came a second time, his body shuddering beneath the alpha, coming untouched all over himself as he rode Richie's length to heighten every single sensation that his orgasm would give.

Richie leaned in, kissing the omega roughly, giving him a sense of wordless praise as he let out a low howl. The heated coil in his lower stomach was tightening with every push of his hips and with every sharp and pitchy moan that left Eddie. Eddie's legs unhooked themselves from around Richie midstroke and they went around the alpha's body to press against his chest.

Eddie looked up at Richie with hooded and lustful eyes as he wrapped his arms around his thighs and held them down against his chest. The first strike at a new angle had Eddie almost scream out

and sob at the deep shove, the gruelling rut of Richie's hips only had his dick strike deeper and more sensitive places inside the omega.

His toes curled and splayed out, his ankles crossing as Richie out an arm over Eddie's shins to push them down as well, his body physically driving Eddie into the mattress as he thrust into him recklessly. His knees were soaked with honey slick, the bed beneath them ringed in a dark spill of fluid.

Eddie was practically sobbing, the noises that he was making moments before were now almost silent and incoherent, his body beyond the capability of trying to form words. He hit his release a third time, although his climax was dry and he didn't come, he was still whiplashed by a violent orgasm that had his body trembling uncontrollably and tears spill from his eyes.

Richie hadn't looked away for a single second, his eyes never leaving Eddie for a moment whether he stared in awe at the glorious faces that he made when he was rocked with pleasure or when he found himself staring at the point in which their bodies were attached. The latter was definitely a favorite and it was where he was currently looking, his eyes covered from view by the damp curls of his dark hair.

The filthy sounds of his length inside of Eddie over and over seemed to be the loudest in the room, the lewd wet slide that was almost washed out by their heavy panting and guttural noises.

Eddie's ankles then locked themselves around Richie's neck before he pulled his legs down and Richie went with. Their mouths connected in a sloppy, saliva-laden kiss of tongue and teeth as Eddie moaned into Richie's willing mouth. Richie broke the kiss but kept himself pushed down against the omega, his hips were relentless and he was pounding into Eddie at a ruthless pace that neither wanted to control.

Especially now that Richie was practically on top of Eddie, his body weighting the omega as he fucked into him. Richie could feel his knot forming faster than he wanted and it was diminishing his movement severely. But he knew that just because he couldn't fuck hard, it didn't mean he could fuck fast. And that's what he did.

He gripped Eddie's thigh with a steady hand and sat up, his hips instantly picked up a faster pace, the sound of their bodies hitting together was as quick as a ticking second winder on a clock. Richie's fingers dug into the soft flesh of Eddie's outer thigh as he opened the omega's legs slightly wider for the access and the view. He let out a groan and turned, his teeth grazing brutishly over Eddie's inner ankle.

The spit that ran down Eddie's leg towards his knee was a thick stream that trailed from Richie's lips, his inner wolf taking over in his primal state. He wanted to come, his orgasm approaching almost as though it were an attacker easy to blitz attack him from around a corner. He let out a heavy snarl, his head thrown back on his shoulders as Eddie punctuated the thrusts with short and breathy gasps.

"Oh-Oh Fuck- Richie. Shit, Richie wait." Eddie suddenly yelped and Richie glanced up at the omega's bright red face but made no indication of stopping, "Richie no. We can't- Oh fuck- oh fuckfuckfuck shit-" Eddie's head fell back into the pillow with a moan as Richie's knot caught inside of him for a split second.

Richie gasped at the feeling, his entire body jolting at the sensation.

Eddie looked down at him, "We can't. Richie no. I Fuck- fucking swear-" Eddie was cut off again when Richie pushed in and out quickly, teasing the omega with his knot, pushing the heavy intrusion against Eddie's hole, grinding against him, "Ohmyfuckinggod." Eddie gasped, his stomach lurching and tensing, coiling with unbearable pleasure at the feeling, "God yes."

Richie swiveled his hips, pressing himself against Eddie as his knot stretched Eddie out to capacity. He almost slid in entirely when he pulled back. Eddie let out a gasp and his eyes opened.

"Fucking god. Richie please do it. I don't care." Eddie panted heavily, "Knot me. Rich- Fuck- Oh fuck. Yesyesyes." Eddie's curled fists hit the mattress before his nails raked up over the material to fist into them as Richie thrust into him quickly, chasing his release after he had pushed it back and edged away from it for a moment.

"Please." Eddie almost sobbed, "Knot me. Breed me. I want it. Fuck-Oh." Eddie's thighs trembled as Richie ground down into his prostate again.

He ran his mouth over Eddie's sweaty neck and ran his pouted lips up to Eddie's ear, growling low. Eddie shivered and instantly turned, submitting weakly.

"Absolutely fucking not." Richie whispered hoarsely as he pushed into Eddie only a few times before he pulled out, stroking himself until he came with a heady moan and an earth-shattering orgasm. He fucked into his own fist as he came over Eddie's cresting body. He seemed to climax for an eternity, moaning and calling to his omega as his alpha load spilled out in excess.

He sat back on his knees and ran his hands over Eddie's inner thighs, marvelling at their sheer strength. He looked up to see Eddie bright red in the face and looking both blissed out and highly irritable.

Somehow he managed to have that combination of two very different emotions on his face and Richie found it highly amusing.

"What's with the sour puss there, small one?"

Eddie didn't reply, his legs lowering down to Richie's sides as they shook like literal hell. He pinched the bridge of his nose for a moment before his arms dropped to his sides and he looked like a starfish covered in semen.

The idea made Richie crack up. He kneeled over Eddie, arms on either side of the annoyed omega to look at him, "Yo."

"Don't 'yo' me after you've fucked me. Where the hell are your fucking manners?"

"My manners are in the same place that I shoved my dick." Richie shrugged noncommittally, "My manners took a trip to visit yours because apparently you're a fucking shithead after sex."

"Jump up your ass and die, Tozier. I'm a fucking delight." Eddie seethed, "You'd be so fucking lucky, I swear-"

"Now Eddie, dear." Richie tutted his tongue, "What's gotten you so prickled?"

"You do."

"The fuck did I do now?" Richie groaned slightly, "Was I not good enough for you, Your fucking Highness?"

"Beep beep, Richie." Eddie stated flatly, "You're too good. It's... Off-putting."

"I-" Richie scratched his scalp as his face scrunched up, "What?"

"I'm fucking pissed at you because I'm pissed at me because I threw out every fucking moral just to have your dick in me and I was literally crying for you to knot me and I'm pissed off because I don't fucking regret a damn thing and I can't fucking understand why I'd be so lackadaisical about it!" Eddie sat up, his lips taut in his usual angry manner, he looked up at Richie, "Who the hell gave you the right, Richard?"

"I was born with it." Richie shrugged, "Like how some people are born good singers and shit."

"You're full of crap." Eddie snorted and stuck a finger in his belly button to clean out the dam of alpha secretion that had pooled in there. He grimaced and wiped it off on Richie's chest.

"Thanks, Eds."

"Always a pleasure. And don't fucking call me that."

11. Chapter 11

Richie awoke the next morning to the sound of loud buzzing and he let out a loud groan. He turned over on the mattress to see that he was completely alone. He frowned, wondering when Eddie had left, and realized that the sun was already up.

He got up and reached over to grab his sweatpants. He stood up, his muscles aching, and gingerly slid himself into his pants. He went over to the window to see Mike and Eddie on a tractor. Mike was steering the tractor through a field and Eddie was standing up behind him and pointing forward like a proud navigator.

Richie lit up and threw on a t-shirt before he ran out of the barn and toward the tractor. The large machine came to a stop beside him and he grinned brightly, "I wanna go!"

"Good morning." Mike laughed lightly, "Feeling better."

"I'm all fucked out for now." Richie nodded eagerly, "C'mon, I'll behave!"

Eddie and Mike looked at each other and at Richie as though having a telepathic conversation before Eddie hopped off of the back of the tractor.

Richie frowned and looked at Eddie to see him wandering off into the barn.

"Where's he going?"

"We have a better idea." Mike replied cryptically and Richie watched the barn with curious eyes until Eddie came into view pulling a wide trailer along.

Mike cut the engine of the tractor and hopped out of the seat and onto the field before he helped Eddie pull the trailer closer and hitch it onto the back of the tractor by cranking the two pull-shafts together and locking it.

"There. Now someone can sit on the trailer and someone can sit up

front with me if they're brave enough." Mike grinned as he jumped back into the seat of the tractor and pressed the button, starting the engine back up loudly.

Eddie jumped up onto the trailer and sat down in front of it with his hands on the metal railings. Richie couldn't help the grin on his face as he climbed onto the back of the tractor and turned to sit with his back against Mike.

"Onwards and upwards my good fellow!" Richie called behind him to Mike before he looked down at Eddie, "We haven't a second to lose! The fate of the world rests in our mortal hands!"

"Onwards and upwards!" Eddie yelled out and Mike put the tractor in gear before steering it and revving. The tractor shot forward in a straight line that sent Eddie toppling onto his back with a loud whooping laugh. Richie let out a cracking giggle as he held onto the back of the seat between his legs, watching Eddie try and sit up despite the ride being exceptionally bumpy.

"How's the ride?" Richie called out to Eddie, his hands cupped around his mouth as a loudspeaker.

"Rough!" Eddie called back as he gripped the railing, "Willing to bet you'd be a lot worse!"

"Probably!" Richie called back, "I'm not good at riding!"

"The tractor is easy, Rich." Mike interrupted innocently, completely missing the innuendo of their conversation, "You'll get used to riding it. Eddie's a natural."

Richie grinned down at Eddie and saw his pink cheeks, "I bet he is, Mikey! I bet he is!"

"Bill phoned this morning!" Mike called out as they drove around a large pine tree and Richie roared with laughter as Eddie fell over and rolled backwards.

"What does ol' Big Billiam want?" Richie asked as the tractor chugged back towards the Hanlon home.

"We're all meeting at the quarry after lunch!" Mike announced loudly as the tractor gave a particularly nasty sputter, "He said the weather is gonna be great for a swim! What do you say?"

"I'm down for a swim." Richie nodded and looked at Eddie, "What about you Eddie Spaghetti? Fancy a swim, old chap?"

"A chance to see you in your underwear again?" Eddie called out, "I've won the fucking lottery."

Mike let out a laugh and Richie gave Eddie a perverted grin as he grabbed his own crotch and made a seductively cheeky bite at the air. Eddie flipped him off before he turned around on his knees, looked at Richie over his shoulder and gave his own ass a squeeze with both hands.

Richie's smile instantly vanished as they bounced on toward the house and his cheeks were suddenly warm as Eddie's fingers toyed with the bottom hem of his shorts just below his ass. He took his hands away and his shorts fell back to where they originally fell. He sat back down innocently and closed his eyes, taking in the summer breeze as Richie tried to nonchalantly readjust himself on the chair behind Mike.

"Are we all gonna meet up at your truck around lunch time and go to the quarry or are we gonna take our bikes?" Richie asked as they hopped off of the idle tractor.

"Bikes." Mike nodded, "The truck needs a seeing to."

"Ah." Richie smiled, "Well," he clapped Mike on the shoulder, "Thanks for the ride, old boy. Highly appreciated."

"Anytime, son." Mike grinned and looked back at Eddie, who was wandering around the field and watching a butterfly flap lazily through the air, "Just so you know... I know what happened."

Richie balked suddenly and tried to recover, clearing his throat, "Know about what?"

"He came in this morning and told me that he went to check on you." Mike looked at Richie and then at Eddie again, "Not only did he reek

of you, but I'm pretty sure he was limping."

"I- Me? What are you talking-?" Richie gasped and his head jerked back, his eyes wide, "Michael Hanlon, what are you insinuating? That is my best friend and-"

"And you guys turned my barn into a fornication station." Mike put his arms out over the tractors steering wheel, "Clearly."

"Clearly?"

"You smell like Eddie, too." Mike noted, "It's very noticeable. If you don't want the gang to find out, you better shower or get to the quarry early and wash it off before they get there."

"Good point." Richie turned to see Eddie squatting down to pet one of Mike's field cats, "Hey, Homeschool?"

"Yeah?"

"Not that there is anything. Or that this conversation even happened but... Don't tell anyone please. About anything. For Eddie's sake." Richie waved a flippant hand to add a light humor to his serious tone, "You know how he gets."

"Don't even remember what I said." Mike grabbed the tractor keys and got up, "Now if you'll excuse me, I gotta get outta this minty stench and go and work on the truck."

Richie chuckled and watched Mike walk off towards the garage. He looked at Eddie who was standing up and looking back at him, his dark hair shining in the sun. Richie walked toward Eddie, who then instantly turned and walked towards the barn.

Richie watched him as he got there, pulling the door open just enough to sneak in. He peered out at Richie just enough to give him a suggestive glance before he disappeared again. Richie stopped in his tracks, eyes wide and his heart gave a leap.

He ran towards the barn and snuck in, closing the door behind him. He went into the loft and found it empty. He frowned and looked around in the dark barn, his eyes slowly adjusting to the change in

light.

"Eddie? You in here?"

"Hey." Eddie suddenly purred in Richie's ear, making him jump, but Eddie's arms were quickly around the alpha's body, a hand skidding over his pants to grab and rub at the alpha's crotch, "Don't think I didn't see your little show back there."

"Right back atcha." Richie whispered, his words ending in a moan as Eddie's warm hand slid into his pants to wrap around his dick and give it a slow and sinuous stroke.

"What was that about a ride, Richie?" Eddie asked innocently, "I don't quite remember."

Richie's eyebrows knitted together as he tried to remember what they had joked about but with the way that Eddie was palming him, his mind was drawing a blank.

"I-uh..." Richie's head went back on his shoulders and he frowned deeper, "Fuck knows."

"Unfortunate." Eddie clicked his tongue softly, "If you don't remember, I'm gonna have to show you."

"For the love of God, please do." Richie groaned out but then there was a sudden wave of chatter outside and the ringing of bicycle bells. They both jumped and Richie cursed outwardly. He knew exactly what it meant.

"They're here." Eddie yelped, "The guys are here. I thought...? Oh god, they're gonna find out. Richie. They're gonna smell us. Fuck- I thought we had time. I'm gonna puke. I-" Eddie began to take gulps of air before he grabbed his inhaler and sucked in about two large puffs of it.

Richie ran up into the loft and looked out of the window to see four bikes that had been strewn across the lawn in front of Mike's house.

"Son of a bitch." Richie muttered and then looked at Eddie who had wandered in looking green, "Maybe Mike will keep them inside. I

mean, I doubt they'd wanna be in here if I'm supposed to be hiding out here because of my rut."

"I suppose." Eddie croaked weakly, "They'll still smell us, though. Richie, I'm not ready to tell them. I can't-"

"We'll beat them to the quarry and get in the water before they do, it'll soak off our skin in no time." Richie assured and looked out of the window when he had an idea, "I'm sure Mike will cover for us. Let's go and hose off in the orchard." Richie turned, "They have the sprinklers on now. We can wash off under there."

"You think that's enough?" Eddie asked anxiously, his eyes darting from Richie to the bed where they had been the night before.

"It should at least make it less obvious." Richie shrugged, "If we take away some of it and stay together at all times, they'll just smell us. They won't smell me on you or you on me. Just you and me."

"That's..." Eddie bit on his lip and Richie let out a small groan and rolled his eyes.

"Any better ideas over there, Captain Kirk?"

"I guess not." Eddie shrugged, "Let's go."

They carefully opened the barn door and peered out before they took off around the side of the barn and ran towards the field on the other side of the house. They sprinted through the grass with ease, their bodies and their stamina heightened for distance and speed thanks to their wolf DNA.

They took a jump over the small fence and instantly ran under the forceful stream of the water, soaking themselves. Eddie let out a yelp at the cold water when it hit his back and Richie began to laugh. He put his glasses in his back pocket and stood as close to the sprinkler head as possible, making sure to soak every inch of himself in the jets.

Eddie stood on the other side with his arms out, rotating to get even coverage.

It was then that Richie cupped his hands, collecting a handful of water before he threw it, hitting Eddie directly in the face and making him sputter.

"You dickhead!" Eddie spat the water out beside him and went pink, "This is borehole water! It went in my mouth!"

"So. Many. Jokes." Richie clutched his chest in faux pain before he grinned over at Eddie with a smug expression, "Whatcha gonna do about it, Kaspbrak? Gonna fight me?"

"I'll fucking kill you." Eddie threatened as he narrowed his eyes.

"Gotta catch me first, Monkey." Richie dared before Eddie went after him. He let out a yelp and ran off from Eddie, running through the apple trees and away from the speedy little omega.

He whirled through the trees, zigzagging between them before he did a complete turn and ran back towards the sprinkler. He dashed around it with Eddie almost behind him and took off again.

He turned suddenly, realizing that he was alone. He looked around, his eyes darting quickly around the orchard for any sign of the spry little wolf but it seemed empty.

Richie was about to go after Eddie when he was tackled over onto the grass. He let out a short shriek as Eddie jumped him from the side and knocked him into the grass. Eddie pinned him to the ground beneath the sprinklers and let out a playful but victorious growl.

Richie grinned brightly at the omega and let himself be pinned, knowing full well that he could easily overpower Eddie in a second. He looked up at the soaking wolf above him and at how happy he was, his eyes sparkling. It had Richie's chest jolt unexpectedly.

"Better get up before anyone sees, Eds. Don't want them to get the wrong impression now, do we? God forbid they might think there's actually something going on between us." Richie replied coyly as Eddie let go of his wrists.

"Beep beep, alpha." Eddie replied as he got up and wiped his knees off. Richie sat up and saw how red and grass stained Eddie's kneecaps

looked. He smirked at the idea of them looking like that and glanced up at Eddie, "Don't get any ideas."

"Too late." Richie got up and looked down, towering over Eddie with a smug expression, "I have all the ideas running through my head."

"Well, save them for later. There's a reason we're doing this." Eddie waved a hand to the sprinklers and Richie nodded, realizing he was right.

"We'd better go back and see if we're being searched for yet." Richie gestured back to the farm, "Shall we, good sir?"

"Just move your ass." Eddie bumped his hip against Richie's before they began walking back to the farm.

They had gotten back to the barn when they saw everyone walk out of the house and out onto the porch. There was a second of confused silence as the rest of the gang took in their soaked and sodden appearance before Eddie broke the quiet.

"He was overheating and I went to go and find him. He was running through the sprinklers and wouldn't come back. I had to go after him." He lied smoothly before shooting Richie a scathing look, "Asshole."

"Guilty." He threw Eddie a brilliantly smug smile and looked at Mike, "Thanks for the splash, Homeschool. I needed it."

"Any time." Mike smiled and held up a sneaky thumbs up to them from behind the rest of the group.

"Wuh-We were tuh-talking earlier." Bill began to explain, "Guh-Gonna go suh-swimming before luh-lunch and thuh-then kuh-come back huh-here to eat."

"Sounds good to me." Richie clapped his hands together excitedly and looked at Eddie, "What about you, Spaghetti?"

"I'm in." Eddie nodded and then looked at the gang as everyone hopped off to get their bikes. Richie and Eddie went around to the side of the porch where their bikes had been leaning against the

house.

Everyone mounted their bikes and began to cycle down the road of the Hanlon farm. They turned onto Witcham street and began to cycle towards the Barrens. They all turned off of Witcham and onto West Broadway. Richie was speeding up, taking over to cycle right up front with Bill. He grinned as he overtook Beverly, snapping his teeth at her as he did so.

They turned onto Kansas street and took off left, cycling in a long cluster line to avoid cars before they went passed the town dump.

One by one they came to a stop and dismounted at the offturn. They lay their bikes at the lookout and climbed over the short white guardrail fence. They all got to the edge of the cliff and began stripping down.

Beverly and Ben were first, the both of them down to their underwear as they held hands and ran over to the edge of the cliff before they jumped over the edge. Ben let out a yell as he leapt over, the height still freaking him out even after all these years.

Mike jumped in after them once he was down to his underwear, executing a beautiful cannonball that had Richie applauding him.

Bill leaned in to give Stanley a kiss on the cheek before he removed his t-shirt. Eddie went slightly pink in the face as they all looked at Bill's toned body. He took off in a run and dived over the edge with perfect form.

"He's real somehow." Stan looked at the edge of the quarry dive where Bill had just been, "I have no idea how someone that amazing actually exists but there he went."

"It's surreal." Richie nodded and looked at Stan, "You gonna fly, birdy boy?"

"God, I genuinely hate this part." Stan pulled his slacks down and went to the edge of the cliff, peering down. Richie suddenly ran at Stan and wrapped his arms around the tall boy before he pushed him over with a jump.

Stanley let out a bloodcurdling scream as Richie and he fell over the edge of the cliff. They both went into the water with a large splash. Richie went under the hazy green water, relishing in the cool temperature on his skin and the bubbles that rolled off of him as his head broke the surface.

"You asshole!" Stan shrieked and splashed Richie angrily, "I could have died!"

"You were completely safe!" Richie laughed, letting Stanley splash him.

"No one is completely safe around you, Tozier!" Stan ended his angry tirade with a large splash before everyone looked up the cliff to see Eddie peering over the edge, his hands clutched nervously to his chest.

"C'mon, Eds!" Richie called up, "Show us what a real cannonball looks like!"

"Yeah, Eddie!" Mike encouraged loudly, "You can do it!"

"Eh-ddie! Eh-ddie! Eh-ddie! Eh-ddie!" Beverly began to chant and soon everyone was shouting his name, calling up to the nervous omega who looked slightly green.

"I can't do it, guys!" Eddie called down, "It's too high!"

"If I can do it, you can!" Ben yelled up at Eddie, "It's not too bad!"

"You want me to jump with you?!" Richie yelled out and Eddie's head appeared suddenly.

"And have you suicide jump me over the edge like you did with Stan?! Get fucked, buddy!" Eddie yelled back and Ben began howling with laughter. Richie swam to the edge of the quarry and climbed out of the water. He began to climb up the side of the tall rocky ledge where there had been a makeshift pathway created to get to the water.

He got back to the top and found Eddie standing away from the edge with his arms curled around his waist nervously.

"Hey..." Richie frowned, "What's with you? You don't usually have a problem with the jump?"

"I-" Eddie grimaced, "I'm just a little on edge today... Extra nervous, is all."

"You've made this jump a thousand times." Richie encouraged, "And you'll make it a thousand more. It's safe as hell."

"Jump with me." Eddie slowly took Richie's hand, "Please..."

"Anywhere you go, I'll be right by your side, Eds." Richie smiled and reached up to stroke Eddie's pink cheek, "That's a promise."

Eddie smiled and looked over at the edge, sucking in a shaky breath. He nodded wordlessly and Richie squared his shoulders.

"Wanna run up or just jump off?"

"Run." Eddie began backing up, his hand in a death grip around Richie's. The two of them backed away from the ledge about two yards before they began running towards the edge. Richie looked over at Eddie with a smile and tightened his grip around Eddie's hand as they leapt over the edge of the cliff.

Eddie let out a yell and closed his eyes tightly, his free hand coming up to plug his nose as he braced himself for the impact.

They hit the water just to the left of the group and went under with a large splash. They looked at each other underwater and Richie leaned in, kissing Eddie on the cheek before they swam up and broke the surface.

As Eddie came up, everyone else began clapping for him, cheering him on for his excellent jump. He smiled brightly and wiped the water from his face. He looked at Richie nearby and went pink before he swam off.

Richie went back, floating over the water idly, when a pair of arms came to rest over his stomach. He glanced to his side to see Beverly using him as a floatation device.

"Morning, Marsh."

"Tozier." She greeted happily, "How's things?"

"Rutty." He announced simply, "So far so good."

"Heard about that." She nodded as he floated, her head down his stomach, "Aren't you supposed to be jumping everything all day."

"I was able to stave it off for a few hours." Richie explained cryptically even though the only way to stave off a rut for a few hours is fucking an omega, "Won't be for much longer though."

"At least you're getting in some free time before you start your depravity all over again." She stated jokingly and Richie's eyebrows rose in feigned offense.

"I beg your pardon." Richie stopped floating and began to wade in front of her, watching her giggle at him, "My what, Marsh?"

"Your gross alpha dick in every gloryhole you can find." She snickered and Richie scooped her up into his arms before he pushed her under the water.

He let go and watched her come back up with a loud burst of laughter before she reached over to hit him on the arm.

"Asshole!" She gasped, "How dare you!"

"Quite easily." He pulled her closer, "I'm depraved, remember?"

She grinned, her legs wrapping around him casually as he held her up in the water. She laughed, flicking his forehead as they swam together in the water.

Stan and Mike were wading together as Bev swam off toward Ben to give him some love. Richie looked over to see Eddie and Bill somewhat away from the rest of the group. Eddie had his arms around Bill's neck and Bill was whispering in Eddie's ear about something, making him blush and grow somewhat coy.

Richie knew that he couldn't act out, despite the raging jealousy in

his stomach. He knew how close the entire group was and that Eddie would never actually do anything with Bill because...

Richie frowned.

He and Eddie were dating. But had he actually mentioned to Eddie and agreed that they were exclusive?

Surely he didn't need to, right? That was sort of a given. Richie watched as Bill spun around and took Eddie with him in the water before he leaned in to kiss Eddie's cheek. They separated after that and Richie instantly swam over to Eddie.

"What was that about?" He asked idly as he watched Bill swim over to Stan.

"Oh." Eddie cleared his throat, "He told me that he and Stan are official but didn't want to say it out loud because he doesn't want the guys to know yet. He told me that he's sorry that he can't help me with my heats anymore because he knows Stan doesn't want him to just hop around anymore."

"What did you say?" Richie tried to keep his questioning casual as he floated closer to Eddie.

"I told him that I'm happy for him and that I didn't need his help anymore. Even though I haven't needed his help for months." Eddie replied as Richie came to a stop in front of him, "What?"

"You're just really beautiful." Richie whispered softly, "I just really tend to notice it sometimes. More than other times. Like, I always see you and I always notice but there are times where I'm hyperfixated on it. Where it's all I notice."

"Jesus." Eddie went pink as Richie pulled him closer under the water.

Ever since they had grown taller, the quarry hadn't been as deep as it once was when they were kids in certain places where the embankment rose up. Sitting in the water was a lot easier now if you knew where to sit. Richie sat on the sandy floor of the quarry and nonchalantly set Eddie in front of him, turning him around. Eddie sat with his back against Richie's chest between his legs.

Richie put his arms around Eddie under the water and they both sat there in comfortable silence.

"Hey, give it back!" Stan called out and both Richie and Eddie turned to look at Stanley, who was standing in the water a few feet away, trying to jump up against Bill who was holding Stan's waterproof watch above his head as high as he could.

"Fuh-Fuh-Finders kuh-keepers!" Bill grinned, "First ruh-rule!"

"He's right!" Richie called out and Bill nodded smugly.

"Give him his watch, Bill." Eddie took Stan's side instantly, "Don't be such a knothed."

"It was a Hanukkah gift last year." Stan pouted and Bill softened slightly before he handed the watch back.

"Nuh-No fun." He muttered before he fell back into the water and lay there on its surface.

"Thanks, Eddie." Stan smiled as he went on trying to fasten his watch in his wrist.

Eddie smiled back and put his head against Richie's chest before he turned his head and looked up at Richie, "I can smell you again."

"How bad is it?"

"It's getting worse." Eddie sighed, "You might have to go back a bit earlier and I'll have to join you later. It'll look weird if we both suddenly leave."

"True." Richie nodded and then looked at the guys who were all swimming around, "We've also been sitting here a while. Maybe we should mingle."

"I'll go left, you go right." Eddie whispered before he kicked off of the embankment and swam away from Richie towards the left of the group to Bill and Stan.

Richie went to Ben and Bev, putting his arm around Ben with a grin,

"Hey, Haystack. Read anything interesting lately?"

"I was just telling Mike about this book I read the other day and it was all about Antarctica." Ben explained, "It was really neat."

"Sounds enthralling." He patted Ben's cheek and sat down next to Bev and Mike on the watered embankment to look up at Ben, "Tell me more."

"Antarctica has ice in some places that is over a mile thick." Ben announced and Richie was genuinely taken aback, not expecting to hear something so wild. He adjusted his glasses and looked at Ben with earnest intrigue, "Despite it being completely made of ice and being so cold, it's one of the driest and windiest places on Earth."

"Get the fuck out." Richie whispered, eyes wide, "What else?"

"A lot." Ben shrugged, "The biggest land animal that inhabits Antarctica is only an inch in size. All the other animals are considered marine life."

"An inch?" Richie measured an approximate inch with his fingers, "Get the fuck out."

"No really." Ben urged with a nod, "The wingless midge."

"Sounds like my aunt's nickname in college." Richie snorted and Bev let out a small laugh and looked up at her boyfriend with a smile.

"I think it's awesome."

"So do I." Mike insisted.

Richie was about to reply when he looked over to see Eddie and Bill again. Richie squinted to see Eddie wrapped up in Bill's arms and Bill seemed to be scenting him very gently. Richie fought the snarl that seemed to want to vibrate in his chest.

"Hey Eddie," Bev called out as if on cue, "Are you feeling okay?"

Eddie didn't reply and Bill looked up with his lips pursed, looking at Stan.

"He's got a fever." Stan replied and Richie instantly stood up. He took a couple steps into the water and held his arms out.

"Lemme take him home. You guys enjoy your swim." Richie urged and then realized how it may have seemed so he added in the first thing he could think of, "Maybe Mike can take him and he and I can go back to the farm."

They all looked at Mike, who jumped at the mention of his name and looked up to see Richie's pleading face.

"Oh, of course. I can take Eddie home." Mike stood up and he and Richie leaned out to take Eddie from Bill. Richie easily slung Eddie onto his back, who held on tightly.

They looked at the group in the water and Richie blew Bev and Ben a kiss before he and Mike began walking up the steep path to the top ledge of the quarry.

They got to the top when Richie carefully put Eddie down, letting him stand.

"What is it?"

Mike went to casually go and get his bike, leaving them alone. Eddie went pink in the face and he looked down at his feet, mumbling under his breath.

"Eds?" Richie put his hands on Eddie's shoulders, a concerned frown in his brows, "Tell me, dude."

"I'm in heat." He said slightly louder, "I think. It shouldn't be for a few days but because of you..."

"Me?" Richie frowned, "What did I do?"

"You're a new alpha. A potential mate. My body can sense it. It senses you and I think it decided to try and speed things up and then after last night... It sped things up even more and now Bill was here-"

"What did Bill do?"

"Nothing. He was just here. But he's an alpha. It kicked my hormones over the edge. I could feel the fever set in the moment I was in radius of him." Eddie grimaced.

"Is that why you've been crying and shit?" Richie asked, "Or why you've been so... Horny?"

"Probably." Eddie nodded and grabbed his t-shirt to pull on over his head, "It would explain a lot."

"So what now?" Richie asked curiously and Eddie swallowed hard as he adjusted his t-shirt.

"Now I'm the one who needs you."

12. Chapter 12

Richie was peddling down Witcham street with Eddie on the bike behind him. Mike had insisted that Richie take him back and that he would bring Eddie's bike. They had argued for ages about it until Eddie had doubled over in pain.

Richie wasn't sure how Mike would get two bikes home at one time, but Mike had insisted he had a plan.

They peddled over the end of Witcham street and onto the dirt road that leads to the Hanlon farm.

They continued to push faster and Richie could feel Eddie's arms around him tighten when he went faster. Richie was surprised to find the gate to the farm was open and peddled through without stopping.

They rode up to the Hanlon house and saw Mike and Eddie's bikes leaning up against the house. Richie was bewildered as they came to a stop. He waited for Eddie to get off before he put his bike by the other two and looked at Eddie.

Eddie was barely able to stand up. He was standing hunched over, arms around himself and his face distorted in pain and discomfort.

"C'mon, Eds." Richie whispered quietly, "Let's go inside."

Eddie turned and Richie put his arms around the shivering omega, guiding him towards the barn. They walked at Eddie's slow pace and Richie kept him upright with incredible patience that surprised even himself.

He knew Eddie was going into heat now. He could smell it rolling off of him in waves. It was an intense smell that Richie hadn't expected to be so strong. Yes, he knew how Eddie smelled and how much it affected him during his rut, but now that it was starting to change because of his heat, it was becoming a different type of smell.

He couldn't pinpoint what it was that was changing but all he could figure out was that the smell was deeper. It was stronger and it was a

lot heavier somehow. Something about the scent suddenly urged and oozed sex, and Richie was so glad that Eddie didn't always smell like that or he'd go mad.

Richie opened the barn door just enough to let Eddie inside before he closed it and helped the omega get into the loft.

Eddie instantly dropped onto the mattress with a groan, rolling onto his stomach and then onto his back. Richie reached down to help him out of his sodden clothing and put the wet material up on a rafter to dry off.

Eddie's entire body was coated in a sticky sweat and he was bright pink in the face and chest. His pupils were blown so wide that his irises were almost completely gone. His wet hair was sticking to his forehead.

"What can I do?" Richie asked curiously and Eddie bit his lip and looked around.

"The room's too big." Eddie croaked and Richie looked around awkwardly, frowning and scratching his ear.

"Well jeez, Eds. I dunno how to renovate a barn to make it smaller." Richie looked down at Eddie, "I'm not a contractor."

"No, I just... it's too much space. I don't feel safe." Eddie sat up, "It's too open."

"What do you need?"

"Do you think Mike would lend me some blankets?" Eddie was about to get up when Richie put his hand on the omega's shoulder, stopping him.

"I got it. You stay here."

Eddie looked up in shock, his eyes wide with fear, "You're leaving me alone?"

"I have to." Richie bit his lip, "But just for a second. You can even come and watch me by the window. I'll run in and get some blankets

and be right back."

"I..." Eddie looked unsure before he nodded but didn't make a move to get up, "Not going near the window. Too open. I'll... I'll wait here."

Richie nodded and turned to run out. He opened the door to the barn and purposefully closed it as loudly as he could to show Eddie that he was safe inside. Richie ran up to the front door and opened it, peering inside.

"Mike?" He called out into the warm and cosy farmhouse.

"Yeah?" Mike's voice sounded from his bedroom, "Rich?"

"Yeah, it's just me." Richie walked in and looked around at the cosy wooden walls and all of the homestyle furnishings that looked so inviting.

Mike appeared in the hallway with his hands in his pockets, "What's up? How's Eddie?"

"He's gone into heat." Richie whispered, "Says it's my fault. I mean I guess it could be but I think it's also because he- Getting off track." Richie stopped himself and gestured with his hands to slow down, "Eddie wants blankets."

"Oh," Mike smiled, "He's already nesting?"

"Guess so." Richie commented as he followed Mike down the hallway. They walked into a guest bedroom where Mike opened a linen closet.

"Did he say how many?" Mike asked and Richie shrugged, holding his arms out, "Well, if he's nesting then it's probably a lot."

"Probably." Richie agreed as Mike began piling blankets in Richie's arms. After the sixth blanket, Mike bent down to look in the closet before he straightened up.

"Unless he wants me to start stripping the beds, I'm afraid that's all I have." Mike ran a hand over his short hair, "Sorry."

"I'm sure it's more than enough." Richie smiled and they walked back

out into the hallway, "Thanks a bunch, homeschool."

"Don't forget to have him hydrated." Mikey replied, "He needs a lot more sustenance than you do."

"I'll bring him water as much as I can." Richie nodded, "We'll be fine."

"Okay. Well if you need anything else..." Mike trailed off as he opened the front door for Richie and escorted him onto the porch, "You're welcome to anything we have."

"Thanks." Richie looked up at the barn to see the very top of Eddie's head and his eyes poking out from the window with his hands holding onto the sill. He let out a small laugh and looked at Mike, "I'd better go."

"Before he goes into a full panic, yeah." Mike smiled and watched as Richie ran off toward the barn. Richie used his elbow to open the door and once he was inside he dropped the blankets into the loft doorway.

He turned to close the barn door and decided to lock it with the chain hatch for Eddie's sake. He turned to see the pile of blankets had disappeared from the door and he could hear rustling inside.

"Do you need any help or should I wait out here until you're done?" He called out and heard Eddie continue to mess around with the blankets.

"Wait." Eddie called out, "I don't want you to mess it up yet."

"No offense taken." Richie chuckled and began wandering around in the barn, messing around with the structural pillars and the piles of hay that had been neatly pushed aside. He pulled a cigarette out of his pocket and lit it with a match, shaking it once he had his cigarette sufficiently embered. He took in a deep inhale and held it, exhaling through his nose as he wondered what Eddie was up to.

The loft itself wasn't very big in the first place. It went up from the barn floor to at least steps onto a landing. The landing was just off of the barn but still had storage beneath it. It wasn't very tall and Richie could barely stand up straight in some places. And it only had one

window. The loft itself only had two walls. One was the wall with the window above their mattress and the other wall the wall with the door around the steps. The other sides were open and went down to the barn. Richie could definitely see how Eddie could feel unsafe.

Richie decided not to peek at Eddie's work until he was ready to show it off. Even if Eddie was in heat, he was still Eddie, and Eddie was meticulous when it came to the things he made.

Richie could hear blankets being unfurled and shaken out and he could hear wood creaking and soft footsteps and at one point he even heard chains rattling and being pulled. He sucked on the cigarette again and exhaled, ashing on the floor casually.

He ignored it all and went to the far edge of the barn to have a look at some of the tools that were on the wall. He also then decided not to tell Eddie that the tools were there just in case. The poor omega would probably keel over from an aneurysm.

"Okay." Eddie's voice called out, and Richie turned to look at the door, surprised when he noticed it was a lot darker in the loft. He took one last puff of his cigarette before he stomped it out under his shoe and exhaled the smoke out quickly. He kicked the cigarette butt aside and walked up the steps to peer in, instantly taken aback.

Eddie had draped a single blanket over the one side that was directly to the left, hanging it over the chains there and tucking the end under a crate to create a makeshift wall. He had also hung a smaller blanket over the window to darken to part of the room significantly. It also gave everything a soft hue.

Eddie had pushed the mattress into far corner and it seemed forgotten completely as it leaned against a corner pillar.

Eddie had moved the enormous hay bale into the middle of the room and had hollowed it out into an enormous tire shape. He had draped the blankets over the hay nest in a haphazardly neat fashion.

He was sitting right in the middle of the high walls of material and was clutching Richie's sweatshirt to his chest and was holding it up to his face, his eyes wide and wary.

"Whoa." Was all Richie whispered as he walked into the loft and looked around. He walked up to the nest and Eddie's eyes followed him but he didn't say a word, "You actually made a nest. Out of... Hay. Like. A nest nest. I wasn't expecting that."

Eddie didn't reply and Richie looked at him to see that he was gently nibbling on the shoulder of Richie's sweatshirt.

"Eddie, you want me to fuck you in a pile of hay?" Richie frowned, a small laugh leaving him as he scratched the top of his head, "This isn't 1932."

Eddie let out a whine at the mention of what they'd be doing. He leaned back against the wall of the nest with his knees up and looked up at Richie with hooded eyes. He let out a moan and began rubbing his face into the blankets, one hand reaching out to grip it.

Richie stared at the omega with wide eyes and watched him, realizing at Eddie's hips were also lifting and that he was completely hard.

Eddie's chest was heaving as he opened his legs slowly for Richie and tilted his head.

"Alpha..." Eddie breathed out, "Help me. Please."

Richie swallowed hard, feeling a sudden surge of hormones and a surge of pain that almost knocked him over like a gut punch. He stared at Eddie, who was writhing and whimpering, and nodded.

He pulled his t-shirt off and dropped it before he kicked his sweatpants off. Eddie's eyes widened as he looked at the naked alpha above him, his eyes lingering on Richie's half-hard length.

Richie climbed into the nest carefully and sat himself between Eddie's knees. The smell made his head suddenly spin and he gasped out, leaning over Eddie to hitch his hips up. The spot where Eddie had been sitting was soaked already and Richie could barely contain the groan that left him.

He leaned in, kissing Eddie roughly, relishing in the way Eddie instantly kissed back and wrapped his arms around Richie. He lifted

his hips, his legs wrapping around the alpha to lock at the ankles. He dug his heels into Richie's spine to pull him down.

Richie's heart instantly picks up as he shudders out a heavy breath. His mouth instantly goes down to graze and rub over Eddie's neck. Eddie's head tilts to the side automatically, his throat vibrating as he whimpers incessantly for Richie.

Richie's mind suddenly breaks into a chorus of realization when Eddie starts to grind up against him. This isn't the first time Eddie has been like this. Richie isn't the first alpha that Eddie has been with and taken. He's been with Bill.

Richie instantly sat up and looked down at the omega, watching him roll and pants and whine at the loss of contact. Richie can't help but gaze in wonder at how beautiful Eddie is like this, how pure and perfectly omega he is. He let out a small growl and pinned Eddie's wrists to the top of the nest.

"Hey." He barked out and Eddie whined out, looking up at Richie with innocent eyes, "You're mine now. I'm the only one helping you. You're gonna take me and only me. From now on it's just me."

Eddie let out a whine, nodding vehemently, "Only you. Only. Promise."

Richie smiled down at Eddie, a small purring howl leaving him as he dipped his head and began mouthing at Eddie's throat, sucking on sensitive spots that had Eddie hiccupping and gasping.

"Please." Eddie moaned out then as he tried to reach between them, his fingertips just barely grazing the base of Richie's dick, "Fuck me. Please. It hurts."

Richie closed his eyes, the words bouncing through his skull. He took his dick in his hand as the other braced itself on the high wall of Eddie's nest. Eddie's legs opened instinctively and he lifted himself up. Richie pushed in, groaning at how wet Eddie was for him. The instant slide of his dick into Eddie was so different from the resistance he had felt the night before.

Eddie let out a loud moan, his head thrown back and his chest lifted as his hips already began to move. Richie let go of his dick and held Eddie's hips down against the bed of the nest to keep him still. Eddie whined unhappily and opened his eyes.

Richie scowled down at him, "What? Is this not good enough?"

"More..." Eddie replied breathlessly, "More, Richie. Please."

Richie set his knees down properly as he hiked Eddie's legs higher and thrust his hips forward, burying himself to the hilt in one powerful stroke. Eddie gasped out in relief, his nails scraping down Richie's arms before they gripped his back.

Richie let out a snarl and began to move his hips, sliding his dick in and out quickly. Eddie was a mess already, gasping and sputtering as his eyes squeezed shut.

His body caved instantly and he came all over himself in a few seconds, spurting over his stomach as he clenched and shook around Richie. Richie was panting heavily, his muscles tense beneath the surface of his fevered skin.

Eddie didn't even seem to notice his first orgasm, his body still rocking with Richie's thrusts, meeting him every single time as his hands scrambled to find purchase.

"Fuck- Fuck-" Eddie gasped out loudly, "Yeah oh-" Richie lifted Eddie's legs up like he had done the night before, Eddie's ankles locking around his neck, as he picked up the pace of his hips.

Eddie screamed out, his body jerking upward as Richie hit his prostate dead on in a powerful stroke. His eyes flew open and let out a yelp. Richie pushed Eddie back down against the blankets and put a strong arm down against Eddie's chest.

"Oh- Oh fuck please. Pleasepleaseplease." Eddie called out, the slick sound of his body taking Richie in was visceral and disgusting. It was pure filth that neither one seemed to be able to live without. Richie couldn't even comprehend the feeling of how Eddie felt around him, the exquisite heat that encased his dick and the slick slide against his

deepest walls.

Eddie reached up, whining desperately, and began to push Richie up. Richie sat up with a frown, his hips slowing but not stopping. Eddie sat up and slowly pulled off of Richie before he pushed Richie again, wordlessly, his entire body clouded with lust. Richie frowned at Eddie, trying to understand what he was doing.

It was when Eddie forcibly climbed onto Richie's lap that he understood.

"Oh fuck, okay." Richie whispered as he slid down into the nest, his long legs draped over the edge of it as Eddie readjusted on Richie's lap. Before Richie could even put himself back in Eddie, he let out a groan, feeling Eddie grinding down on his dick, sliding back and forth over him as moans left him, "Fuck."

Eddie's hips moved faster and his head went back on his shoulders as he came a second time, coming in bursts all over Richie's stomach and chest as his hands kept him upright, his nails digging into Richie's shoulders.

Eddie was instantly whining again, a frown knitting his brows at the lack of intrusion in his body and he looked down at Richie with a pout.

"Oh, shit." Richie breathed, "C'mere. I got you."

Eddie leaned forward, his breath shaky as he nibbled in Richie's ear. Richie grabbed the base of his dick and adjusted, lining himself up with Eddie's slick hole that seemed to now be in a constant state of dripping. Richie's thighs were already soaked.

The moment Eddie felt Richie push against him, he sat up, sliding down and taking Richie's entire dick in one swift movement. They both cried out at the overwhelming wave of pleasure and Richie's eyes snapped shut. He put his hands on Eddie's hips to give them a squeeze and Eddie was already moving.

His hips bounced quickly, his body jumping as he rose and fell over Richie's dick. The pace that he set for himself was excruciatingly fast

and Richie's entire stomach locked up in one pure tense wall of muscle. His mouth fell open as his head went back, his body hyper-focused on the omega that was rabbit-riding him within an inch of his life.

"Fuck-" Eddie cried out, his hips rutting forward as Richie lifted his own body up, striking a new angle inside the omega, "Fuck. More. Moremoremore."

Richie began to pick himself up, his knees lifting up as Eddie dug his fingers into Richie's ribs. Eddie's entire body was rolling with small beads of sweat, sweat that was mingling with his pure sex secretions.

Richie reached a hand up and wrapped it around Eddie's dick, jerking him off quickly as he fucked himself on Richie.

Eddie came a third time, screaming out in an almost silent yelp as his body stuttered and shook, his hips moving at blinding speed as he rode out his heavy climax again. He faltered, his weak arms dropping him down from his sitting position.

Richie put a hand on Eddie's lower back and forcibly pushed him down. Eddie cried out in fright as the other arm was put on his back. Richie's fingers were thread into Eddie's damp hair and he held the omega's face in his neck as he began rutting his hips up quickly into the omega.

Eddie screamed out, his voice breaking with an exquisite sob as Richie fucked into him quickly. The pace was just as rough and brutal as it had been only a few hours before but now it was so different. It was heavier, fuller and filthier. There was something about them both being so ready to lock together that had Richie's body jolt.

He could feel the tense numbness in his body start to spark with heat and his knot was already forming. He gasped out, the tense sensation of Eddie's wet hole pressing against his forming knot had him snarl.

"Please. Breed me- fuck me- oh Fuck-" Eddie babbled brokenly, his eyes rolling back into his head, his body curling over Richie to keep him closer, to push their bodies impossibly closer.

"Shit- Oh God-" Richie panted out as Eddie began biting on his neck, his hips grinding down in quick bursts as Richie snapped upwards.

Eddie cried out when Richie's thick knot caught on his rim, his body lurching and he ground down to try and push Richie into him.

"Yes-" Eddie cried out breathily, "Oh fuckfuckfuck. Please. Alpha, knot me. Breed me. Fill me up- fuck. All yours. Yes- Oh shit-" Eddie babbled brokenly as Richie's knot slipped in and out of him a second time. Richie started to push Eddie down against him when his eyes opened in surprise.

He yelped out and lifted Eddie up, forcibly pushing the omega off of his dick. Eddie cried out at the sudden loss and scrambled back toward Richie to climb onto him again.

Richie let out a small growl as he held his arm out and climbed back, "Eddie stop."

Eddie didn't even seem to hear him, his mouth dripping with desperate saliva as he tried to literally climb onto Richie and have himself knotted.

Eddie slipped from Richie's grip and he pushed the alpha over, "Hey! Eddie no."

Eddie ground himself down on Richie, whining as he tried to wordlessly persuade Richie to knot him.

Richie rolled them both over and he pinned Eddie down, watching the omega squirm, "Stay still, you little shit."

Eddie growled as he tried to wiggle free, his hand reaching down to stroke Richie roughly. Richie thighs trembled at the touch and his head fell forward, a gasp leaving him.

God, what he wouldn't give to knot Eddie right there. Just bury himself into the omega and fill him up the way his natural instincts wanted him to.

"Please. Please. I'll be so good. I'll make you come in me, alpha." Eddie whined as he wrapped his legs around Richie, "Fuck me. Fuck

me. Richie please. Knot me."

"Jesus H, Eddie." Richie sat up and was surprised when Eddie wrapped his arms around his neck to try and keep him down, "I have a new fucking respect for Bill. How the fuck did- did he wrangle you like this. Ow- Eddie, that's my ear!"

Eddie let out a groan as his teeth tugged on Richie's ear, his hips lifting up to grind against Richie.

Richie felt Eddie's hand sliding over his length and his heavy resolve began to waver. Eddie pressed his leaking hole up against Richie, who slid in slowly. They both panted and gasped at the feeling of tight pulling and the full density and weight of Richie.

He pushed his hips in and out of Eddie slowly, watching every stroke as it unravelled Eddie just a little bit more each time.

Richie pressed himself against Eddie, grinding his knot against Eddie's slick rim and Eddie instantly rutted up to try and push Richie into him.

Richie let out a snarl of annoyance as he pushed Eddie down, growling and snapping his teeth. Eddie let out a whine, the tears in his eyes welling up as he submitted to Richie.

"Don't fucking do that." Richie snapped at the omega, "I'm not going to knot you."

Eddie let out a whine and Richie instantly felt guilty in the back of his brain, feeling it tingle down into his neck. He sighed out, lifting Eddie's knees up into the crooks of his elbows before he pulled out and shoved himself back in quickly.

Eddie's whole body jerked and he cried out with relief. He reached up, tugging at his own hair before his hand went down to jerk himself off. Richie watched him, his lips parted and eyes wide as he stared.

His hips thrust in and out with a shallow rhythm, feeling the heavy coil of his release building faster as Eddie's own orgasm seemed to be right around the corner.

Eddie screamed out as Richie angled up, watching Eddie come all over himself for the fourth time. His body was lurching in heavy waves as he desperately rode himself on Richie's dick. He let go of himself as Richie pulled out.

Richie let out a staccato moan as he came over Eddie's flushed and sweaty body, coating him in thick bursts of rutted release that mingled with his own come.

Richie stroked himself off only a few times before the oversensitive tingles had him stopping. He opened his bleary eyes, the waves of electricity sparking down to his fingers and toes as a smile spread across his lips.

But Eddie looked utterly miserable, with visible tracks of tears down his cheeks.

"Oh, c'mon. Is that going to be your face after every time we have sex?" Richie ran a hand through his hair and tried to push it off of his face.

Eddie shrugged, pouting as he looked away. Richie lifted Eddie's leg and climbed out from between them to lay beside Eddie.

"C'mon. Lay with me, Eds."

"Why would you wanna lay with me?" Eddie sat up and wiped himself off with a towel, "You don't even wanna knot me."

Richie let out a groan and closed his eyes, he grabbed Eddie by the shoulder and pulled him down so that Eddie was lying by his side, his face still sullen.

"Don't be like that. You know why I won't knot you."

"No, I don't." Eddie shrugged, "Why wouldn't you?"

"Eds." Richie snorted and ran his fingers over Eddie's bright red cheek, "We've barely spent this time together. We've been dating for a day and also... We're only nineteen."

"So?" Eddie asked out, sounding offended, "So what?"

"So..." Richie sat up and looked down at Eddie, "I'm in a rut and you're in heat. You're practically fucking ovulating and my sperm is so ripe that I could populate the town by jizzing in the water supply. If I knotted you now, we'd be fucked and you know it."

"Oh..." Eddie whispered and a heavy frown settled in his brows, "So, it's because you don't want to have a litter? It's not because you don't want me?"

Richie's eyes widened and his head whipped back to look at Eddie with genuine horror.

"You think that?" Richie asked quietly and Eddie shrugged and looked somewhere else, fiddling nervously with one of the blanket hems, "Jesus Christ, Eds."

"What?" Eddie asked flippantly as Richie took out another cigarette and the lighter he had found lying nearby, "Was I accurate?"

Richie put his cigarette down before he leaned over and pushed Eddie gently into the blankets, hovering over him with his alpha weight. He looked Eddie dead in the eye as he pressed himself against Eddie's hip.

"If I didn't want you, I wouldn't be here. At all. I spent nineteen years as a fucking virgin because I didn't see anyone I wanted. And then I fucking opened my eyes and saw that what I wanted was right in front of me. You don't know how hard it is- how much self control it takes for me to not breed you every single time. God, Eds."

Eddie stared up at him with his eyes wide, a shaky breath leaving him, he seemed genuinely surprised, "Really?"

"Don't ask me to repeat it." Richie grimaced, "It's hard enough to gather my thoughts once. But it's true. All of it. Everything I do to you and for you isn't because I have to. It's because I want to. And the only thing I'm not doing for you is because I know that deep down you aren't ready."

"What?" Eddie frowned and sat up a bit, staring at Richie with genuine confusion.

"I know some people are okay with mating and knotting at this age. I know some people have already had a litter, but you're not them. You were pissed with yourself yesterday because you were okay with me knotting you. I know you want it and God knows, I also do. But I can't if it means I'm going to put us in a situation where we both aren't ready."

"How are you the responsible figure between us right now?" Eddie asked incredulously.

"Hey, I may be an asshole and I may be immature but I will be a force of responsibility when it comes to you. No one will hurt you or do anything to you ever again." Richie snarled deeply and Eddie stared up at him with wide eyes.

"You really mean that." Eddie's voice was just above a whisper. It wasn't a question.

"We don't live together, neither of us have jobs or means of support. I can't just knot you if it means that I'm going to fuck us over." Richie sighed, "It fucking sucks."

"It does." Eddie whispered, "I've never wanted anything so bad in my life... Not even when- Uh..." Eddie trailed off and cleared his throat, stopping himself.

"What?"

"No, never mind."

"Eddie. Tell me."

"No, Richie."

"Hey, if I had to try and string literal sentences together that had to include my feelings... Then you have to do the same." Richie poked Eddie on the forehead and the omega scowled darkly at him.

"It felt different, okay?" Eddie snapped as he sat up and pulled his knees to his chest, "With you it's different. When I was with Bill... It was great. He did everything I needed-"

"He didn't knot you, right?" Richie asked and he felt a growl bubble in his chest but Eddie shook his head.

"No, he didn't. He didn't even try." Eddie admitted, "But he did help me every time I needed him and... Even then, it wasn't like this. It didn't feel as... Intense."

"Intense?"

"Every time we've fucked, granted it's only been twice, but both times you've fucked me so hard that I started crying." Eddie stated bluntly and Richie let out a weird choked sound.

"What?!"

"I've had to choke back literal sobs because your dick makes me feel like I'm about to die in the best way possible. It's like revving to the point where it's too much and as soon as I'm about to explode, you take me to a place I can't even describe." Eddie whispered, "And it's so good that- that I can't ever get enough. I don't even know why. Like yeah, sex is awesome and yeah, your dick is enormous but... It's something else."

Richie could feel color flood his cheeks and go up into his ears as he adjusted his glasses, "Really?"

"Oh, my God yes." Eddie sighed out and lay back down against the wall of his nest, "I don't understand it."

"Hey Eds?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you think..." Richie cleared his throat and looked around nervously, "Like... Do you think, uh-"

"What?"

"Do you think it's gonna rain?" Richie suddenly piped up and internally cursed himself for being a coward. Eddie looked at him with genuine concern and he sat up as Richie quickly lit a cigarette to calm just jittery nerves.

"Richie, it's summer. In the middle of a drought." Eddie scoffed, "What's with you?"

"Felt like it was gonna rain." Richie shrugged and looked down at his lap and felt like he was gonna punch himself in the face as he held the cigarette between two spindly fingers and took a drag.

It wasn't what he was gonna say, but suddenly, the idea of being up the 'S' word seemed way too heavy, way too much and seemingly impossible.

13. Chapter 13

Richie awoke from a short nap with a low groan, feeling a heavy weight on top of him. He opened a bleary eye and thanks to his heightened night vision, he could see a naked Eddie sitting on top of him with desperation seeping from every pore.

"Jeez, Eds." Richie muttered sleepily, his hands coming up to run over Eddie's thighs, "What is it?"

"I need you." Eddie begged in a whiny whisper, "Please. God- I can't. I tried to hold off. I didn't wanna wake you, I- Richie it hurts."

"I got you, Eds." Richie stifled a yawn, "I'll make it better."

Eddie let out a small snuffle as he ground himself down on Richie, sucking in a relieved breath at the friction against his dick.

"Fuck-" Eddie breathed, "Richie please."

"Then come here." Richie squeezed Eddie's thighs but Eddie shook his head vigorously.

"No, not like this... I want- I- I need..." Eddie let out a groan and his brows knitted.

"Hang on, okay?" Richie gingerly took Eddie off of him and lay the omega down before he got up and walked over to their bags. He bent down and grabbed two things.

He handed Eddie his inhaler, hearing how shaky Eddie was. The omega took in a deep puff of his aspirator and held it in before he exhaled, looking up at the alpha with grateful eyes. The second thing Richie held out to Eddie was a bottle of water. Richie opened the bottle and Eddie opened his mouth on the neck of the bottle, drinking in a sip as Richie poured it for him.

He turned and put the bottle aside and turned back, dropping Eddie's inhaler with a clatter on the wooden floor.

He stared at Eddie who had turned and gotten onto his hands and

knees, presenting himself to the alpha in a clear and concise sign that he wanted to be bred.

Richie all but choked out a breath as Eddie's hips swayed back and forth slowly and he dropped down from his hands, his face down against the floor of the nest.

The curve of his spine was something that Richie would never be able to forget and would probably be able to trace it in his sleep. He wandered over slowly and looked down at Eddie who had turned his head and locked eyes with the alpha, whining low.

"Eds..." Richie whispered, "Aren't you in pain? I don't think spines are supposed to be that... Bendy."

Eddie merely lifted his ass even higher, his back arching even more than it had been. Richie let out a moan and reached out, his hand caressing the plump slope of Eddie's ass. He slid his thumb over Eddie's asshole and a groan escaped him.

Eddie was still dripping slick, leaking desperately for the need to be wholly filled. It was smeared and running down his thighs and his balls.

Richie stepped into the nest and went down on his knees between Eddie's thighs. Richie sighed out at the heavy smell that hit his nostrils and he closed his eyes, leaning in to lap at it with his tongue.

Eddie gasped at the feeling of Richie's tongue on him and pushed himself back. Richie put his hands on Eddie's hips to still him and slid his tongue in, groaning at the slick that was almost numbing his tongue.

He ran his teeth over Eddie's rim and heard him yelp, grinning wickedly as he straightened up.

"What is it, Eds? Tell me." Richie crooned as he slid his dick over Eddie's ass and began grinding his hips, watching his dick as it hardened. Eddie was pushing back desperately and trying to get Richie to do literally anything else but tease him, "Can't hear you..."

"Richie, for fuck sake." Eddie gasped out, whimpering, "Please don't

do this. I-It fucking hurts."

"Then tell me." Richie replied simply, "All I want."

"Please fuck me." Eddie groaned as Richie lined his dick up and pressed lightly, his hips going back and forth but not quite enough to push in. Eddie let out a groan, "Alpha please."

"Yeah yeah..." Richie whispered as he pushed in, hearing Eddie's slick gush out at the sudden intrusion, Richie let out a grunt and pulled out with an obscene pop, "Gonna fuck you."

"Jesus." Eddie gasped and Richie lined himself up, pushing in slowly. Eddie's hips slammed back and Richie let out a surprised howl as he was encased in Eddie's walls, sudden heat and exquisite pleasure knocking the air from his lungs.

Eddie was panting, heaving, and utterly useless beneath Richie. The only thing he knew right now was that he needed to fuck and that Richie would give it to him.

Richie straightened up, his hips starting off with small and quick thrusts that had Eddie practically preening below him. He reached down, picking Eddie up by the scruff until he was on his hands and knees and he went faster, his strokes longer and deeper. Eddie's moans were punctuated by Richie's own breathless grunting as he fucked into Eddie with ferocious abandon.

The heated coil in Richie's stomach was already burning white hot. The feeling of fucking in this position was added something potent into the mix, something so primal that Richie was almost drunk.

Eddie gasped and began to push back, moaning loudly with each thrust. He reached back, his hand on Richie's, fingers digging into Richie's wrist.

"M g- Oh-" Eddie moaned out, "Gonna come. Please don't stop. Don't stop. Richie fuck me. Fuck me."

Richie groaned out, his hips stuttering when Eddie cried out, his back arching as he rode Richie and came hard on the blankets below. His hand managed to reach up to jerk himself off as he clenched around

Richie's dick.

Richie sucked in a sharp breath, looking down as Eddie's hips slowed, lazily riding Richie's length as his breath heaved from his body.

"E-Eddie..." Richie gasped out as he tilted his hips, "Fuck. So good."

"Alpha..." Eddie keened and his mouth fell open as he punctuated each motion of his hips with a small grunt, "Oh-"

"Get the fuck over here." Richie growled as he wrapped an arm around Eddie and hoisted him up. Eddie yelped as he was physically sat down on Richie's dick. Eddie's head fell back into Richie's shoulder as the alpha held his hips and eased him up and down, "Fuck-"

"Oh, God." Eddie moaned, a hand coming up to knot in Richie's hair as his hips rotated in small circles. Richie lifted Eddie up and brought him back down roughly, the slap of Eddie's ass hitting Richie's thighs was louder than expected.

Eddie's began to move himself, sliding up and back down on Richie, his movements growing quicker. Richie put an arm around Eddie, wrapping his fingers in a ring around Eddie's dick, stroking him roughly.

Eddie gasped out, his back arching as he picked up a steadier pace, fucking into Richie's fist at the same time. Eddie vehemently shook his head, whimpering heatedly as he began to sob brokenly.

"Nonono- Fuck-" Eddie gasped, a hand digging into Richie's thigh, "Fuck-"

"Don't stop, Eds." Richie growled into the omega's ear before he tugged on his earlobe, "So close for me."

"God- Ah!" Eddie cried out as he came again, spilling out over Richie's fist and onto the sheets as he continued to ride Richie frantically. Richie let go of Eddie before he sat up, pushing Eddie down again into the soft bed of the nest.

Richie then let out a grunt and instantly changed his mind. He pulled

out and pushed Eddie over onto his back. He lifted Eddie's thighs up to wrap them around his hips before he lined up and pushed in slowly.

He looked down and watched as Eddie's body took all of Richie in, right to the base.

His hands ran up Eddie's sides and back down to his hips. He slid in and out again with a moan, hearing Eddie cry out each time and arch his back.

Then he caught a glimpse of something that he wasn't able to comprehend. He slid out and pushed back in, watching Eddie's stomach rise and fall.

Richie realized, with a weird jolt, that his dick was the intrusion that he was seeing. He was watching himself slide back and forth under Eddie's skin. He let out a moan, his hips slowing to an agonizing pace as his eyes widened in disbelief and genuine perversion.

Eddie groaned and looked up at Richie with a pout, his chest heaving, "Richie..." he whined out, "Why did you stop?"

Richie glanced up, biting on his lip, and looked back down as he slid in. He watched the slide of Eddie's stomach lift and Eddie let out a moan.

"Whoa..." Richie whispered, his fingers trailing over Eddie's stomach, feeling the hard muscle of his dick beneath the surface.

Eddie let out an unhappy whine and sat up on his elbows to look at Richie with his eyebrows knitted, "Richie..."

Richie pushed in and out, his fingertips pressing down on the spot where his dick rose up and Eddie squirmed, gasping and shuddering. Richie massaged Eddie's stomach slowly and he let out his own groan at the strange pressure on his dick.

"Richie- Fuck- please just..." Eddie panted brokenly as he tried to get Richie to speed up.

"Sorry." Richie exhaled shakily and looked at Eddie, "Just... Look."

Richie took Eddie's free hand and lay it over his lower stomach. He pushed in slowly and watched it move under Eddie's skin. Eddie's eyes widened suddenly and he moved his hand away, looking down as Richie slowly repeated the action.

Eddie watched his stomach rise up as though something beneath the surface moved on its own accord and it disappeared when Richie pulled out.

"Oh fuck," Eddie whispered, "Is that normal?"

"Yes." Richie tried to assuage Eddie and push away the panic that looked like it was forming on Eddie's face, "Yes, yes. Look here." Richie took Eddie's hand and repeated the action as he held Eddie's hand in place, "Feel me inside you, little one."

Eddie let out a groan, his eyebrows knitting together with pure pleasure as his mouth dropped open. Richie pushed in slightly harder and pushed Eddie's hand down into his own stomach. Eddie let out a sudden howl, crying out at the sensation.

"Fuck-" Richie groaned, moaning out at the sounds that Eddie was making, the howls and sobs growing louder and louder and Richie couldn't help but feel sorry for whoever was nearby. And a rush of pride at the idea that people could hear him as he made Eddie sound like that.

Eddie put both hands on his lower stomach, his fingertips pressing down to feel Richie thrust into him with heavy strokes.

Eddie lifted his hips up, his back lifting off the bed of his nest when Richie helped him stay up, large hands holding Eddie up with ease as he fucked into him with a now feverish speed.

"Richie- Oh!" Eddie gasped, "Fuck- So big. Please. Please. Yes."

Richie watched Eddie come undone beneath him, coming in spurts of a sudden orgasm all over himself as Richie gyrated his hips in grinding circles into Eddie. The slow grinding of his hips as Eddie came had the omega crying all over again, his legs shaking.

The beautiful sounds that Eddie made were enough to send

goosebumps up Richie's spine and down his arms. His knot forming at a steady pace as he canted his hips.

"Yeah, fuck." Eddie nodded quickly, "Don't stop. So good. Oh- Fill me up. Shit-"

"Shit-" Richie whispered out shakily as his stomach tensed with need. His legs were almost cramping at how tense his body was. He could barely breathe, his body was so focused on his release that it couldn't remember to do anything else.

"Fuck, Eds." Richie gasped out, "I- I'm-" He was unable to finish his sentence when he cut himself off, his knot slipping into Eddie for a moment. He knew it wasn't completely filled yet and he couldn't resist.

Eddie screamed out, his body lurching and trembling, his nails raking down Richie's arms as Richie pushed into him with a swift push before he pulled out with a loud pop that echoed through the loft that they could barely hear past the panting and blood roaring in their ears.

"Oh fuck. Yes, alpha. Yes. Please. Please..." Eddie whined out pathetically, "Please knot me. Breed me, Richie."

"Don't fucking tempt me." Richie warned out as he reached down to pull out and wrapped a hand around himself.

"Fuck, wait." Eddie breathed out and pushed Richie over onto his back with a huff. Eddie sat between Richie's legs and replaced the alpha's hand with his own, stroking him quickly.

Richie watched Eddie work on his alpha-sized length as his other hand jerked himself off at the same pace.

"Fucking hell." Richie breathed out and let out a moan, his hips lifting, "Fuck that's good. Yeah- Shit."

"Can't wait for you to- to fill me up." Eddie panted, his hips rutting as he fucked into his fist.

Richie instantly tipped over the edge and came with a rough and

broken yelp. He saw blurred white and blue behind his eyelids as the tight knot in his stomach burst like a pressure cooker.

He could feel his intense load dripping down his legs and hitting his skin with warm bursts. Eddie's hand continued to jerk him off through his orgasm. He panted, his hands raking over one of the blankets before he collapsed.

The addictive tingles of his release were fizzling down to his fingertips and he looked down between his legs. His knotted length was still hard against his stomach but he ignored it, watching Eddie intently.

Eddie had opened his legs, his dick a dark red in his hand and leaking a steady stream of precome as he chased his final orgasm. Richie sat up and slid his hand between Eddie's legs to slip two fingers into Eddie's stretched hole.

Eddie cried out, bouncing down on Richie's long fingers when he came. Richie thrust into him quickly, watching Eddie orgasm almost completely dry, his body devoid of any more seminal fluid.

Eddie fell forward, gasping for air as Richie removed his fingers and stuck them unabashedly into his mouth.

Eddie instantly came up to curl against Richie, his head on Richie's chest as he tried to control the havoc that was his breathing.

"So good." Richie whispered and kissed Eddie's head gently. Eddie let out a whimper and wrapped an arm around Richie tightly.

Richie closed his eyes, basking in their afterglow as they both tried to calm down. Eddie slowly slid over to lay directly on top of Richie. Richie huffed out a small laugh and held Eddie in place as he crossed his ankles.

Eddie continued to squirm and move around, laying next to Richie and then on top of him and then on the other side and then on his back. Richie reached over and grabbed his tattered box of cigarettes. He put one between his lips and craned his neck to look for his lighter.

Richie let out a small sigh, "Can you get comfy already, dude?"

Eddie let out a whine and crawled back on top of Richie, "No," he whined out, drawing the word out, "I want to be covered in your skin."

Richie's eyes snapped open and he looked down at Eddie with cautious horror after lighting his cigarette, "Eddie, what the fuck? You can't have my fucking skin. It's my skin. My skin is mine, dude."

Eddie let out a long whine again and looked annoyed at Richie, "Noo.." He groaned, "Ugh, God. Your skin is just... You'd make a beautiful lampshade."

"Edward, you cannot have my skin."

"But you can have my skin..." Eddie stated as he looked up at Richie and bit down on his bottom lip. Richie went silent as they locked eyes, his cigarette hanging from his lips. The mental images that flickered through Richie's mind was enough to almost make him blush.

Eddie sat up on top of Richie and began tugging at his skin and Richie let out a small chuckle but it was more like exasperation and he put his cigarette down on a plate, "Eddie. Eddie- No. Oh my God, Eds I don't want your skin. No."

Eddie looked up with a deadpan expression and Richie realized how serious he was but Eddie began looking over his skin, "You can take my skin."

"Yeah okay." Richie smiled, "Okay. I want your skin. What are you doing?"

"I..." Eddie was examining every inch of himself, "Looking for a seam. Take off my skin for you. I want you to have it, Rich."

"Oh my God." Richie sat up and set Eddie in his lap, "Okay. If you want to give me your skin, then it belongs to me and you have to do what I say."

"Of course." Eddie nodded firmly and Richie took his hands and

looked at the omega.

"Then I'm telling you what to do and your skin fucking stays on bod, okay?"

14. Chapter 14

Four days later, Richie was still holed up in the loft with Eddie. He was currently on day six of his rut, and it was practically over. Eddie was only on day five of his heat and it was still in full swing.

Richie still had the libido and raging hormones riling him up, and he still needed sex at least three times a day. The only issue was that the rest of his body was starting to wane slightly. He was only knotting every few times that he and Eddie were having sex and his dick was definitely not the size that it had been.

Eddie was so desperate to be filled that he didn't seem to care. Even when Richie brought it up, Eddie reassured him that his dick was still pretty big either way and it definitely helped.

Richie had gone into the Hanlon's home to get some breakfast for he and Eddie when he found Mike in the kitchen. They exchanged jokes and pleasantries before Richie grabbed a stack of buttered toast and headed back out.

He went into the barn and up the stairs where Eddie was still curled up and asleep. He smiled, setting the toast down before he went and closed the barn door.

He went back into the loft and sat himself down beside Eddie with his legs crossed, stroking a hand through Eddie's greasy hair.

"Hey." He whispered softly, "Eds?"

Eddie's brows knitted at the sound and he let out a miserable grumble that only made Richie's smile widen.

"Eds..." Richie leaned in, "I brought breakfast."

Eddie opened an eye and he looked up at Richie with a small groan, "Breakfast?"

"Yeah, Spaghetti." Richie urged, "You gotta eat if you want me to help you."

"I do want that..." Eddie sat up on his elbow and rubbed his eyes. Richie took the naked omega and pulled him onto his lap, "Also want this."

"One thing at a time, Greedy Gretel." Richie snorted and picked up a slice of toast. He tore it in half and held the piece out for Eddie to bite. Eddie took a large mouthful of toast and chewed on it as he closed his eyes and lay his head in Richie's neck. Richie grabbed half of a cigarette that he had put out that morning. He lit it up and took a heavy drag as Eddie ate his toast.

"S good." Eddie whispered, "More?"

"You've got about four slices here if you want it." Richie smiled and Eddie looked instantly more awake. Eddie leaned over to grab a full slice of toast before he folded it in half and took a large bite. He chewed on it happily and just sat there with his eyes closed in his alpha's lap. Richie took another drag, exhaling out of the corner of his mouth away from Eddie.

"Rich?" Eddie asked after swallowing his food, "I have a question."

"What's up, hungry wolf?"

"Well..." Eddie turned a little and hid his face completely, "Are you still sure about this? About me?"

"Never been more sure, amigo." Richie nodded as he took one last drag of his Marlboro and dropped it into a nearby soda can, "I mean... The only time I've ever been more sure of something was when I realized I also dig boys."

"So, no doubts?"

"None." Richie shook his head, "You're like the only consistency in my life right now. That and Spider-man."

"Good to know." Eddie scoffed and sat up, "I just wanted to make sure you weren't just here out of guilt or something."

"The only thing I feel guilty about is that my rut is almost over and you're still in heat." Richie grumbled in annoyance and took a bite of

his slice of toast, "God damn biology."

"You do perfectly well with your dick at either size, Tozier." Eddie reminded him, "It's not the size that matters but how you use it."

"Yeah..." Richie sighed, "Y'see, you say that now and then when it comes down to it, I still can't knot you out or fill you up like I should."

"Ah, but you see..." Eddie turned and climbed onto Richie's lap, pushing his back against the wall of the nest, "You can do one thing now that you couldn't yesterday."

"Oh?" Richie frowned, "What's that?"

"You can come inside me, Richie." Eddie whispered as he ground his hips down slowly and deliberately, pulling a soft moan from the alpha, "You can fill me up in a different way."

"Jesus Christ, Kaspbrak." Richie gulped out as Eddie began to mouth at his neck, "Y-You kiss your mother with that mouth."

"Not always." Eddie sat up with a grin, "I like to save it for other things that involve my full attention."

Richie opened his mouth to ask when Eddie slid down and off of Richie's lap and he pulled at Richie's shorts. Richie lifted his hips, letting the omega undress him. He pulled off his own t-shirt and threw it aside when Eddie climbed back between his legs.

Eddie's hand wrapped around Richie's half hard length and began to stroke it, his fingers in a tight circle. Richie managed to push a shaky breath from his body as he sat there and watched, his knees lifted and buckled on either side of the omega.

Eddie sank down, his mouth sliding down over Richie's length and back up as his hand massaged and twisted the base. Richie cried out and began to pant as Eddie's mouth picked up a quick pace, the obscene slurps and suction filling the room.

Richie grabbed Eddie's head and pulled him off, the omega let out a gasp, his pouted lips coated in saliva and his hooded eyes on the

alpha.

"You keep that up and I'll be done before you get to ride me, Eds." Richie whispered and Eddie let out a small whine at the thought, "Stamina isn't what it was."

"Well then fuck foreplay, I guess." Eddie replied hoarsely as he climbed back into Richie's lap and ground himself down on Richie's dick slowly.

Richie lifted Eddie up by the hips and Eddie held onto his shoulders with a tight grip. Richie took the base of his dick and held himself firmly as he lined himself up with Eddie's impossibly slick hole.

Richie used his free hand to push on Eddie's hip and the omega took the signal and slid down on Richie's length. They both let out a moan and gasp as Eddie sunk down all the way. His body was like putty and it moved languidly as he stirred his hips on Richie.

The alpha was panting heavily as he lifted his knees, planting his feet down as his hips began to move. He slid himself in and out of Eddie slowly, his hips bucking in full tilt as Eddie collapsed forward. The omega was moaning and shuddering, gasping as he was being fucked into at a hard but slow pace. Each thrust into him was slow, each thrust into him was deliberate and rough and punctuated with a hard pause.

"Fuck..." Eddie breathed out, his body still shuddering and it was when Richie felt how wet his stomach was that he realized that Eddie had already come, "Shit."

Richie lowered himself down in the nest with his feet braced before he put a hand on Eddie's chest to push him up. Eddie sat up on Richie and rolled his hips fluidly, gyrating in a slow and sensuous torture. Richie whined out, his head thrown back and eyes shut.

His eyes remained closed as he focused on the exhilarating feeling of Eddie sliding over him again and again. The tight pull of his stretched hole and the warm slick that leaked from him constantly.

Eddie's moans were broken and growing in volume as he sped up,

bouncing desperately on Richie's length to satiate the growing need.

Richie stomach was tight and tense to match his thighs, his whole body was a ridiculously taut coil of heat that was threatening to explode at any second.

They stayed like that for what felt like hours, attached and joined in a limber knot of sweaty flesh and little oxygen. The heat between them was intoxicating and sticky and it was like a high.

Richie let out a predatory snarl as he suddenly grabbed Eddie's hips and threw him over into the nest. The sudden reaction had Eddie cried out in surprise.

Richie pulled Eddie's hips up and pushed back into him, holding his legs up as he used his arms to keep himself up. Eddie's legs were over Richie's shoulders as he thrust into him with a sudden ferocious speed that had Eddie screaming out. His eyes were shut and his head was back, his mouth open in a perfect display of pleasure.

The heat bubbling under Richie's skin was fit to burst in the same way that he was.

"O-Oh fuck. Eddie, shit..." Richie gasped out, "So close."

"Please-" Eddie whined, lifting his hips up higher, the pitchy moan leaving his throat raw as Richie hit his prostate, "Fill me up. Oh-"

Richie let out a groan, pushing Eddie's thighs against his chest with a strong alpha arm as he sat up and fucked into him relentlessly, his hips thrusting so quickly that it felt like a jackhammer. Richie couldn't help the sordid need to watch himself fuck into the omega, it was a primal desire that overtook him in his last moments of potential sanity.

It felt so good to be so close to his release and not have to pull out. He could come inside his omega, he could fill him up and coat his walls and have everyone know who Eddie belonged to.

And then he broke, shattering into a thousand pieces with one last stroke. He unravelled into nothingness as he came inside of Eddie, his hips stuttering quickly as he chased the euphoric fireworks that ran

through his nerves. He was gasping, his hips stilling as he buried himself as far as he could, pushing down on Eddie's lower stomach.

Eddie was already in pieces, hitting his second orgasm the moment he felt Richie explode inside of him. It was one thing that his inner wolf had been pining for. All he wanted was to be filled by his alpha in every way. He still couldn't understand why he was pushed so far into literal tears, but the sob that left him was almost silent.

He rocked his hips as the glorious aftershocks of his orgasm fled into his extremities and he could feel Richie pulsing inside him still.

"Fuck- What the fuck-" Richie gasped, "Oh god, Eddie..."

Eddie merely let out a low hum in response and pushed himself back slowly. Richie pulled out as he was softening and looked down to see his own release spilling out of Eddie. He let out a small growl and looked at the omega's bright red face.

"So good for me." Richie preened gently and saw that Eddie was still pining, still needy. Still wanting to be fucked and knotted.

Richie also knew that he was physically spent and wouldn't be able to get it up so soon. He did all that he could think of and slid three long fingers into Eddie. Eddie gasped out at the sudden stretch and lifted his hips, welcoming it instantly.

Richie pulled out slowly and leaned down over the omega with a dominant growl, "You want me to take care of you, small one?"

"Alpha please. Yes. Yes please." Eddie nodded quickly, "It hurts. I need- I-"

Richie shushed him gently, putting a slick finger to Eddie's lips to silence him. Eddie looked up with a whimper and ran his tongue over a small section of the finger that was on his lips.

Richie sucked in a shaky and bewildered breath as Eddie ran his tongue over the length of the digit and sucked very gently on the tip of it, his eyes wide and innocent in a way that was just so perfectly omega.

"Turn over for me." Richie instructed, "I know how you want to be knotted, Eds."

Eddie let out a small whimper of a whine and got up before he flipped himself over. He instantly presented himself to the alpha, putting his ass in the air with his head down and his feet turned in.

Richie knew he wasn't going to be able to actually knot Eddie but he couldn't just leave him like this to suffer.

He continued where he left off and slid his three fingers back in and out, pumping them into Eddie quickly, not even starting slow. He knew Eddie needed a quick and hard fuck to push him over the edge and satiate him completely.

Eddie was mewling, every single push of fingers into him had another sound leave him. Richie added a fourth finger and twisted, pressing his fingertips up into Eddie's perfect spot. Eddie jerked back, his hips canting desperately.

Richie massaged and pressed and flicked at Eddie's prostate, watching in wonder as Eddie's entire body convulsed with a third orgasm. Richie whispered out a soft praise to Eddie and ran his thumb teasingly over his stretched rim. Eddie gasped out, his body shuddering. Richie's thumb trailed down as he twisted his fingers inside Eddie, his thumb massaging and rubbing over Eddie's taint.

Eddie let out another whimpering sob and a small gush of slick left him, trickling down Richie's arm. He knew it wasn't just Eddie's bodily fluids in the mix, all things considered. He knew it was a sticky melange of them both.

He used the slick fluid as a lubricant on his thumb before he slid his hand out slowly. He pinched his fingertips together and pushed his hand back into Eddie slowly. Eddie remained silent except for his heavy panting, his body trembling and still perfectly arched.

Richie's fingers slid into Eddie with ease until he got to the widest part of his hand, where his knuckles resided. He twisted his hand slowly to ease himself in before he pushed in. Eddie's body welcomed the intrusion, taking Richie's hand in with ease. Richie gasped out at

the warmth around his perfectly poised hand and slid it in further.

"Richie..." Eddie whined out, his voice cracking right at the end, his body constricting around Richie's forearm.

Richie began to slowly move his arm back and forth experimentally. Eddie was whimpering and gasping with relief, and Richie knew it was because he was finally getting the size he needed. Richie looked at his forearm and his dick and realized that when he was in a rut, the size was pretty similar.

"Please..." Eddie begged weakly, "Oh fuck- Richie-"

"I got you," Richie crooned softly as he sped up, sitting up on his knees to press his weight against Eddie. Eddie instantly collapsed, his body flopping down into the nest. His hips were lifted as the rest of him pressed into the nest.

Richie lay over him as much as he could while maintaining the perfect angle to pump his arm in and out of Eddie quickly.

"Richie I- I need... Please." Eddie choked out as his hips rutted down into the blankets.

Richie pulled his arm out and slid it back in, repeating the actions until he clenched his hand into a fist and pushed it up against Eddie. Eddie's entire face scrunched up, his mouth dropping open at the pain that had him heaving. He pushed back in with a grunt, his fist sliding into Eddie suddenly.

The omega howled out loudly, his body lurching and gushing slick as Richie picked up a pace, his hand still in a fist as he tried to help Eddie's instinctual fantasy of being knotted.

"Oh- Oh fuck-" Eddie sobbed out, "Alpha please. More please."

Richie let out a snarl and sped up, pulling his fist almost completely out of Eddie before pushing it back in. Eddie's hips rutted back quickly, riding out a sudden wave of orgasm that had him crying out.

Richie thrust his arm in and out a few more times before he carefully pulled his arm out, watching Eddie fall flat into the blankets with a

small groan.

Richie lay down beside him and looked at Eddie in the dim light, watching Eddie wipe his tears away and press his fingers in his eyes as he took in a breath.

"Fuck." Eddie breathed out, "Ow."

"You alright?" Richie frowned, "Did I hurt you?"

"Yes." Eddie muttered, "But it was worth it."

"Good..." Richie whispered and pulled Eddie in closer, "Glad I could assist."

"Did you... Did you actually fist me?" Eddie looked up, his face still incredibly flushed.

"You didn't give me much choice." Richie shrugged, "You literally pulled the orgasm from my body like you were siphoning gas and then wanted more from me. I had to do something to fill you up."

"Oh God." Eddie hid his face in his hands and rolled over to hide his humiliation.

"Don't be. It was hot." Richie smiled wickedly and Eddie got up and stumbled out of his nest, shaking his head.

"No. No no no." He shook his head vehemently, "I fucking refuse to believe you fisted me."

Richie sat up with a small laugh and looked at Eddie who was pressed his head against a loft pillar in shame.

"You didn't enjoy it, Eds?"

"That," Eddie held up a finger before he pointed it at Richie, "That is besides the point."

"Is it, though?"

"Please stop talking." Eddie grimaced uncomfortably, "I don't want to

talk about this."

"You see... The thing is, Eds." Richie sat up before he stood up, "I don't mind it but just..." He walked up to Eddie and held out his hand, "The bacteria, Eds."

"What?!" Eddie shrieked at the mention of the word, "Richie, no! I swear to God!"

"I mean there's usually shit particles under our nails anyway," Richie looked at his hand, "But now I got mine and yours."

"Nope." Eddie turned and ripped the blanket from the window, "Nope. Nuh-uh."

Richie watched Eddie muttering heatedly to himself and then yelped out when Eddie started to climb out of the window.

"Eddie no!" Richie laughed out and wrapped his arms around Eddie's waist as he tried to jump out, "What the fuck!"

Richie was howling with laughter as he pulled Eddie away from the window, but Eddie continued to try and launch himself out.

"No! I refuse to live in a world where I've had your arm in my ass!" Eddie grunted as he tried to squirm out of Richie's arm, "Let me go, Tozier!"

"No!" Richie laughed and pulled Eddie away and pulled him down into the nest and held him down, kissing him warmly. Eddie didn't budge as Richie kissed his face, his mouth pulled into a pout.

"C'mon." Richie crooned with a cheeky smile as he kissed Eddie's face and saw how badly he was blushing.

"Nuh-uh. Shut up." Eddie scowled and folded his arms.

"Eddie..." Richie crooned teasingly, "Eddie-bear."

"I swear to God. I will physically stake you to the wall." Eddie groaned out and covered his face with his hands, "I can't fucking believe this."

"You're gonna have to go through your seven stages and just accept it, Eds. It happened and you loved it."

"Richie!"

"Y'know what else?" Richie trailed off and Eddie shook his head.

"Don't you fucking dare say a damn thing." Eddie sat up, "I don't wanna hear a single word from your mouth."

"I mean not only did you get fisted but you've also been fucked quite a bit this week." Richie nodded, "I mean... I didn't wanna say anything at the time because you'd worry."

"Wait, what?"

"Well, Eds." Richie cleared his throat, "You're very small. And very skinny. And I mean it's clear that you were enjoying what I was doing to you."

"Of course I was." Eddie frowned, "How could I not enjoy myself?"

"Well, to be honest, before the first time I was worried that you'd get hurt. Because you'd be too small and I'd hurt you." Richie admitted, "Even after you took my dick, I was nervous."

"Well, I mean it's big but... I'm not that small."

"Eddie," Richie looked up, seemingly exasperated, "You're like a fucking doll. And you were being fucked by something very similar to a hard pool noodle. Thickness included."

"I never..." Eddie went red, "It's not- Really? That big?"

"On a rut, yeah. And I mean naturally, minus the rut, were looking at some serious pepperoni." Richie felt himself go slightly pink.

"Oh." Eddie went pink, "I didn't even realize."

"What?"

"I just saw it and wanted it. I never sat and thought about the size."

Eddie shrugged and began fiddling with Richie's fingers- on the clean hand.

"Well, now you have. And now you have to live with the realization that you've had that inside you and more."

"You fucking disgust me." Eddie scoffed, his face pulled in horror despite the still-pink to his cheeks and the half hard dick in his lap that said otherwise.

"You're one to talk, Kaspbrak."

15. Chapter 15

Eddie was in his last day of his heat and his intense waves of sexual activity had dwindled. They had both gone back home the day before when Eddie had had a panic attack and had come to stay at Richie's house for the night.

They had woken up in Richie's bed in the dim light of his bedroom. There was a knock on the door that had Richie sit up. He walked over and peered out to see his mom, who was cheerfully standing there, to tell him that Bill was on the phone.

Richie went into the kitchen and answered the phone, "Hello?"

"Huh-Hey, Rich?" Bill replied and Richie could practically hear the smile on his face, "I huh-heard you were home now."

"Yeah. I got home last night and, Eddie came to see me. He's still here." Richie smiled at the thought of Eddie waiting for him in bed.

"Awesome." Bill gushed, "How was yuh-your first ruh-rut then?"

"Big Bill?"

"Yuh-Yeah?" Bill asked out curiously and Richie sucked in a breath, his stomach lurching uncomfortably with nerves.

"I-I gotta know something." Richie trailed off, "But then... Then I have to tell you something."

"Wuh-What is it?"

"Okay..." Richie exhaled shakily, "Well, I spent my rut with someone. When I was at Mike's farm."

"You mean Eh-Eddie?" Bill asked and Richie yelped out, grimacing.

"How did you know?"

"Richie." Bill laughed, "When we wuh-went to go and fuh-find him after he was suh-sick, his muh-mom told us he was at the fuh-farm

where you were. You weren't eh-exactly suh-subtle."

Richie went bright red, "Oh."

"So, what duh-did you wanna a-ask?" Bill pried curiously and Richie let out a groan.

"When you were with Eddie, how did you handle him on his heat? He was fucking feral." Richie rubbed the back of his neck when he heard Bill cackling.

"Fuh-Feral how?"

"After the first time we had sex and shit, I didn't wanna knot him and he literally jumped me and wouldn't stop trying to mount me." Richie snorted, "How did you handle him?"

"O-Oh..." Bill seemed puzzled and curious.

"What is it?"

"He was duh-desperate and kuh-clingy and all but he wuh-wasn't like that with me." Bill shrugged, "I don't thuh-think he's ever guh-gotten possessive wuh-wuh-with me."

Richie frowned, "Really?"

"Wuh-Was it juh-just once?" Bill asked after a moment of silence and Richie frowned.

"No, it wasn't..." Richie realized, "He did it every time?"

"Rich..." Bill snickered, "Duh-Don't you suh-see what's guh-going on?"

"What? I really don't."

"Eh-Eddie's guh-guh-getting attached to you instinctively. He's wuh-wolfing on you." Bill explained and Richie remained silent, frowning as he tried to understand what Bill was trying to get across, "Ruh-Richie, you're suh-suh-soulmates."

Richie let out a laugh, waiting for Bill to join him but he was met

with silence, "Wait, what?"

"You're muh-muh-meant to be mated, Ruh-Ruh-Richie." Bill stated simply, "Thuh-Think about it. Huh-Has anything hah-hah-happened between you tuh-two that's duh-different? That you kuh-can't explain?"

Richie thought back, frowning as he rubbed his eyes with his fingers and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"I mean... I never even noticed him in any way until I presented and I literally couldn't get him out of my head once I smelled him when I was in a rut. And when we were together and had sex he cried every time and he wouldn't stop trying to make me knot him. And he gets panicky when he's not around me."

"Juh-Jesus..." Bill whispered, "And the suh-suh-scenting?"

"What about it?" Richie frowned.

"Huh-Huh-How does his suh-scent make you fuh-fuh-feel?"

Richie opened his mouth to answer when he looked up to see a sleepy Eddie wander into the kitchen in one of Richie's t-shirts and his underwear, rubbing one eye with a small smile on his face. Richie felt his stomach clench.

"It makes me feel..." Richie exhaled, "Home."

"God, you're guh-guh-gross." Bill made a retching sound on the receiver as Richie wrapped an arm around Eddie's waist as Eddie lay his head on Richie's bare chest.

"I have to go. Are we still on for movie night tomorrow night with everyone?"

"Yeah. Oh-Oh-Of course." Bill's voice literally sounded like a smile and sunshine had a baby, "Huh-Huh-Have fun."

Richie hung the phone back on the wall and he turned to look down at Eddie.

"Morning, hotstuff."

"Morning wood." Richie replied simply, "Why are you out of bed?"

"I missed you " Eddie shrugged and took Richie's hand to tug him back towards the stairs, "Let's go back."

"Anything you want." Richie smiled as he let the omega lead him back up the stairs, "What plans do you have for the day, Mr Kaspbrak?"

"Nothing." Eddie replied as he tugged Richie back into the bedroom, "Why?"

"I thought maybe we could go and get some ice cream." Richie stated as Eddie climbed back into the bed and turned to look at him, "Just-Just the two of us."

Eddie lay there and looked up at Richie, the latter trying his best not to act like he was about to vomit.

"Like... A date?"

"No!" Richie yelped, "I mean yes! I mean no of course- Or... I-" Richie closed his eyes and steeled himself before he looked down at a very concerned and confused omega, "Yes. Yes, a date. One hundred percent. A real date. You and me. On a date. No other way to look at it... If you want."

"You look like you're going to blow chunks, Richie." Eddie sat up, "Are you-Are you nervous?"

"Shut up, Kaspbrak. I'm never nervous. I'm like a man of steel. I'm like the poster boy of confidence. I'm-"

"Looking a little green." Eddie interjected and Richie doubled over slowly and put his hands on his knees, "What's with you, Trashmouth?"

"I-I'm fine." Richie answered shakily as he took in a few small lungfuls of air and looked up at Eddie, "I'm good. I just... Affection and cute stuff make me nervous."

"It's ice cream, Rich." Eddie looked still a tinge concerned but it was now looking somewhat like a hint of amusement on his face, too.

"Yeah, but it's ice cream with you." Richie sat down on the bed.

"We have ice cream all the time." Eddie put a hand on Richie's leg, "How is this different?"

"We weren't dating then. We weren't together then." Richie explained, "I hadn't had my dick in your ass yet."

"Beep beep, Richie."

"My point is... it's different for me because it's a date now. And I want it to be. But it's... Heavy." Richie sighed out and flopped back on the bed, rubbing his face with his hands in genuine frustration.

"Then don't think about it like that, Rich. Don't think about if it is a date or not. It doesn't matter. It's you and me enjoying ice cream together." Eddie reassured, "I don't care if it's a date or not. It doesn't have to have a label. I just want to be with you."

"Oh..." Richie visibly deflated, "That's not that bad, then."

"See?" Eddie smiled, "Let's get dressed and go."

"Wait a minute." Richie whispered, "Maybe let's not go so soon."

"Why?" Eddie frowned as he sat up a bit higher and Richie lay down beside him with an all-knowing grin.

"Because I wanna bone down, dude."

"God sake, why do you have to say it like that?" Eddie groaned, giving Richie's shoulder a shrug, "Way to sweet talk me, Tozier."

"Hey, I'm the king of sweet talk." Richie grinned as he pulled Eddie closer.

"I don't know about that. The king of talking too much, maybe." Eddie looked down at Richie with a grin and Richie scowled.

"Why don't you lay here for a sec?" Richie pushed Eddie onto his back before he got up and closed the door of his bedroom. He turned to see Eddie laying there, looking at him with his big brown eyes and his parted lips, "Jesus motherfucking Christ."

"What?"

"Nothing." Richie grinned as he pulled his pajama pants down and kicked them aside. Eddie looked him over slowly and his gaze roved back up until their eyes met.

"You sure we can do this with your parents here?" Eddie bit his lip nervously as Richie climbed into the bed beside him.

"Well, no." Richie snorted, "That's why you have to be quiet for once."

Eddie went bright pink in the face as he undressed himself, pulling off the borrowed t-shirt and his own underwear.

Richie smiled wickedly as he pulled Eddie against him, laying next to him in the bed. Richie gave Eddie a gentle push that Eddie obeyed, letting Richie push him over. Eddie went onto his side and Richie wrapped an arm around him and pulled him over again until Eddie's back was pressed against Richie's chest.

Richie buried his face in Eddie's neck and inhaled slowly, moaning at the smell. It wasn't as potent as it had been in the previous day's and it could barely be smelled as a heat scent, he was almost back to being himself again. Richie kissed and nipped at Eddie's neck just beneath his ear. Eddie sucked in a shaky breath and his eyes closed, pressing himself back against the alpha that was scenting him so gently.

Richie took Eddie's hand in his own and placed it in Eddie's lap, their connected hands palming Eddie's dick slowly. Eddie gasped out a breath and Richie sighed out at the sound, whispering a soft shush in his ear to remind him.

"Don't wanna get caught, do ya Eds?" Richie crooned before he nibbled on Eddie's ear slowly, tugging and breathing against the shell. He could feel the goosebumps rise on Eddie's skin at the sound.

"No..." Eddie replied breathily, "Don't wanna."

"Then stay quiet, Eds." Richie could feel Eddie's hand as he stroked himself and let Eddie continue the motions. He let go and slid his hand down to pull Eddie's thigh, lifting his leg up to bend his knee, "Stay like that."

"Yeah..." Eddie whispered and nodded, his brain already deep within the omega fuzz.

Richie slipped his hand down from Eddie's knee and over his thigh. His hand slid further and he gripped Eddie's ass and kneaded the flesh, moaning low at just how plump and perfect it felt in his grasp. He slid his fingers further in, brushing over Eddie's hole.

Eddie was only slightly slick at the touch and Richie knew that his body wouldn't behave now it had been in heat. He knew Eddie would still get even wetter as they continued, but he also knew that Eddie needed something akin to a jumpstart.

He brought his hand up and sucked on two fingers, coating them in saliva before they disappeared back down under the blanket. Richie pushed both fingers in slowly and felt Eddie's body lurch at the pleasure. Eddie's breath came out in a shaky gasp as he pushed back on Richie's long fingers.

The simple touch was instantly received and Eddie's body reacted instinctively, Richie's fingers were coated in slick that gushed out onto his knuckles.

"That's more like it, Eddie. Good boy." Richie crooned softly as he pumped his fingers in and out slowly. Eddie's hips arched with his back, pushing into the touch with slowly-growing need.

Richie lifted Eddie's hip as he pulled his fingers out. He wrapped a hand around his dick and gave it two quick strokes before he lined up. He wrapped his free arm around Eddie's waist to hold him still before he pushed in.

Eddie groaned out, burying his face in the pillow beneath him, as Richie pushed in with agonizing deliberate thrusts of his hips. Richie

held Eddie impossibly still as he buried himself to the base, his hips flush with the curve of Eddie's ass.

Richie tilted his hips and lifted his leg up as he put Eddie's leg back down, tightening the warmth around his dick. Eddie's hips were flush with Richie's as they lay on their sides but Eddie turned his torso until he was able to grip Richie's arm and pull him closer. Their faces were inches apart as Eddie panted, his eyes cast down to where their bodies were attached.

"Fuck me, Richie." Eddie breathed out quietly, "I wanna see."

Richie didn't reply as he draped an arm around Eddie to hold his shoulder gently as he pulled out and slid back in, his eyes glancing up to Eddie's face to watch the way it crested. Eddie's eyes were open and watching their bodies move, his lips were parted and his nose crinkled at the stinging pain that brought him such immense pleasure.

"Shit-" Eddie breathed out as he moved his hips to meet Richie's strokes. Richie levered himself on his arm, keeping himself up to look at what Eddie was looking at, groaning when he saw just how slick his length was because of Eddie.

Richie began to speed up his pace, his hips moving faster as he thrust into Eddie quickly. Eddie gasped at the pace, groaning quietly as his head fell back into the pillow. Richie took Eddie's leg and lifted it up, holding it in his strong grip.

Eddie's hand went down to continue stroking himself, his mouth hanging open as he panted.

"Shut the fuck up, Eddie." Richie hissed in his ear, "You want people to see you like this?"

Eddie shook his head vehemently and brought his spare hand up to cover his mouth. Richie bristled at the omega that was obeying him without a single objection, and it only spurred him on to thrust his hips even faster.

"O-Ohhh Go-o-od." Eddie's gasp was hiccupped as his body was

pushed and pulled back and forth over and over. His eyes rolled back into his head, his hips arching back when Richie wrapped both arms around Eddie and pulled him over without missing a beat.

Eddie yelped when he was pulled onto Richie, his legs bent up on either side of Richie's body as he was laid down against the alpha. Richie let out a small growl as his hips rutted up into Eddie. He opened his own legs to push Eddie's thighs open wider and lifted his hips.

"Rich- Richie-" Eddie hissed out breathlessly, his entire body tense, "Don't stop-"

"Never." Richie growled out and bit down on Eddie's ear, tugging on it as his hips canted quickly and ruthlessly and his large hands held Eddie's wrists on either side of him. Eddie groaned, the warmth of Richie's alpha body against his back did nothing for how vulnerable he felt for being exposed on top of Richie.

Eddie hated it so much and hated how much he loved it. He felt his body trembling, his thighs shaking uncontrollably, as his stomach tightened.

He couldn't take the positioning for a lot longer and he rotated his upper body a fraction to be able to see Richie while he kept up the back-to-chest that had him feeling so small. He went onto his elbow at an angle on Richie, still laying over him. Richie used a free hand to hold the back of Eddie's neck to keep him up as he lifted his hips up and gave a hard thrust.

Eddie's body rocketed as he stifled a cry, Richie knew from the expression on his face that he had hit the right spot. Eddie was gasping heavily, his eyes rolling back and his mouth slack.

Richie's free arm went down over Eddie's pelvis to keep Eddie's hips flush with his own, almost propelling each thrust even deeper into Eddie. Eddie moved one of his legs to sit between Richie's so that he was angled and each stroke from Richie was perfection in aim.

Eddie's fingernails dug into Richie's shoulder joint as he rocked back and forth.

"G-God I'm close." Eddie groaned quietly, "Motherfuck-"

"Shit-" Richie wrapped a hand around Eddie's omega length and jerked him off quickly, hoping so badly that Eddie would come before he did.

Eddie cried out, groaning low under his breath as his body tensed for a split second before he let go in a wave of glorious tremors. Richie hissed out as Eddie came around him, his hand working quickly to help Eddie ride out his high. Eddie came over himself and over Richie's fist as his hips rutted furiously.

Richie groaned, biting on Eddie's shoulder and a part of him wanted so badly to bite in even harder and mark his mate. He groaned and his eyes squeezed shut, fucking into Eddie as quickly as his hips could muster.

His tight stomach coil erupted in a sudden height of feverish sparks. He growled out, gasping as he came into his omega and thrust into him with short bursts as his body trembled.

Eddie whined out at the feeling of being filled by Richie, his omega instincts taking over as his hips circled to help Richie with his release, his free hand stroking Richie's face. The touch was gentle and soft and so endearing and Richie automatically leaned into it with his face, whimpering.

He didn't bother to pull out, instead he wrapped his arms around Eddie and rolled them over so that he was on top of Eddie and was pushing him into the mattress with his alpha weight, pushing and covering him territorially.

"Good God." Eddie panted out as Richie pulled out and began scenting instantly, rubbing his face all over Eddie's shoulders and neck. If Richie could preen and purr out loud, he probably would.

Richie let out a hum, a content sound as he closed his eyes. He pressed his sweaty forehead to Eddie's spine and kissed his skin.

"Since when are you this affectionate?" Eddie snorted despite not fighting the affectionate attention he was getting and merely lied his

face in a pillow with his arms beneath it.

"Because." Richie replied simply and that was it, his brain was unable to even consider words, his inner wolf seemed to be in control and all it wanted to do was protect and smother his omega.

"Right." Eddie whispered sleepily, "Feels good. Although..."

"What? What? What?" Richie sat up suddenly and began looking over Eddie's body, "What is it? What hurts?" He asked in a semi-frantic tone as he examined one of Eddie's arms.

"Relax, dickhead." Eddie pulled his arm away, "I'm fine."

"Then what?" Richie sat over Eddie's thighs and looked down at the perfect expanse of his back. His eyes roved down and he stared for a lengthy moment at Eddie's plump ass and the slick smearing of their bodily secretions that Richie could distinctly see. Richie withheld the urge to lean down and lap it up.

He grimaced at the perverse thought and looked up to see Eddie looked at him expectantly over his shoulder.

"Huh?"

"Weren't you listening, asshole?" Eddie asked, his voice laced with irritation and Richie went pink in the face, scratching his head.

"Uh... I got sidetracked."

"By what?" Eddie raised an eyebrow as Richie glanced back down, his large hands framing the bottom of Eddie's asscheeks, "Richie!"

Richie jumped and looked up again at Eddie with a sheepish grin, "What?"

"What are you looking at?"

"Sorry- I... I can't concentrate. You're distracting me."

"Oh, munch a dick. I'm not doing anything and I- Ah!" Eddie cut himself off with a sudden yell of horror as Richie had leaned down

and buried his face in Eddie's ass.

Richie ran his tongue flat over Eddie's asshole, his tongue running from taint to crack in one motion as Eddie's back arched and his Eddie jerked back with genuine alarm and dismay.

"Richie!" Eddie gulped out as the alpha resurfaced a second later looking smug and satisfied, "What in all hell?" Richie looked at Eddie's bright red face, clearly mortified.

"It was calling to me and I couldn't focus on anything else until I got what I wanted." Richie shrugged as he then tapped Eddie's asscheeks with his fingers in a little drumbeat, "What's up?"

"I'm gonna fucking kill you, Richard."

"Can I have a cigarette first?"

16. Chapter 16

"I'll have a plain vanilla cone please." Eddie smiled at the woman behind the counter and then looked at Richie, who was still peering at the menu above and tapping on his chin.

"I'll have..." Richie looked up with one last glance, "Yeah, a waffle cone with chocolate ice cream, caramel sauce and sprinkles."

"Good God." Eddie cringed, "You'll die at twenty."

"Worth it." Richie grinned as he handed the woman some crumpled notes with a grin. They went and sat at one of the high-bar tables as the woman began preparing their cones.

Eddie looked around nervously at the people, drumming his fingers on the metal tabletop with incessantly fast fingers.

"Relax. You're fine." Richie reassured under his breath as he went to grab Eddie's cone for him. Richie returned and gave Eddie his ice cream with a smile. Eddie took it and stared at it for a moment, still looking uneasy.

"May-Maybe we should go." Eddie cleared his throat, "I don't-"

"Eddie relax..." Richie took his own ice cream and gave it a lick, "No one is even looking at us."

"I guess..." Eddie whispered and began eating his ice cream.

"Let's go for a walk." Richie offered, and gestured to the door. Eddie got up and scurried out of the ice cream parlor when Richie followed. They walked out of the Parlor and Richie looked up at the Aladdin Theatre next to them and then across Witcham Street at the public library, "Where do you want to go?"

"Well, we're at the top of Uphill mile..." Eddie looked at the park that was across from the library, "Let's just go and sit by the bridge."

"Sure." Richie licked at his ice cream as they turned and walked towards the park. They walked idly over the grass and looked around

at the few people who were enjoying the sunshine.

They walked passed the enormous statue of Paul Bunyan, and Richie looked up at it with a scowl. He had always hated that enormous statue and its creepy dead stare. They walked through the few trees at the end of the park and walked onto the road of the kissing bridge.

"We could go to the Barrens?" Richie shrugged, "I doubt any of the gang are there."

"The bridge is good." Eddie looked up at the old red barnwood that covered the bridge and licked his soft serve.

"Here." Richie pulled Eddie closer and they sat on the fence that was just outside of the bridge.

"It's nice." Eddie took a bite of his cone, "Quiet."

Richie nodded in agreement and stared down at his shoes, "So it's almost Halloween, are you still going to Bill's party?"

"Of course. I already have a costume." Eddie grinned as he nibbled on the sugar cone.

Richie looked up in surprise, "Really?"

"Don't you?" Eddie frowned, "Aren't you dressing up?"

"Oh..." Richie smiled as he remembered his costume, "I didn't need to get anything, I already had all the pieces I need."

Eddie rolled his eyes, "Going as yourself isn't a costume."

"I'm not going as myself." Richie stated cryptically, "Won't tell you though."

"Know what any of the guys are doing yet?"

"Nah," Richie shrugged, "I have no idea. Bill said that he wanted to be a clown but I don't think he will."

"Wouldn't surprise me." Eddie chuckled, "Good thing he isn't though."

Our group already has a clown."

"Who- Hey!" Richie looked up at Eddie to see his small grin as he took another bite, "You little bitch."

"Eat me, Tozier."

"Don't try me. Right here right now." Richie scowled and Eddie looked up at him with innocent eyes before he licked his ice cream slowly.

"Do it then, Richie. I dare you." Eddie threatened simply and Richie opened his mouth to speak before he shut it again and licked his ice cream, "That's what I thought."

"Shut up. The only reason I'm not bending you over right now is because I don't want the whole town to see you being a slutbag." Richie snorted and Eddie went pink, licking his cone in silence.

They looked up at the roaring sound of an engine. A familiar engine that had them both tense and alert like two meerkats. They looked to the source of the sound that was coming from out of town towards the bridge.

"Oh, fuck." Richie hissed, his ice cream dropped from his hand as he froze in genuine fear.

"Richie, we gotta go!" Eddie tugged on Richie's shirt to pull him but he didn't move.

The blue Trans-am was speeding towards them at an alarming rate. Richie finally jumped up and off of the fence and they turned to run through the bridge when the car spun around them to block them off. Richie came to a skidding halt at the side of the car and stared down at Patrick Hockstetter with wide eyes.

"Well, well, well boys." Bowers stood up in the passenger seat and looked at Eddie and Richie with a sneer, "What do we have here? A couple'a cock-sucking flamers."

"Fuck off, Bowers." Richie stepped in front of Eddie, "Leave us alone."

"Oh, now you see..." Bowers climbed out of the car and walked slowly across the hood, his switchblade twirling in his fingers, "We can't do that."

"Yeah." Patrick crooned as he climbed out of the driver's seat, an action that had Richie stumbling back with Eddie behind him. Richie gave Patrick a warning snarl.

"Can't believe a faggot like you became an alpha." Bowers came to a stop in front of Richie and looked up at him. Despite the fact that Richie was taller, Bowers was definitely stronger and he had the leaner muscle to show it. The red muscle top was definitely a striking point in that arena.

"Well, fucking fight me and find out." Richie scowled and Eddie let out a whine at the idea. The sound instantly shifted Henry's focus from the alpha to the omega and his dark blue eyes darted.

"Oh, now here's the freak. Hey, knotslut. You couldn't find an alpha that wanted you so you fuck the first alpha you find?" Bowers taunted with a head nod at Richie, "Fucking figures."

"Leave him the fuck alone." Richie growled, his fists curling.

"Oh, are you brave, alpha-bitch?" Belch sneered as his heavy weight climbed out of the car and he went to stand beside Patrick who was leaning against the car with a wicked grin.

Richie was about to open his mouth to reply when Henry's fist collided with Richie's jaw and the force was enough to have him spinning and toppling onto the asphalt.

Eddie yelped out as Belch and Patrick grabbed him and held him against the wooden wall of the bridge as Henry kicked Richie in the stomach with his boots. The pain that shot through Richie was immeasurable, his organs throbbing and he could feel at least two of his ribs cracking immensely .

His glasses were also gone, having skittered across the road from the first blow to his face.

Eddie kicked and tried to get free but he was no match for the two

betas that were holding him. Bowers dropped down to Richie and held him down, punching and effectively breaking his nose.

Richie spat blood instantly, the blood filling his mouth with a disgusting iron taste as his nose throbbed with pain and almost itched at the snap of cartilage.

Eddie screamed out when he saw the blood on Richie's face and the sound instantly caught Henry's attention. He shook his fist to crack his knuckles and looked at Eddie.

"Oh, you think you're off the hook? You're a bigger freak than he is? Just because he doesn't deserve to be an alpha doesn't mean shit. You're a fucking mutant queer." Henry nodded at the two of his goons who then threw Eddie to the floor.

Bowers pushed Richie's glasses up onto his broken nose, making the alpha cry out at the numbing pain. He pushed Richie's head to the side, "Bet you wanna see how an omega should be treated, faggot?"

Eddie was pushed onto his knees and he hissed at the asphalt that scraped his knees. Belch laughed as he held Eddie's arms out behind him and Patrick slapped Eddie with full force. Richie writhed under Henry to get out but the topped alpha was way too strong.

Eddie's head was pushed into Patrick's crotch, his face being forcibly ground into as Eddie grimaced and tried to get away.

Belch guffawed oafishly, "Bet he likes it, huh Patrick?"

"He's an omega. Of course he does." Patrick laughed and aimed a kick at Eddie, his steel-toed boot connecting with Eddie's ribs. The sharp blow had Eddie toppling over with a groan.

Patrick climbed onto Eddie as his arms were held down and Eddie began to kick and scream, his eyes wide as the tall beta began to grind on him. His fanny pack was ripped at the strap and thrown aside carelessly, the sound of tearing fabric was a roar in the echoing tunnel.

All three members of Bowers' gang were laughing, howling menacingly as Henry held Richie's head down to force him to watch.

Eddie couldn't move from the grip on his forearms, the beta on top of him drooling and grinning as he stared down at the omega. Richie tried to wriggle free when a knife was pushed against his throat.

"Look how he likes it!" Belch taunted as Patrick flipped Eddie over onto the road. Eddie winced, the tears flowing in heavy tracks down his face. Eddie's hips were pulled up and his ass was pushed against by Patrick. The two betas were shouting slurs at Eddie, four hands manhandling and pushing him.

Eddie could barely breathe, his chest constricted not only because he had a large shin on his back to push him down but he was panicking so much that his lungs had forgotten how to function. His brain was screaming out in terror at the thought of what they were going to do. He didn't want to even think of the word, his mind instantly flashing back to what they did to Adrian last year.

The pushing was getting to the point that it was breaching the point of agony and Eddie was so sure that something inside of him was going to snap. It was a sudden twist in the wrong direction from Belch Huggins that had Eddie's forearm bones snap.

He screamed out, the tears spilling out automatically as a white hot pain shot through his body in heavy waves. The two betas burst into raucous laughter at Eddie's torment.

Eddie's arm went numb despite the intense thrumming that was so deep down it was in his soul. He sobbed out, his eyes squeezing shut when he saw Richie's bloodied face again.

"Let him go!" Richie screamed and kicked up against Bowers as Eddie cried out, his head lifted and pushed back down into the paving.

"Do it, Patrick! Do it!" Belch jeered in his usual barbaric tone that seemed way too enthusiastic.

Patrick grabbed onto Eddie's shirt to lift it up and Richie managed to pull one of his arms free. He lifted it up and slammed the heel of his hand into Henry's nose.

Henry screamed out and rolled over, clutching his nose. Richie

scrambled up and grabbed the switchblade before he stuck it into Patrick's shoulder.

The scream that left Patrick was loud and bloodcurdling. Richie brought Belch's head down into his knee and threw him over.

"Eddie!" Richie yelled and helped the omega up as Patrick started panicking and tried to pull the knife from his back, "We have to go!"

Eddie scrambled up and they both began to run, dodging passed the car and around towards the closest place they knew. They both climbed over the fence, hearing Henry scream after them, and they ran down the hill at a fast pace that almost bowled them over.

They got down to the river and ran along the gravel and stones of the Barrens, looking for the large gnarled tree that was a marker for their secret space.

Richie's immoderately strong hearing could still pick up on Bowers and Patrick as they got to the fence.

Richie took a left and grabbed at the handle of their old childhood clubhouse and pulled the door up.

Eddie climbed in, throwing one last glance towards the river before he jumped in. Richie climbed down the ladder and closed the roof down above him, plunging them both into darkness.

He got into the underground clubhouse and looked around, squinting and panting. He clutched at his nose suddenly, remembering the pain despite the adrenaline that was coursing through him.

"Eds?" He called out in a whisper and looked around in the dark, "Eddie?"

Richie walked into the dusty clubhouse and looked again when he saw Eddie curled up on the ground in a ball against one of the support pillars.

"God, Eddie." Richie came closer and went down on his knees beside the quivering omega. Eddie scooted away slightly without looking up, his knees against his chest with his head buried in his arms.

Richie could hear Eddie's breathing so loudly in the clubhouse that he was genuinely worried about the possibility of Bowers hearing them from outside.

"Eds..." Richie whispered, "Eddie, c'mon. Sit up. You can't breathe when you're all curly."

"Go away." Eddie sniffed and balled himself tighter against the column. Richie blanched at the comment but remained unmoved.

"C'mon, Eds."

"No! I said no okay!" Eddie sat up and pushed Richie over, the alpha toppled a little and looked up as Eddie stood, cradling his arm, "Don't fucking tell me what to do! Don't fucking say a fucking thing! I can't fucking believe this is still fucking happening! Look at me- Look at you!"

Richie got up and reached out to Eddie, "Eddie please-"

"No! I fucking said no! They beat the shit out of us and tried to fucking rape me, Richie! They broke my fucking arm! Look at the fucking mess! And I- You-" Eddie began to gulp for air, his body heaving as the air just wouldn't take. He went to reach for his middle where his inhaler would usually be.

His eyes went wide and he looked down and back up, the realization hitting him as he clearly remembered his fanny pack being torn and thrown away.

"Oh god. Oh god. Oh fuck- Fuck-" He started trembling as he panted quickly, his breathing picking up into a stuttered and raspy uneven bar, "Rich, my bag- My- All of-"

Richie pulled Eddie closer and pulled the spare inhaler from his shirt pocket. He took Eddie by the jaw and opened his mouth to put the inhaler between his lips. He gave the aspirator a squeeze and Eddie inhaled shakily.

"Just breathe, okay?" Richie whispered as Eddie took in another heavy puff from his inhaler and then took it from Richie, his eyes wide.

"You- You had one?" Eddie whispered, his eyebrows knitting, "Why?"

"For this exact reason. Just in case you lost yours." Richie shrugged, "Well, not this exact scenario. Less blood and less broken bones and-"

"Richard, shut up." Eddie whispered as he cradled his arm against his chest, "I can't fucking wait for this to heal."

"I'm so sorry." Richie sighed, the simple act making his ribs ache tremendously and his entire face wince.

"Fuck. They're gonna find us. Why did we come down here? We're trapped down here. Richie- I- I can't- They were gonna-"

"Eddie-"

"They were going to fucking rape me, Richard! Because I'm an omega! Because I'm gay! And now they know about us! Richie, we are so fucked! I can't believe..." Eddie's voice rose in volume with each exclamation but Richie's ears were tuning in on something else.

He could hear boots crunching on gravel a few yards away. The heavy crunch and two softer but more determined gaits. Richie's eyes widened when he realized that Bowers was still looking for him.

"...And now I'm fucking hiding in this fucking hellhole with god knows what!" Eddie sobbed out and wrapped an arm around himself as he shook, his face twisted into genuine torment.

Richie didn't say a word as he grabbed Eddie and pressed the omega into his chest to stifle Eddie's screaming. He held Eddie's body close to his and looked up at the trapdoor. Eddie was instantly silent, his sob being cut off as he was taken in.

Richie shushed Eddie, a hand on the omega's head. He looked up at the ceiling of their clubhouse and he could hear the crunch of boots on stones above them.

"Where did they go?" Henry snarled and Eddie shuddered out a terrified whimper.

"I don't know!" Patrick yelped back and Henry let out a warning

growl.

"Find them! I swear to God, I'm gonna kill them both!" Henry screamed out and Richie grimaced and held Eddie closer, trying to stifle his own terrified breathing.

Richie could hear their footsteps receding as they continued their search above ground. Richie exhaled with shaky relief as he physically relaxed a few moments later.

"I think they're gone." Richie breathed out, "Thank fuck."

Richie dropped his arms slowly but Eddie didn't budge from his spot against Richie and stayed close to him. Richie looked down at Eddie before he took him by the shoulders and sat him down on the sofa. Richie sat on the other side of the sofa nearby, watching Eddie curl up in silence, keeping himself as small he was physically able to.

"Eds." Richie reached out and put his hand on Eddie's leg, the omega flinched and moved from the touch, curling away from the alpha, "Eddie?"

Eddie didn't respond and pulled his legs in closer, his body still trembling.

"What is it?" Richie frowned and blinked, realizing that he could barely see in the dark as it was but now his glasses were missing and it was starting to show. The lupine adrenaline was wearing off and it was taking away any extra abilities that had surged in his body, eyesight and all.

"Don't touch me." Eddie whispered barely above a whisper, "Don't ever touch me."

"Okay..." Richie replied quietly and reached out, taking Eddie's shoulders to pull him down until the omega was wrapped in Richie's arms and kept safe, "How's that?"

Eddie didn't reply and lay there, still curled up against Richie on the dusty sofa. The breath that left him was shaky and Richie realized that Eddie was crying. Richie was instantly nervous when he figured it out.

Usually when Eddie cried, Richie would hold him and comfort him but in this instance, Richie was sure that the last thing Eddie wanted was to be touched.

Richie lay there with Eddie and kept his hands in place in Eddie's arm and back. For some reason, there was a difference between holding Eddie and touching Eddie. Richie seemed to understand that Eddie wanted to be held, not touched.

He could do that.

He would do that.

For as long as it takes to make it better.

17. Chapter 17

Richie was laying on his bed, listening to the soft sounds of a cassette tape that Eddie had chosen to play. His eyes were closed and he was trying to drown out the sounds of his parents bickering.

He was also trying to make the space as comfortable as possible while he and Eddie healed from their wounds. Especially Eddie, who had been on and off sobbing all afternoon while his broken arm fused back together.

Eddie stirred from his nap and Richie looked down at the omega on his chest. Eddie turned onto his stomach and looked up at Richie with wide eyes.

"Hi."

"How are you?" Eddie asked in a quiet voice and the question made Richie frown.

"Me?" Richie frowned, "You're the one who got hurt."

"So were you." Eddie sat up in his elbow, "You got beat to shit, Richard."

Richie shrugged and looked back up at the ceiling through his broken glasses. He was glad that when he and Eddie went back through the bridge that their belongings were still there. Bowers had given Richie his glasses back but Eddie's fanny pack had been thrown away. Richie had rescued the poor fanny pack for Eddie, who had then sat and sewed it once they were in the safety of Richie's house.

"I said I'm fine." Richie urged as Eddie sat up, looking anxious.

"Just because our bruises and bones heal fast and the physical scars are gone, doesn't mean that we aren't still hurt inside." Eddie stated simply, "My arm is already healed from this afternoon, but does that mean that I'm over what happened? Fuck no."

Richie looked away from Eddie's earnest gaze, his heart picking up in pace. His eyes stung with tears that betrayed his usual cool exterior.

"Richie..." Eddie shuffled closer on his knees as Richie sat himself up, "It's okay to not be okay. Just because you're an alpha, it doesn't mean you always have to be strong."

Richie looked down at his lap, the omega's words resonating in his head and bouncing off his skull like a paddle-ball. His hot and salty tears rolled down his cheeks as he exhaled shakily and threw his glasses onto the bed.

Eddie let out a soft, sympathetic whimper and came in, wrapping his arms around Richie. The touch only made Richie cry harder and latch onto his best friend.

"It's okay." Eddie whispered as he ran his hands through Richie's curls to soothe him, "You're okay."

Richie let out a small sob, his eyes scrunching closed as more tears fell down his cheeks. He exhaled shakily and held Eddie close, taking in the honey scent that began clouding his head and comforting him.

Eddie continued his whispered cooing, his soft voice whispering gentle thoughts into Richie's ear. All Eddie could do was sit there and hold him and hope that he would be okay. Richie's brain wouldn't switch off and his mind was flashing with brutal images of everything that had happened. He had never felt so guilty and broken in his entire life.

"Please be okay." Eddie's voice sounded shaky as though, he too, were on the verge of tears. And he was, his soft omega emotions were tipping over at the sight of his strong alpha being so vulnerable.

It took ages for Richie to stop crying, his tears stopped falling despite his body still hiccupping with every painful breath he took.

"It's okay, Richie." Eddie sat back and took Richie's head in his hands, wiping his tears. Richie's cheeks flooded with a red tinge that was akin to shame for him.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to cry. I was just- I got emotional thinking about the last time I had sex with your mom." Richie wiped his tears on the back of his hand when Eddie let out a snort.

"Good God, Richie. Now? Really?"

"Yes really." Richie nodded, "It was filthy and-"

"Beep beep." Eddie whispered and leaned in to give Richie's forehead a soft kiss as Richie fiddled with Eddie's fingers in a delicate fashion, "I have to go soon."

"Mrs. K coming to pick you up?" Richie asked as Eddie got up and began collecting his belongings, "I'm surprised you haven't been collected yet. She hasn't seen you in over a week."

"She's probably on her way already." Eddie began putting on his shoes, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"No doubt." Richie smiled. He heard the phone ring in the kitchen and his father answered it.

"Rich!"

"Yeah, Pop?" Richie called out and got up from bed to open the door.

"Bill's on the phone for you!"

"Coming!" Richie yelled back at his father and looked at Eddie, "I'll be right back."

Eddie smiled and waved Richie off as he sat back on Richie's bed. Richie smiled back before he walked out of his bedroom and across the landing before he descended the stairs.

He walked into the kitchen and took the receiver from his dad, putting it to his ear.

"Hey, Billiam. What's up?"

"Richie..." Bill barely croaked over the receiver, his voice seemed higher in pitch and strained with anxiety.

"What happened?"

"Thuh-They saw us." Bill spoke suddenly, "Suh-Stan and I were ow-

out at the puh-park for his buh-buh-birds and he leaned in to kuh-kiss me and suh-suh-someone saw us, Rich. Suh-Someone from his kuh-congregation or something, suh-someone who nuh-nuh-knew his duh-dad."

"Oh, fuck." Richie put a hand to his forehead, his stomach lurching, "How's Stan?"

"He's fuh-fuh-fucking luh-losing it. He's been pah-panicking all duh-day. So huh-have I, Ruh-Rich. I kuh-kuh-can't lose him." Bill's voice cracked, "I duh-don't know wuh-wuh-what to do."

"Dude..." Richie breathed out, an awkward bubble in his chest because he had no idea what to say in this moment, especially over the phone.

"Uh-Uh-Are you buh-busy?"

"Right now?" Richie asked when he heard the loud rumble of a station wagon pull up outside. The car was definitely Sonia's old yellow car and from the streetlight outside, Richie could see the large woman behind the wheel.

"Eddie, dear!" Maggie called up the stairs, "Your mother is here!"

"Coming, Mrs. Tozier!" Eddie called back and Richie smiled, turning back into the phone.

"I can meet you somewhere if you wanna get out the house." Richie shrugged as he heard Eddie coming down the stairs.

"Muh-Muh-Meet at the puh-park?" Bill asked, "In about tuh-tuh-ten minutes."

"Got it." Richie hung up and looked at Eddie in the doorway.

"You okay?" Eddie asked as he adjusted his backpack.

"Yeah, I'm meeting Bill at the park in ten. He's had a bad day." Richie stated as he pulled Eddie into a hug, "I'll see you tomorrow or something?"

"Of course." Eddie promised and turned to kiss Richie swiftly on the cheek when they were sure that no one was looking, "Gotta go."

"Please do before Sonia has a fucking embolism." Richie laughed when he heard the car horn beeping irritably outside. Eddie ran out of the house and down the drive. He climbed into the car and Richie watched them drive away from the kitchen window.

Richie grabbed his coat from the hook on the kitchen wall and slid it on before he looked into the living room at his mother.

"Gonna go and see Bill for a few minutes, he's had a bad day." Richie shrugged, "That okay, ma?"

"Don't be out too late." Maggie warned, "Alpha or not, you're still my boy."

"Yes, mom." Richie grinned and walked out of the front door. He shrugged his jacket on even further up on his neck and shoved his hands into his pockets as he walked down Witcham Street towards the town centre.

Richie adjusted his broken glasses on his nose as the wind blew his hair in a gentle but crisp breeze. He looked at Bill's house as he passed it, looking at the lights that were on, all except Bill's bedroom at the top right.

He pushed onward as he got to the end of the street a few moments later where he turned left onto Jackson and continued his tracks.

He turned right onto Kansas street and then through an alley onto Canal street. He looked across the empty road at the park that was dimly lit. He jogged across the road and walked across the grass to where Bill was sitting at one of the picnic tables.

"We live in the same street, we could have walked together." Richie announced as he plopped down across from Bill.

"I wuh-wasn't home." Bill whispered, still not looking up as he toyed with a paperclip in between his shaky finger, "I wuh-wuh-was with Stan."

"So, what did I miss?"

"We were huh-huh-here today and he was buh-busy looking for some buh-buh-bird in his buh-buh-book and I was writing duh-dumb shuh-shit in my juh-journal." Bill began, "And there was no one uh-around in the puh-park so he kuh-kuh-kissed me and we huh-heard a kuh-car stuh-start and we looked up and I saw Mr. Buh-Buh-Burman from Mr Uris' tuh-temple. He was luh-luh-looking straight at us, Rich. He luh-luh-looked muh-me in the eye. He looked duh-duh-disgusted."

"What then?"

"We ruh-ran off after thuh-that and muh-muh-met up in the Buh-Barrens a while later, and Stan was fuh-freaking out. His dad was at the tuh-temple all duh-day and he pruh-pruh-probably knows and I duh-don't want to guh-guh-go home and fuh-face my fuh-folks just in kuh-case they were tuh-tuh-told."

"Remind me again..." Richie frowned, "Why is it so bad that you're together?"

"Well, buh-buh-besides the oh-oh-obvious fact thuh-that we're buh-both men." Bill scoffed, "He's Juh-Juh-Jewish and I'm Kuh-Catholic. He's a buh-beta and I'm an uh-alpha. We're guh-guh-gay. We're yuh-young. We're muh-mated already."

"Oh, yeah. Yeah that definitely won't fly in Derry." Richie pursed his lips, "I can't believe you're mated with Stan. That's like being married but with DNA not with papers."

"I know." Bill replied and pulled out a small bottle of whiskey that he had clearly stolen from somewhere. He unscrewed the top and took a large sip. His face scrunched up at the taste, but he took another large gulp before he offered the bottle to Richie.

"What the hell." Richie whispered as he took the small hip bottle and took a sip, the amber liquid was fiery and intense and it made his throat burn. He swallowed hard, letting out a panted breath, "Fucking hell."

"I duh-don't know wuh-what to do." Bill took another sip, grunting at

the burn in his throat, "I luh-luh-love him with eh-eh-every fiber I have in my buh-buh-body. Even muh-more nuh-now that we're muh-mated. We're kuh-kuh-connected and I duh-don't want to chuh-change that. He's huh-who I want, even if it's not suh-suh-supposed to be that wuh-way."

"Well, just lay low until..." Richie took a third swig of whiskey, "Until it blows over. See each other in secret like Eds and I. Until you can fuck off out of this place."

"It's nuh-not that ee-easy." Bill snorted, "I don't thuh-thuh-think we'll eh-ever get to luh-leave this puh-place. And Stan... His duh-dad is juh-juh-just... His duh-dad is a reh-reh-reputable muh-man in the kuh-kuh-community and his suh-son is some muh-muh-mated beta fuh-fag."

Richie winced at the harsh venom in Bill's voice and looked around them at the dark park.

He saw someone walking towards them from the alley that connected Canal street and he squinted through the crack in his glasses, "Who is that?"

Bill turned and looked in the direction and back at Richie, "It's Eh-Eddie."

Richie jumped up, "What?!" He clambered out of the picnic bench and looked up as Eddie crossed the street and walked onto the grass. Richie looked at Bill and then ran to Eddie, pulling him into their small huddle with haste, "Eddie, what the hell?"

"I-I had to find you." Eddie whispered, "I had a fight with my mom and-..."

"Why the fuck are you walking out here at night?" Richie lectured sternly as he checked Eddie for fresh wounds, "You could have been hurt, asshole!"

"Shut up. I can take care of myself." Eddie pulled his arm from Richie's grasp and sat down at the bench, "Hey, Big Bill."

"Huh-Huh-Hey, Eh-Eddie." Bill greeted sullenly, "You..." He looked

up, "Wuh-What happened to you?"

Richie's head shot up as he looked at Bill who was scrutinizing Eddie, "What? Why?"

"His suh-suh-scent... It's muh-mixed with muh-muh-metal." Bill narrowed his eyes, "So is Ruh-Ruh-Richie's smell. What huh-happened to you two?"

"What does metal smell mean?" Eddie frowned and looked between the two alphas.

"It muh-means that yuh-your buh-buh-bodies have ruh-recently had to heal." Bill explained, "What wuh-was it?"

Richie let out a growl as Eddie flinched, "Bowers."

Bill let out a small and impatient snarl, "The buh-buh-bullshit he guh-gets away with is fuh-fuh-fucking amazing."

"It's because we heal that he doesn't get hit with any repercussions." Eddie scowled, "If it helps, Richie stabbed Patrick today."

Bill smiled slightly, "I huh-hope it huh-hurt."

"Not as much as it should have after what he did to Eddie. I swear to motherfuck-" Richie seethed when Eddie cut him off by putting a hand on his.

"Don't. It's over now. And it didn't go any further. I'm fine." Eddie reassured and saw Bill's questioning gaze, "They... They tried to take advantage of me."

Bill remained silent as he took another heavy gulp of whiskey, his body trembling with a pure rage that seemed to be physically exuding from his skin in waves.

It seemed to affect Richie as well, the secondary alpha seemed to be growling under his breath, his mind flashed with the fresh memories of Eddie's crying screams.

"I'm gonna fucking kill him." Richie bristled heatedly as he took a sip

of the whiskey.

"Don't start this." Eddie whispered calmly, giving Richie's shaking hand a squeeze, "Please. Not now."

"Eh-Eddie," Bill interrupted as the omega looked at him, "He huh-hurt you."

"It doesn't matter. I don't care. They're not worth it. We all have bigger problems in our life to deal with than high school bullies who can't move on."

"Tuh-True." Bill looked down glumly, "Don't nuh-nuh-need to tuh-tell me twice."

"What happened to you?" Eddie frowned as Richie lit up a cigarette and took a long drag that was sorely needed.

"Suh-Stan and I were kuh-caught out." Bill shrugged, "We're buh-buh-both juh-just on eh-edge."

"Oh..." Eddie frowned, "Of course. Your stutter seems a lot worse than it has been in a long time."

"Isn't your mom looking for you?" Richie glanced at Eddie as he changed the subject when Bill outwardly grimaced, "What did you argue about?"

"She found out what happened today and wanted to take me to the hospital." Eddie scoffed, "I told her I was fine but she almost tried to wrestle me into the car."

"It's a miracle you got away."

18. Chapter 18

Richie propped his bicycle up against the outside of the Denbrough household and looked up at the vast melange of decorations that they had put up. It was littered with ghosts and spiders and all sorts of creepy critters. He grinned happily as a few kids were receiving candy from Sharon Denbrough, who was dressed as a witch.

He marched past the kids who were walking down the pathway and got to the door, knocking on the open door. Sharon looked at him with a smirk.

"Trick or treat, ma'am." Richie grinned and lifted the bottom of his t-shirt up to create a small basket.

"Bill and the others are downstairs in the cellar." Sharon stated with a grin before giving him a small piece of chocolate, "Go on before I curse you."

Richie hurried passed her and stopped in the hallway, looking in to see Zack Denbrough in the living room, watching television and dressed as a vampire with his salt-and-pepper hair slicked back with a long black cape draped over his broad shoulders.

Richie marched down the hallway and opened the door to the cellar when he was hit with the loud sound of music. He marched down the wooden steps, his boots stomping loudly.

He got to the bottom few steps and stood there with his hands on hips, looking at his friends who were scattered around.

Mike was sitting on a beanbag chair in the corner dressed as a gory Jason from Friday the 13th. He had on a long dirty coat over some ripped clothing and a yellowed hockey mask on his head. Richie had to admit that it was a really cool costume idea.

Beside him was Ben on the floor, leaning against the beanbag with his back. His usual blond hair was strayed black and slicked back, he had a thin pencil mustache drawn over his lip and he was dressed in a black and white striped suit with a cigar between his lips. Richie

wasn't quite sure who he was meant to be until he saw Bev dressed in a skintight, gothic black dress with a long black wig with bright red lips. They were most likely Morticia and Gomez Addams.

Bill was sitting with them, dressed in a tan jumpsuit with a large silver ghost tank on his back. A Ghostbuster. Richie grinned at the costume and the nostalgia it brought.

In the opposite corner of the room was Bev as Morticia, sitting next to Stanley who was dressed as a boy scout in his tan shorts and tan shirt with his hat and scarf and all of his badges. He also had a bird book as usual.

Sitting in the semicircle with Stan and Bev was Eddie who was in a red and white striped sweater and a matching beanie. He had on a pair of blue jeans and brown shoes as well as a pair of black glasses. He was Where's Waldo.

They all looked up at Richie with varying degrees of a grin from a simple smile on Stan's part to a wide grin from Bev and Eddie.

"Where's your costume, Trashmouth?" Stan called out, "You wearing your regular clothes?"

Richie looked down with a scowl, "I'm wearing a costume."

"Really?" Bev smirked, "I dunno... Hawaiian shirts and weird pants are your wheelhouse, Rich."

"I'm Ace Ventura." Richie looked down at his chunky boots, his red and black striped pants, his white vest and his Hawaiian shirt, "Clearly."

"Are you shuh-shuh-sure?" Bill tilted his head, "You luh-luh-look like yuh-you."

"God damn it." Richie scowled, taking his glasses off, "How's this?"

"Buh-Better." Bill grinned, "A luh-lot better."

"I like it." Eddie smiled as Richie jumped over the last few steps and into the cellar.

Richie looked at the two groups that had formed and he frowned, looking at Bill who was his best friend and then Eddie who was his boyfriend.

He threw Bill a sympathetic glance that he knew Bill would understand and he sat down beside Eddie.

"Yo, Kaspbrak." Richie grinned and leaned in, playfully kissing Eddie on the cheek before he looked at Bev, "Marsh."

"Lookin' sharp, Trashmouth." Bev grinned and ran a hand through her wig, "Solve any animal cases?"

"Oh yeah." Richie waved a hand, "I just found a cougar on the loose. It was Eddie's mother, I found her in my pa-"

"Richie!" Eddie slapped his arm with the back of his hand, glaring at Richie from behind his rounded glasses, "That's fucking awful."

Beverly snickered behind her hand as Richie sat smugly grinning and grabbed a mini candy bar from one of the nearby bowls. He leaned over to Beverly, "Can I talk to you a sec?"

"Oh, sure." Beverly got up with Richie as Bill went to change the cassette tape in the stereo.

They stepped away from the rest of their group and Richie took her by the shoulder and turned her, "So... Why the rift?"

"Oh..." She grimaced as she lit up a cigarette, "Stan and Bill are... Well, it's awkward. They're too afraid to be together even if it's just us. So they're not wanting to split us up as a group but... The guys are picking sides."

"Oh..." Richie grimaced, "Why are they picking, though? No one did anything wrong."

"No, it's not like that." Beverly took another drag before she handed half of the Marlboro to Richie, "It's more like... Bill and Stan are trying to distance themselves until the heat dies down. And the guys are gravitating towards whoever they're closest to. But it isn't easy. Eddie has moved between Bill and Stan so many times, it's a wonder

he hasn't developed a complex."

"Eddie is a complex." Richie snorted as he looked over at his boyfriend with a grin, "Dumbass."

"I don't know what's going to happen." Beverly whispered as Richie took in a deep inhale of his cigarette, "It's looking bad, Rich."

"Fuck..." Richie whispered as he took Beverly and walked over to the small table of snacks. He opened a can of coke and slipped the cigarette between her lips with his fingers, "Is there anything we can do? This party is more awkward than me."

Beverly let out a loud snort into her cup of punch and glanced at Richie with her blue eyes sparkling, "Good one. For once."

"The fuck you mean 'for once'." Richie gave her a warning snarl as he put her against the wall, looking down at her, "I'm fucking hilarious, Marsh. Watch yourself."

She grinned up at him from under her fake lashes, taking a drag from her cigarette, "Don't start that with me, Rich. You know I'd win."

"Someone's cocky." Richie snorted and took a sip of his punch before he grimaced, "Ew. This is disgusting."

"Why?" Beverly smiled, "No one spiked it."

"That's the problem." Richie wandered back over to the table and pulled a bottle from his pants pockets. He stared Beverly directly in the face, looking her in the eye as he tipped the bottle over and emptied the contents into the punch. She stared at the empty vodka flask and at him with wide eyes.

"Stan is gonna kill you." She whispered quietly.

"Everyone! Let's play some spin the bottle!" Richie yelled out as he held up the small bottle that he had just emptied, "Everyone in a circle!"

Richie heard groans and protests from everyone in the room but no one seemed to genuinely stop as they gathered in a circle in the

middle of the cellar.

"Do we really have to play spin the bottle?" Stan groaned, "What about something else?"

"Like what?" Bev asked as she sat down beside him with a smile as Ben sat on her other side.

"Truth or dare." Eddie grinned and looked around. Richie sat beside Eddie, then Bill, then Ben and Bev, then Stan and Mike on the other side of Eddie. They were all in a haphazardly small circle, "Ben. Truth or dare?"

"Truth." Ben grinned and Eddie tapped his chin, his lips pursed in thought.

"What's your favorite sex position?" Eddie grinned childishly and everyone let out a low 'oooh' to look between blushing Ben and smug Bev.

"I... Dare." Ben replied as he looked like he was about to swallow his cigar or hoping the world would swallow him up.

"Alright." Richie interrupted, "I dare you to answer Eddie's question."

Ben let out a loud groan and hid his head behind Bev's shoulder, "I'm not answering."

"Don't be a square, Haystack." Richie laughed as he lit up a cigarette and took a drag, inhaling the smoke into his lungs, "It's a simple question."

"I like having her on top, alright?" Ben went ruddy in the face as Richie and Bill roared with laughter, doubling over as Bev consoled her boyfriend despite the giggle that kept leaving her.

"It's your turn to ask someone, Benny." Stan smiled, "Who's next?"

Ben cleared his throat and sat up, "Richie."

"Oh damn." Richie adjusted his legs on the floor, "I had that coming."

"Truth or dare, Trashmouth."

"Truth is for pussies." Richie snorted, inhaling his cigarette and he exhaled a large plume of blue smoke before he leaned in and handed the cigarette to Bev, "Dare me, Benny."

"I dare you..." Ben looked around, "Oh. Yeah. I dare you to kiss Bill."

"Ah, picking on the gays. Nice one, straight boy." Richie looked at Bill beside him and he grinned, wiggling his eyebrows. Bill merely leaned in, kissing Richie deeply, his head turning as his tongue invaded Richie's mouth. Richie instantly kissed back, his eyes closing, as he leaned in to chase Bill's tongue with insistency.

They pulled apart and Richie grinned, "Nicely done, Big Bill. Tastes like peanut butter cups."

"You taste like a raspberry ashtray." Bill grimaced and Eddie let out a yelping laugh as Richie scowled.

"Sounds about right." Richie whispered and looked around, rubbing his hands together wickedly, "Hmmm... Homeschool, truth or dare, my good sir?"

"Truth." Mike smiled and out his mask down over his face, "I'm ready."

"Boring." Richie scowled, "Okay. Who did you pop your cherry with?"

Everyone turned to look at Mike with wide eyes. It was one of the things that Mike refused to talk about with the group and he always changed the subject when it was brought up.

"Of course." Mike whispered, "I lost my virginity when I was fifteen. With a girl I had met when I went with my uncle to Bangor."

"A likely story." Richie narrowed his eyes, "What's her name?"

"Penelope." Mike shrugged, "She was twenty."

Richie a jaw dropped with as everyone else let out loud gasps and whistles, "I'm not the only one who likes cougars apparently."

"Beep beep." Eddie nudged Richie pointedly and looked at Mike, "How was it?"

"Amazing. Now... It's my turn." Mike looked around, "Stan. Truth or dare?"

"Oh no." Stan groaned, "End me now. Dare."

"Fucking brave, Staniel. Well done." Richie gave Stan a thumbs up that Stan rolled his eyes at. He looked at Mike.

"Okay..." Mike looked around, "I dare you to chug a glass of Richie's spiked punch."

"Oh, the plot thickens like Eddie's mom's-"

"Richie shut up." Eddie groaned out in exasperation, slapping Richie's thigh, "Fucking hell."

"Bite me, Kaspbrak."

"I would but I don't like the taste of literal bullshit." Eddie scowled as they watched Stan get up and pour himself a cup of punch before he began chugging it down.

Stan's face twisted in disgust as he finished the cup of punch, gasping for air as the vodka clearly seemed to burn his throat.

"That's abysmal." Stan set the cup down and he looked at Mike, "Happy?"

"Very. How do you feel?" Mike grinned and Stan walked back over and sat down.

"Eddie," Stan looked at Eddie, "Truth or dare?"

"Truth." Eddie smiled and looked at the beta close to him, "Lay it on me, Uris."

"Tell us about Richie's dick." Stan shrugged, "We all know you guys hooked up once when you went on heat. How was it?"

Once.

Richie eyed Bill, who looked back at him with a smug smirk but remained silent. Eddie's face went a soft pink in the cheeks as he glanced up at Richie and cleared his throat.

"Oh, um..." Eddie flippantly waved a dismissive hand, "It was fine."

"I beg the fuck out of your pardon?" Richie interrupted, poking Eddie's shoulder incessantly until the omega let out a sigh and looked up at him, "My dick is just fine?"

"Oh snap." Bev whispered, "Talk about thickening plots."

"I hope you're not getting too dizzy there, Trashmouth." Ben added, "Because of how fast the tables have turned."

"Eat a dick, Haystack." Richie replied without looking at Ben, his eyes still boring down on Eddie, "C'mon then."

"I just... I didn't want to say anything too detailed. It's private." Eddie gushed and looked down, "It's more than fine."

"Oh, damn." Bev grinned, "Juicy details."

Eddie groaned and looked at Bev with a small scowl, "It was wonderful, okay? Better than anything I've ever had in my life."

"Thuh-Thanks, Eh-Eddie." Bill added in and leaned passed Richie, "That muh-means a luh-lot."

Eddie groaned even more and covered his face in his hands before he flipped back onto the ground to hide himself as everyone laughed.

"Your half a boner isn't helping your cause, omega." Richie added in, "I can't help it if I'm a great lay. It was in the cards since my conception."

"Your giant head was also in the cards and all it does is make me feel sorry for your mother." Stan quipped in, "Eddie, when you're done having multiple crises, it's your turn."

"Bev," Eddie raised an arm and pointed at her, "T or D?"

"Big ol' D." Bev grinned and winked at Richie.

"Of course that's your choice." Richie feigned disgust, "Why else are you dating Haystack?"

Eddie sat up, "Okay. Dare... I dare you to swap costumes with Stan."

Stan looked up with wide eyes and a genuine flash of horror in his. He looked at Bev's long black dress and bit his lip, "Geez, I don't know. I don't think it'll be very flattering on me."

"You're a literal woman anyway, Stanley. Might as well dress like one." Richie grinned and Stanley let out a small irritated growl, "Relax, Jew-dy Garland. No one asked for drama."

Eddie snickered under his breath as he looked at Stan's blushed cheeks, "Do you accept the dare or do you forfeit?"

"What, uh... What happens if I forfeit?" Stan cleared his throat, "Hypothetically, of course."

"Alright. Your dare is to swap costumes with Bev and your truth is to tell us your first date."

"No." Stan went red and he got up, "This game is stupid and inane and you're all fucking children."

Stan turned on his heel and stormed up the stairs as Bev and Ben both tried to stop him and call him back. The cellar door slammed and everyone winced at the sound that was punctuated with silence.

"Well, fuck." Richie breathed, "That went better than I thought. Anyone else want a shot of rat poison?" He looked at the glances he was receiving, "No? Just me?" He got up and walked back to the snack table, "Alright then."

"Someone should go and find him." Eddie got up with a small sigh, "I'll go."

"Yeah. Bring back the party popper. That'll liven this bitch up." Richie

muttered and then turned and looked at Eddie, "But, uh... Make sure he's okay and stuff."

"On it." Eddie began ascending the stairs when Bev and Ben got up to follow him. Richie looked at Bill and Mike and he pursed his lips.

"This is..." Richie turned and looked at Bill, "What the fuck is this hot mess?"

"I nuh-nuh-knew it was a buh-bad idea." Bill got up from the floor and kicked the nearby beanbag chair, "Fuh-Fuck sake."

"Sorry, Big Bill." Richie sighed and handed his best friend a piece of candy, "Is this about what happened with Stan?"

"Yuh-Yeah. He's guh-guh-gotten so uh-uh-awkward and uh-uncomfortable around me eh-ever since. It's been a wuh-week and I've buh-buh-barely suh-seen him." Bill sighed as he shrugged off the ghost chamber from his back and shoved his hands into his pockets, looking down dejectedly.

"It'll be fine." Mike put a hand on Bill's shoulder and gave it a squeeze, "Everything works out for the best."

"Shuh-Sure." Bill whispered, "My muh-muh-mate is so uh-uh-uncomfortable to be uh-around me buh-because of his fuh-fuh-family and suh-society that he's wuh-willing to luh-luh-literally leave me buh-buh-behind duh-despite that fuh-fuh-fact that we buh-buh-both nuh-know it's ih-impossible."

"I'm sure he loves you." Mike offered up as Bill sat down on the beanbag chair and looked up at the rafters with despondency and pursed lips.

The door opened and all three boys looked up to see Stan marching down the stairs angrily.

"You." He rounded on Bill as he got down the stairs and stalked up to Bill, poking him in the chest, "This is your damn fault!"

"Wuh-What?" Bill sputtered, his eyes widening as Richie came to stand behind his best friend loyally.

"I'm in this fucking mess because of you! Because you made me love you even though I tried so hard to forget you! I tried so hard to be the best fucking son I could ever be for the best parents in the world and I can't even get that right because of you!" Stan yelled and gave Bill a hard shove, "You stupid alpha!"

"Hey!" Richie snapped, "Back off, Uris."

"Fuck off, Richie." Stan hissed, "This isn't about you and it doesn't concern you."

Richie opened his mouth when he saw Eddie waving his hands in warning from the stairs. Richie closed his mouth and put his hands in his pockets.

"Well, if it's suh-such a fucking problem for you that I'm an alpha then why don't you go off and fuh-fuck a beta and see what you're missing?!" Bill yelled back angrily, his stutter almost completely disappearing, "Here. Have Muh-Mike, then!"

"Wh- Me?" Mike yelped and looked between Bill and Stan, "What-?"

"You can't dictate who I sleep with!" Stan snarled at Bill, "How dare you?"

"And wuh-what's wrong with Muh-Mike in any case?" Bill gestured to the flabbergasted beta beside him and Richie tried his best to hide a grin.

"Nothing." Stan threw his hands up, "I'm so fucking mad at you, William."

"Don't 'huh-whole name' me." Bill looked down, his body deflating as he stared at his shoes, "No fuh-fair."

"This is ridiculous. I should go. I'm ruining everyone's fun." Stan sighed as he ran a hand through his hair, "They're all your friends anyway."

"Don't be silly." Bev urged from the stairs, "Don't go, Stan."

Richie let out a sigh and looked at everyone, "Why don't we go and

hang out in the clubhouse for a bit? Fresh air and shit. And we're actually alone."

"First good idea you've had in a while, Trashmouth. Well done." Ben called from stairs and Richie shrugged smugly before he put his glasses on and adjusted them.

"Bound to happen. I was due."

19. Chapter 19

Everyone crossed the empty sloping field that lead across the Barrens and Eddie seemed to jump at every sound. He was wrapped up in Richie's arms as they walked and Richie was smugly teasing the hell out of the poor omega.

He also whispered a promise of protection into Eddie's ear for only him to hear. Eddie smiled slightly despite his eyes continuously darting around for any signs of wildlife.

They got to the clubhouse when Richie added on that they should revive the fire pit they had nearby and sit around the fire to tell scary stories.

Eddie, Stan, Ben and Bev sat around the firepit as Richie, Mike and Bill scavenged for firewood and kindling.

They arranged the dry logs in an acceptable shape that Stan automatically began fixing into a pyramid form while Bev grabbed matches from her back pocket and lit up some dry grass beneath it.

They sat on the grass around the slowly-growing fire and stared in silence. The only reason there was genuine silence was because Richie had a mouthful of taffy and was unable to break the quiet with an unnecessary joke.

"It is beautiful out here." Bev whispered as she looked up at the sky that was peering out from in between the canopy of tall trees.

"If you don't count the germs and hundreds of insects beneath us." Eddie whispered as he took his striped sweater off and lay it on the grass before he sat down.

"Oh, lighten up. It's Halloween, we're supposed to be scared of potential murderers or monsters, not scoliosis."

Eddie looked pained as he stared up at Richie in genuine disbelief, "Scoliosis is a fucking curvature of the spine, asshole."

"You would know." Richie raised his eyebrows and looked away,

"Know it all."

"You can't catch scoliosis. It's not a virus." Eddie interrupted, "What is a virus is what you can get from the worms in sand. It's called toxocariasis and it's from an invisible tiny worm called a toxocara and it can make you violently ill. It's so bad for you and you can get a fever and stomach ache and coughing and wheezing-"

"Sounds like you already." Richie chided, "Maybe you're already turning into a worm."

"You dont-" Eddie let out a shaky sigh and hung his head before he looked up, his eyes closed and the vein in his forehead pulsing, "You don't fucking turn into a worm, you giant idiot. You have worms growing inside of you and it makes you sick."

"Still sounds like you." Richie shrugged and reached out to warm his hands on the fire.

"I do not have worms." Eddie whispered under his breath and looked up, nudging Richie suddenly to get his attention. Richie looked away from the fire and down at Eddie when he saw that Eddie was looking across the hearth.

Richie and Eddie had been so caught up in their own fight that they hadn't even noticed what was going on.

At first, it seemed somewhat normal to see Beverly and Ben kissing by the fire. It was romantic, sure. But what wasn't normal was the fact that beside them, Stan was cozying up to Mike, the two of them very close and touchy.

Eddie glanced beside him at Bill, who was staring at Stan from across the fire with bright green, acidic jealousy bubbling up in his eyes. Eddie looked at Richie with a small frown when Richie stood up.

"It's getting pretty cold." Richie announced loudly, "I don't know about you virgins but I'm going inside the clubhouse."

"Right behind you." Eddie jumped up and collected his sweater before he held his hand out to Bill and gave him a small smile, "Coming, Big Bill?"

Bill remained silent as he took Eddie's hand and helped himself up from grass. Bill threw Stan a withering look, that Stan didn't even notice, and walked off with Eddie and Richie towards the clubhouse. Richie opened the trap door and let the other two in before he climbed in himself, leaving the door open for the others.

"Sorry, Bill..." Eddie whispered as their leader flopped pathetically onto the old sofa and stared up at the dirt ceiling.

"Muh-Muh-My fuh-fault." Bill whispered as Eddie sat down cross-legged beside him and put a hand on Bill's thigh in a consoling gesture.

"Nah, I don't think so." Richie shrugged as he pulled a mini peanut butter cup from his pocket and began unwrapping it. Eddie leaned over and turned on one of the gas lanterns nearby, "I honestly think all of this shit is because everyone is so hard up." Richie could feel both sets of eyes staring at him in disbelief, "Everyone who's all tense just needs to get laid. Look at me and Eds, we're as low and lazy as a pair of old tits."

"Marvelous." Eddie grimaced and looked at Bill, "He might have a point. When last have you and Stan..."

"Wuh-Well..." Bill trailed off, "It's duh-duh-difficult for us. He's not muh-meant to be a buh-buh-bottom because he's a buh-beta, even if he is guh-gay. His buh-body isn't muh-meant to take muh-mine so suh-suh-sometimes it just... Duh-Doesn't wuh-work. I me-mean it does, and when it does it's uh-uh-amazing. But..." Bill trailed off with a shrug, "I guh-guess he's right."

"All those in favor of a big old orgy, say 'I'." Richie put his hand up and looked at the two of them, "Everyone find your coitus buddy."

"Don't be gross, Tozier." Eddie scowled, "That's awful."

"I don't hear you complaining when you've got me knot deep inside you." Richie shot back and Bill let out a snort, nudging Eddie in the ribs as the omega hid his face in his hands.

Everyone looked up as Ben and Beverly climbed down into the

clubhouse before Stan and Mike joined. Mike closed the clubhouse door as Stan lit up another lamp and placed it on the other side of the clubhouse.

"What did we miss?" Bev asked as she sat herself in Ben's lap on the floor. Eddie sat beside Bill on the couch and Richie stood beside them against the wall, leaning comfortably with one foot up. Stan stood with Mike near the back, still very close together but ultimately silent.

"Ruh-Richie suh-suh-suggested an o-orgy." Bill shrugged and everyone turned to look at the alpha in question, who looked up from lighting a cigarette. He shrugged, exhaling.

"It was just a suggestion. Why not?" He shrugged, "Get some tension release."

"I can't tell if he's serious or not." Ben turned his head to look at Beverly in his lap. She eyed Richie for a long second and then looked at her boyfriend.

"When it comes to sex or dicks in holes, Richie is always serious." Beverly stated gravely and Richie nodded to add emphasis, "Even when he makes jokes, his underlying offers are usually ironclad."

"I'm a man of my word when it comes to my genitals." Richie out a hand to his chest, "I never joke about getting my dick wet."

"Ugh. God." Eddie turned his nose up in disgust and looked away, earning a laugh and a hair-ruffle from Bill.

"He's serious." Ben laughed shortly and looked around, "All of us? Like, what? In a pile?"

"Well no," Richie exhaled a cloud of smoke and frowned as he thought of the logistics, "That wouldn't work. It's better to have two pairs and a set of three."

"You can tell he got straight A's when he can work shit out that fast." Beverly commented and Richie bowed his head smugly.

"It's what I'm good for."

"That's a huge invasion of privacy." Mike added in quietly, "It's an intimate thing to-"

"No one is making you." Richie shrugged, "You're welcome to go home. Or..." Richie grabbed the thermos of punch that Ben had brought, "Or you can get a slight buzz and have sex in here with one of your friends for fun."

"He sure makes it sound fun." Bev laughed quietly and looked at Ben, "What do you think?"

"I need more than a buzz if I'm doing that." Ben snorted, "Way more."

"Bill's ghost chamber has a literal bottle of vodka hiding in it. Ask him for a snootful." Richie thumbed at the chamber on the floor and looked at his friends as he pulled his baggy shirt off, "Who's in for some sweaty fuckin'?"

"I'm in." Bev ran a hand over Ben's now-black hair, "Mon cher."

Richie looked down at Bill, who was frowning at one of the support beams ahead of him, "How about you, Big Bill? Interested in wetting your whistle with a friend?"

"Duh-Duh-Depend on who it is." Bill looked up, "Not in a muh-mean way... Buh-But I don't suh-see me and Buh-Ben getting it on."

"As attractive as you are, Big Bill..." Ben snorted, "I'll politely decline on my behalf."

Richie rolled his eyes and leaned in, kissing Bill for the second time that night. The kiss was laden with tension and it instantly sent out a wave of sexual heat into the small clubhouse. It was a mixed mingle of alpha scent that would cloud over even the strongest beta.

Eddie let out a whimper. Of course the omega would be the closest and of course he would be affected the most. His natural instincts and biology telling him that he was already in too deep to pass up the opportunity. This is what wild wolves did. Even with a mate, wolves who were in a pack were always together and even had sex together at times. In a wolf's mind, this was normal.

Richie ran his tongue over Bill's and as he pulled away, he tugged on Bill's bottom lip. He straightened up and looked over at Eddie, his eyes darkening and flashing a brilliant acid green. Eddie's lilac eyes shifted between the two alphas who were staring him down, and he shied back into the arm of the sofa.

Richie glanced at the other four in the room and saw that all four betas were looking at him, all four sets of eyes glowing bright blue in instinctual submission.

Bev turned and made the next move, a sensual tilt of a bottle to Ben's lips as she fed him the spiked punch. Stan was already sipping on the vodka that Mike had fetched.

Richie didn't want any inhibitors to his senses, he didn't care what the others did for themselves to get through. Richie leaned in, sucking in a breath, before he kissed Eddie. His chest exploded with anxious nerves when he realized that they were kissing in front of other people. He was so hoping it would be played off as an 'in the moment' action and nothing more. An alpha preying on an omega in the heat of the group.

Richie deepened the kiss as he hovered over Eddie, kissing him roughly. He stepped back and looked over his shoulder to see Beverly and Ben making out on the floor and Stan and Mike kissing in the corner. It was good enough. It was bold enough.

Richie had said it would happen that way. Two pairs. That meant that he and Bill and Eddie were the set of three. Richie ran a hand through Eddie's hair and then looked at Bill.

"Do you want to join us?" He whispered, his voice barely audible as Eddie already began to try and unfasten Richie's belt. Bill glanced between his two best friends when Richie added, "You can join or watch. If it's okay with Eddie."

Both alphas turned to look at Eddie, who pulled off his striped beanie slowly. He looked at Richie and, while maintaining eye contact, moved in to kiss Bill tentatively.

Richie let out a shaky snarl and grabbed Eddie by the hair, pulling

him back, "Remember what I said when I agreed to help you?" He ran his pouted lips over Eddie's ear, "Those lips are only for me."

Bill's eyes went wide as he looked between them, "I-I-I can..."

"Do whatever you want." Richie shrugged and then leaned in for only the two of them to hear, "But he belongs to me. And only me."

"I wuh-won't tuh-take him away." Bill urged with a nod and Richie looked at Eddie as he unfastened his own pants.

"Show us how you want it, Eddie." Richie snaked a hand into his pants, "Decide how you want to be filled up."

Eddie instantly got up from the sofa and Richie took his place beside Bill, sitting next to his best friend as he continued to palm himself. He looked past Eddie to see Stan and Mike still in the corner, grinding and dry humping and kissing messily. It was good, it was exactly what was needed.

Beverly and Ben hadn't moved from their spot on the floor and the only thing that was different was that Bev's wig had been discarded, her long dress had been hiked up to her hips and her long legs were curled as she sat on top of Ben, their mouths entwined with passion.

Richie looked at Eddie, who was getting undressed with a sudden burst of confidence. Richie sighed when he saw Eddie's shirt come off, a low moan leaving him as Bill leaned in to mouth at his neck. Richie's heart lurched in his chest as if it was threatening to jump from his ribcage. He groaned out as Eddie unbuttoned his jeans and toyed with the elastic of his underwear.

Richie let out a low moan and pulled his striped pants down around his thighs, a large hand wrapping around his dick to stroke himself. Richie was so vapidly focused on Eddie, but behind the omega he could definitely see Ben and Beverly fucking on the floor. He couldn't tell what Mike and Stan were up to but he could definitely hear them.

Richie's eyes focused on Eddie again and watched as Eddie stepped closer and dropped to his knees, pushing Richie's legs apart. Richie gawked at Eddie as he replaced Richie's hand with his own and

continued to stroke at the same pace.

Eddie reached out and palmed Bill's dick through the canvas pants of his jumpsuit and Bill let out a groan. Eddie locked eyes with Bill as he took Richie's dick into his mouth, his cheeks hollowing.

Bill undid the front of his jumpsuit and pulled his arms out of the sleeves before he lifted his hips up. He pulled his jumpsuit down around his thighs with his boxers and Eddie faltered in his consistent sucking of Richie's dick.

Richie glanced down at Bill's dick and looked at Eddie with a small, breathy pant leaving his lips. Richie pulled Eddie off of his dick and looked down at him with a small snarl. He got up, pressing his dick against Eddie's lips before he stepped around Eddie and dropped down onto the floor next to Beverly and Ben.

Richie ran a hand over Bev's face, biting on his lip as he watched her bounce on Ben's lap with her eyes closed. Richie faced her, his thumb stroking over her lip until she sucked on his finger slowly. Richie leaned in, taking Beverly's lips with his own in a rough kiss as he stroked his own dick.

He pulled away and looked over to see Eddie's head bobbing up and down in Bill's lap roughly, a hand in Eddie's dark hair.

Richie let out a small growl and Bill looked up, locking eyes with him. Bill pulled Eddie off and leaned in, whispering in Eddie's ear. The omega let out a whimper and looked back at Richie over his shoulder before he crawled the small distance of four steps.

Richie knew he could have reached out to touch Eddie and Bill, but he wanted him here in the pile of bodies. Eddie turned and pressed his back up against Richie's chest, tilting his head in submission.

Richie mouthed at Eddie's neck as the omega ground his hips down on Richie's dick. Richie sucked and bit down in Eddie's throat, pulling more and more scent that he craved.

Richie turned and looked over at Bill, one arm wrapping around Eddie's hips while the other reached out to the other alpha to call

him silently.

Bill got up and pulled his boxers up as he dropped onto his knees in front of Eddie. Their bodies were pressing against Eddie on either side, hands roving and touching every inch of his petite body.

Eddie whined out and ground his hips down against Richie. Bill shifted back on his knees and pulled Eddie closer when the omega went onto his hands and knees. Richie looked down, large hands pulling Eddie's legs apart, fingers kneading his pale thighs. He slipped a finger into Eddie's slick hole and Eddie moaned. The moan was muffled, and Richie looked up from Eddie's asshole to see his mouth around Bill's dick again.

Richie growled out, his inner wolf prowling with jealousy. He slid a second finger into Eddie and pumped them in and out quickly. Eddie gasped out, gagging slightly on Bill as a moan caught in his throat and his hips pushed back.

Richie wrapped a hand around himself and lined up as he slid his fingers out. Richie pushed forward, a hand holding Eddie still as he openly gawked in the dim light.

Eddie instantly pulled off of Bill as Richie pushed in. Eddie's nails raked across the wood floor as he pushed back on Richie's dick, sliding himself over the alpha's length.

"Fuck." Richie whispered softly as he pushed his hips in and out slowly, letting Eddie get used to the intrusion. Bill watched Eddie with intrigue, watching the way his body curved and shuddered.

Bill glanced over at Beverly, who was still grinding down on Ben and moaning. Bill bit on his lip and reached down to take Eddie's jaw in his hand, rubbing his cheek with his finger.

"Buh-Bet you feel so good." Bill whispered to Eddie, who nodded in reply as Richie's hips thrust forward, "Duh-Don't I get to feel good?"

"Pay attention to him, Eddie." Richie pulled out slowly and slammed back in, making Eddie cry out, "Everyone else feels so good."

Eddie groaned and readjusted his hands on the floor as he pushed

back on Richie and opened his mouth wide. Bill wrapped a hand around himself and slid back into Eddie's mouth. Richie grinned wickedly as he picked up a pace, thrusting into Eddie as quickly as his body could allow so suddenly.

Each stroke into Eddie's body had him jerking and moaning around Bill, faltering with each push from his soulmate. His body couldn't keep up with the pounding from both ends, it was too much to try and concentrate on.

Richie's mouth was filled with saliva as he watched himself slide slick. He gritted his teeth and let out a snarl, his saliva falling onto Eddie's ass and he smeared it with his fingers.

A hand was on Richie's and he looked up to see Beverly looking at him with lustful eyes as she bounced quickly.

"So beautiful, Bev." Richie whispered as his hips slowed. Eddie's own hips kept up the pace that Richie had dropped, his body moving quickly, riding Richie's dick as he sucked noisily and messily on Bill's dick.

Richie leaned over to kiss Beverly, a hand around the back of her neck. They kissed roughly, their mouths in rapid sync as Beverly's hips stirred in low circles, her body tense.

Beverly tugged on Richie's hand and pulled it down, dipping it beneath her dress. His fingers circled at her wet flesh as she gasped and began to push her hips back and forth on her boyfriend.

Richie closed his eyes, his own hips canting quickly into Eddie after a short pause. The sudden pick-up of movement had Eddie yelping out in surprise. Richie snarled, his hand in a vice grip on Eddie's hip as Beverly ground against his fingertips.

It was the moaning in the corner of the room that brought Richie back into the moment. He glanced up to see Bill's head back on his shoulders and the mousy curls nestled in his neck. Stan mouthed at his mate from behind, hands roving over Bill's chest. Richie's mouth opened in surprise but then realized that it was probably inevitable considering the fact that they were mated and with all of the

pheromones in the room, Stan was probably very needy for his alpha.

"Mikey..." Bev called out in a breathless whisper and Richie looked up to see Bev reaching out to Mike who had been abandoned by Stan, "Come here. Love me, Mikey."

Mike came over slowly and dropped down onto his knees over Ben's legs. He went behind Beverly and tentative fingers unzipped her dress at the back before it was slid down over her shoulders. Bev's beautiful dress was pulled down from her torso and it pooled at her hips as Mike pushed her hair aside and kissed her neck.

Richie looked at Bev with wide eyes as she pressed herself back against Mike, his dark hands running over her pale skin and it was ethereal to look at. Mike's hands cupped and caressed Beverly's breasts as he held her up against him. One of his hands went down to her hip and he moved her back and forth on Ben.

Stan's arm snaked around Bill's hip and knotted itself into Eddie's hair, tugging on it gently as he sucked on Bill's neck and watched Eddie with hooded lids.

Richie picked up his pace and fucked into Eddie ruthlessly, pulling his hand away from Beverly as she came with a moan and leaned down to kiss Ben roughly. Richie's hands on Eddie's ass were fervent and tugging, pulling them apart to get a better view.

Richie didn't even notice how badly Eddie was faltering. Eddie's body was so honed in on Richie and where they were connected that he was still struggling to concentrate on Bill. Eddie just relaxed into it, his body trembling as Bill used Eddie's mouth roughly.

Bill cursed under his breath and pulled Eddie off of him before he contorted his body and kissed Stan roughly, desperately.

Eddie moaned out, his body lifting as he sat up, bouncing desperately in Richie's lap, his head thrown back.

Bill had already pushed into Stan, having the beta down on the floor in front of Richie and Beverly. Stan's back arched off of the floor, his eyes closed with immeasurable pleasure.

Richie mouthed at Eddie's neck as his pleasure coil tightened into a heavy knot. Richie looked over at Stan for a moment to see his body trembling as he came for what looked like the second time and Bill seemed to be in the throes of his own release.

Ben's quiet moans weren't silent enough for Richie to miss and he glanced beside him to see Ben's hips lifted and his hands grasping Beverly's own on either side of his head. She was bent over, riding him quickly to push him to his own orgasm, her body taut as she took Mike in as well.

Richie groaned out when Eddie pushed down against him, the omega taking one of Richie's hands in his own to wrap around his aching dick. Richie bit down on the spot he had sucked in Eddie's neck as he jerked the omega off. His eyes closed as he listened to the panting and moaning of his friends around him.

Eddie cried out as he came around Richie, his hips rutting quickly as he bounced and thrust into Richie's fist, pushing his orgasm into its overdrive.

Richie hit a second wind with his own thrusts, his body piling with a load of heavy bricks at the exquisite sensation. Eddie collapsed onto his hands and knees, his back arched.

Bill whispered in Stan's ear as he held his skinny beta body. Stan whimpered and nodded, his weak body curled as he turned to Eddie, his head beneath the omega's. Eddie leaned down to kiss Stan breathlessly as he panted. They lay their foreheads together as Bill began scenting Stan's body in their afterglow.

Richie thrust into Eddie only a few times before the white-hot pressure in his gut finally burst like a dam. Richie let out a low howl as he came inside of his omega, his hips slapping against Eddie's sweaty flesh with urgency as he spilled into him.

Eddie whimpered out, his mouth latching onto Stan's with a heady longing. Richie glanced up at the other alpha from under his lashes and he growled out in pure dominance.

Eddie stilled as Richie stopped, his hips stirring and grinding against

Eddie. Richie looked over to see Bev still being caressed by Ben and Mike despite the fact that all three of them had already finished.

Richie wiped his forehead and slowly pulled out. Eddie fell over onto his side with a huff, his head falling onto Stan's chest and he lay there unmoving. Bill lay on Stan's other side in silence and toyed with the beta's curls.

Richie unfurled his legs from beneath him and lay down behind Eddie but not too close to raise any more suspicions. Beverly leaned down to kiss Ben before she lay down beside Richie, a leg draped over Richie's thighs. Richie grabbed Ben's arm and tugged him closer until Ben relented and came to lay across them in the pile. Mike had crawled over to lay with Stan and Bill.

"You fucking stink." Bev whispered out after a few minutes, breaking the silence, "God damn it, Richie."

Everyone else burst into a fit of giggles at Richie's expense and he turned his head to give his armpit a sniff as his spare arm pulled his pants up from around his thighs, "I'm a little sweaty."

"It's fucking rank." Eddie commented, "Why do you think I'm facing the other way?"

"Fuck you guys. This wonderful fuck-pile was my idea and now you're tearing me apart? Thanks." Richie snorted and sat up, scratching his head as he looked over his blissed-out friends with a grin.

"Hey Stan?" Eddie sat up on his elbow as he looked at his friend, "You feel better?"

"Yeah maybe?" Stan gave Eddie a glint of a smile, "I feel a little better."

"Maybe we should think of a way to get you guys back together?" Eddie sat up and looked at Bill, "Like something you both are comfortable with-"

"Oh," Bev sat up, "Maybe there's somewhere they can go to date in secret? Or even a way to date in public without people knowing."

"Hey, what about..." Ben sat up on one elbow, "I thought maybe-"

"No." Stan scrambled up and grabbed his shorts, the rest of his costume still intact, "No, I don't want to hear it."

"Stan..." Beverly frowned as he got dressed, his face bright red with both embarrassment and anger.

"Don't!" Stan yelled out, unable to look at them all as his fists clenched at his side, "Don't do this! I don't want to do this! Why do you have to ruin everything! All of you! I can't fucking do this right now!"

Stan dodged right past all of his friends and climbed out of the clubhouse, slamming the trapdoor closed. The loud slam had everyone wince again and they looked at each other awkwardly.

"What did I say?" Eddie whispered and sat up, "Doesn't he want to be with Bill?"

"He huh-huh-hates me." Bill groaned and buried his face in his hands, "I nuh-know he ruh-ruh-regrets that we muh-mated and ruined our fuh-fuh-friendship."

Eddie's head snapped up as Bill said that, his eyes widening profusely.

"Oh God. Eddie no. Please don't pontificate." Richie groaned as Eddie reached out to grab his inhaler and took a shaky puff.

"Oh God. Oh God." Eddie's voice rose with panicked hysterics, "He and Stan ruined their friendship. They hate each other. They're so different and now- and now- Why? Oh my God-"

Beverly sat up and looked at Eddie with a frown, "Eddie, what is it?"

Eddie looked up and realized that his panic was out loud and he glanced at Richie and then at Beverly, "I-I- Uh... I'm upset because of Stan and Bill... That's-Thats all."

"It's gonna be fine, Eds." Ben looked over at Eddie and he gave the omega a small smile, "It'll work out for the best."

"Yeah, Eds." Richie reassured, knowing full-well that Eddie's head had taken the situation to a darker place than he was letting on, "Don't think about it."

Eddie stared at Richie pointedly as he took one more puff of his aspirator and then closed his eyes, pulling his legs up to his chest as he exhaled shakily.

"Blink three times if you're gonna pass out, Eds."

20. Chapter 20

"Eddie please calm down." Richie begged, lifting his glasses up to pinch the bridge of his nose as Eddie paced in the kitchen of Richie's house a week later.

"How are you so fucking calm right now?!" Eddie screeched, his hands flying in every direction, "Bill and Stan are fucking over and it's fucking everything up!"

"Eddie, it's not the same with us-"

"It's exactly the same! You and Stan are Jewish, me and Bill are Catholic and I don't know if you've noticed it recently but we're all men, Richie! We're all gay!"

"Bill and I are technically bi-"

"Fuck off!" Eddie's voice shrieked in a higher pitch that had Richie wince, "It's still the same! It's still two dicks! This is still Derry! The only fucking difference is that Stan is a beta and I'm an omega! The only difference is that our status is little bit more acceptable! That's it!"

"Eds-"

"Shut up! This is fucking ridiculous! Richie, we are so fucked! We've ruined our friendship just like Bill and Stan!" Eddie paced back and forth and as Richie watched him from his perch on the kitchen counter, he had never been so relieved to be home alone.

"But, Eddie-"

"Richie, how do you not see how catastrophic of a mess this is!" Eddie gripped his hair, "Oh fuck- What if we get caught and we get separated? Richie, I- I can't... I can't be without you- I..."

Richie opened his mouth to speak when the shrill ringing of the phone cut him off and made them both jump. Richie looked at Eddie with a sympathetic glance and picked up the receiver.

"Hello?"

"Ruh-Richie." Bill's voice came out shakily and Richie sighed, realizing that Bill was crying.

"Who is it? Can they wait? I can't feel my legs-" Eddie whimpered and Richie glanced at him.

"Hey Bill, what's up?"

"Bill? Bill!" Eddie swayed on the spot, "Oh God-"

"Ruh-Richie, I kuh-can't tuh-take it. I muh-miss him." Bill sniffed and Richie closed his eyes as he tried to focus on one weepy wolf at a time.

"Oh, my God what if Bill rats us out? What if everyone finds out? What if my mom-"

"Ruh-Richie, you shuh-should have suh-seen him-"

"Of course you don't see the problem," Eddie prattled off, "You're an alpha-"

"He luh-looked like he huh-hated me." Bill sobbed over the phone and Richie let out a small yelp.

"Okay! What if we try and get him to talk to Stan and then we can try and-"

"Ruh-Richie, my duh-dad-"

"What if my mom-"

"Oh my fucking God, shut up!" Richie yelled out suddenly, his eyes squeezed shut. Both Eddie and Bill fell silent abruptly. Richie let out a shaky breath and opened his eyes to see Eddie's alarmed gaze targeted at him with genuine concern, "Christ above. One at a fucking time. I only have so much attention in one dosage and right now you're both clawing at me."

"Suh-Sorry." Bill sniffed, "I duh-didn't ree-realize Eddie was thuh-

there."

Eddie remained silent and unmoving, his big brown eyes staring at Richie.

"What happened, Bill?"

"I'll tuh-tell you luh-later. Eh-Eddie needs you muh-more." Bill urged, "He's your muh-mate."

"Try telling him that." Richie muttered, "I'll call you later."

Richie hung up the phone and looked at Eddie, who was standing there like a slumped statue and staring off into the distance.

"Eddie?" Richie called out as he slipped off of the counter, frowning when Eddie didn't move, "Eds?"

The omega remained dead still and unblinking, his gaze wide and fearful. Richie came closer and put his hands on Eddie's shoulders and looked into his eyes, shaking him slightly.

"Eddie?" Richie shook him a bit more with slight fervor and Eddie managed a small whimper. Richie had only ever seen Eddie hit this catatonic stage of panic-stricken anxiety once before. It was when Eddie had accidentally outed himself to his doctor and had panicked so much that he had froze in fear like a possum for at least an hour.

This seemed to be frightfully similar for Richie.

"Eddie, c'mon. You're scaring me." Richie urged and pulled Eddie into his body, holding him close. Eddie didn't reply and merely stood there in the same spot. Richie let out a sigh and bent down to brace himself before he scooped Eddie up into his arms. He wordlessly carried the paralyzed omega up the stairs with genial ease and opened his bedroom door with his shoulder.

Richie placed Eddie down on the bed gently, and Eddie stared up at the ceiling before his lip began to wobble and his eyes glazed over with tears. There was a moment of pause before those same blurry brown eyes looked up at Richie with sheer helplessness.

"Oh fuck." Richie sighed and looked at Eddie with a groan, "Not that. Anything but the tears."

Eddie let out a squealing wail and began to cry, his tears falling in large torrents down his face as Richie scrambled onto the bed to console and hold him.

"God sake, Eds." Richie shushed as he held Eddie close and rocked him back and forth, "There's no need for that level of bawling."

Eddie only cried harder, curling himself into Richie's chest as his sobs grew louder and more impudently broken. The sound was enough to have Richie's chest ache as he tried to console his best friend. Eddie howled out, the sound was empty and desolate and full of pain all at once. Richie gritted his teeth and just wrapped his arms around Eddie even more.

"Eddie. C'mon..." Richie's voice cracked as he tried to abate and camouflage the sudden onslaught of his own emotions, "Please stop. It's gonna be okay."

"I-I hate you." Eddie's voice splintered as he hiccupped, "Fuck you."

"I know." Richie whispered back in return as he smoothed over Eddie's hair and gave the top of his head a kiss, "I hate me too."

"Hey." Eddie punched Richie in the chest with his fist, "I'm uh-allowed to insuh-sult you, you're not."

"What, pray tell my good sir, is the difference?" Richie adjusted his glasses.

"When I do it," Eddie sat up and wiped his eye with his hand, "It's meant in an endearing way. When you say it, it's self-deprecating and expostulating."

"Expos-what?"

"Expos... Never mind." Eddie shook his head and lay it back down on Richie's chest, "I still hate you."

"Since I'm not allowed to agree with you, can I ask why?"

"You can..." Eddie shrugged and Richie let out a groan.

"May I ask why?"

"You may." Eddie cleared his throat, his voice still barely audible.

"Edward," Richie sighed, "If I ask you why you can hate me and why I can't, and if I ask you the reasons why, can you please tell me?"

"Will I tell you or can I tell you?" Eddie trailed off noncommittally and waved a dismissive hand that had Richie's blood pressure rise.

"Eddie, I swear to God-"

"I hate you because... Because you're my best friend." Eddie stated with a shrug and Richie frowned, the statement cementing itself in his brain.

"That clears things up."

"You're my best friend and we've been best friends for so long and it was so great to grow up with you and to always have you there. And then..." Eddie turned away from Richie and pulled the alpha by the arm to spoon him, pressing his back into Richie's chest before he continued, "And then you came to find me and I found myself needing you right back even though every part of me screamed that it was a shitty idea. And even when I tried to go back on what I did, I found myself unable to actually go through with it because a part of me..."

"Yes?"

"Richie, a part of me, and it's a part I'm terrified of finding out the size, that part of me needs you. That part of me started out like the size of a fucking quarter and it's growing so fast that it's scaring the shit out of me. Richie, I-I want all of these things that we have but seeing what's happening to our friends, it- it's so alarming to me because Bill and Stan are mates and they're so perfect for each other in every way but look how they've been torn apart. And it's killing them. And it makes me panic so much because... Because I can't have that. If something takes you away from me, I won't be able to do this on my own. Not anymore."

"Eddie, you're the strongest person I know. You could live without me." Richie cleared his throat, his voice cracking as he tried to stop the butterflies from tearing his insides apart.

"Yeah, sure. Maybe before this happened. Maybe three months ago. Maybe mentally, I could if I tried hard enough but physically? Even if we aren't mated or knotted, we've still gone a lot further than friends do and I don't know about you but all of those feelings have come to a head for me and it's hit a point where my instincts have attached to you. It hurts to be away from you. It aches like stomach cramps, but I can't pinpoint the pain. And when I'm with you, there's no pain. Only safety and warmth. It makes me realize that maybe I'm more than fond of you. Maybe I lo-"

"Eddie." Richie interrupted the last line as buried his face in Eddie's neck and closed his eyes, he didn't want to know what was on the end of that sentence even if it was nothing and that he was overreacting, he wouldn't be able to handle it, "You should sleep, Eds."

"I'm still mad at you."

"You've said so, yeah." Richie pursed his lips when Eddie turned onto his back and looked up at the ceiling with a serious and thoughtful frown.

"About something else." Eddie took in a breath, "Sometimes... And this is a very small percentage of the time, I might add. But sometimes, you treat me differently."

Richie's stomach lurched into a suddenly nervous knot that wrapped itself around his lungs and he swallowed, looking at Eddie as he tried to remember how to breathe, "Can I-Can I get an example?"

"On Halloween night." Eddie turned to face Richie and looked at him earnestly, "When we were all together in the clubhouse. I kind of felt like... Okay, I know a lot of us were running on instincts, but you were very choppy with your emotions."

"...Choppy?" Richie frowned heavily and Eddie let out a groan and squeezed his eyes shut.

"You were just being a little all over the place and it was unfair. You got territorial with me because I kissed Bill and then you went and started kissing Bev. You first told me not to pay too much attention to the others because I'm yours and then got upset when I didn't pay attention to Bill. You were all over the place and I didn't know what to do to make you happy, Richie. You had such a double standard for us and it hurt because it was such a typical alpha thing to do."

"Oh."

Eddie let out another groan and sat up, his face in his hands, "Ah, fuck- See? I shouldn't have said anything. I shouldn't have mentioned because now I've upset you and you're mad at me-"

"Eddie." Richie wrapped an arm around Eddie and pulled him back down onto the bed. Eddie huffed out as his head hit the pillow but he remained silent, "I'm not mad."

"You're not?"

"Of course not." Richie pulled Eddie closer and pressed himself against Eddie's back, "I can't be mad at you for having feelings."

"Even if they're bad feelings... About you?"

"Well, yeah? I was being a major dickhead and I didn't even know it." Richie scowled at himself, "I didn't notice it. How come it's taken you a week to say this?"

"I was honestly just going to let it go but..." Eddie sighed out, "I was afraid you'd do it again."

"Oh, again? Like the next orgy we're involved in?" Richie chuckled and earned himself a heelkick to the shin from Eddie that had him yelp out, "Ow, dude!"

"No, dumbass. Not the next orgy. Just in general. Being a dumbass alpha and treating me differently because I'm a weak omega." Eddie looked at Richie over his shoulder, "I'm not weak, am I?"

"Fuck off with that." Richie took his arm away from Eddie and pushed him down onto his back, hovering over him to look him in the eye,

"Don't even think about it."

Eddie stared up at Richie solemnly, "Really?"

"You're thinking about it. What did I just say?" Richie scowled as he leaned in closer to Eddie, "Don't think about it."

"What should I think about?"

"Instead of you thinking about the thing you're not supposed to be thinking about... Why don't you think about things you're supposed to think about?" Richie grinned and he watched Eddie try and register what he had just said. Eddie scowled for a second.

"So... What things can I think about?"

"Literally anything that isn't you thinking about the thing you're not supposed to think about." Richie gave Eddie's forehead a kiss, "Not allowed."

"You can think shitty things about yourself but I can't? Beep beep, Richie."

"I didn't say that." Richie scoffed, "Thinking shitty things about yourself is what we do as teenagers, dude. It's our thing. I can't stop you from thinking shitty things even if you lie to me."

"So then..."

"Shitty thoughts about yourself are inevitable, but I don't ever want you to think of yourself as weak. That's not a shitty thing, that's a flat out lie." Richie laid down on his side next to Eddie, keeping himself propped up on his elbow.

"I suppose." Eddie nodded, "I have to be strong to put up with you."

"Attaboy." Richie leaned in with a grin and kissed Eddie's cheek, lingering close by to take in his sweet scent, "So good. You should go sleep though, Eds. It's been a shit morning for you."

"I do have a headache."

"You're sleep deprived and it's making you delirious." Richie whispered as he pulled Eddie close, thankful that his boyfriend had gone along with the subject change, thankful that he didn't have to face his feelings head-on just yet, and that Eddie seemed to be susceptible to being sidetracked.

"Sure."

"You're confusing your feelings for me with your feelings for my dick. Don't treat us as one thing, Eddie. He's his own person."

Eddie snorted quietly, "Sorry. I'll separate next time."

"Will you be able to sleep?"

"Only if you stop running your mouth." Eddie chided softly as he nuzzled his face into the pillow, "Shut up."

"Do you mind if I phone Bill? He seemed pretty down in the gutter earlier."

"Sure." Eddie whispered, his voice thicker as he slipped into a fast sleep, "Shut the fuck up and go, Richie."

Richie unfurled from Eddie's limbs and climbed over the omega. He grabbed a blanket from his desk chair and draped it over Eddie before he leaned in. He and Eddie shared a small gaze of loaded emotion- too many for Richie to think about dealing with- before they also shared a gentle kiss.

"Fuck off now." Richie kissed Eddie's forehead, "Go and dream about sweeping or something."

"You joke but that's a favorite." Eddie pulled the blanket higher and turned over as Richie smiled and walked out of the bedroom.

Richie closed the door behind him and went down the stairs. He took a chair from the kitchen table and moved it to the wall by the phone. He flipped into the chair and pressed the redial button, putting the receiver between his ear and his shoulder. He listened to the phone ring as he took his glasses off and pressed his thumb and index finger into his eyes to relieve the pressure.

"Duh-Denbrough household." Bill answered quietly and Richie sighed.

"It's me, Big Bill."

"Is Eh-Eddie okay?" Bill asked and Richie smiled at his best friend, knowing full well that this is what Bill did. Even if he were devastated and completely miserable, he always put his friends first. Even if it was to his own detriment as always.

"He's sleeping." Richie announced, "I put him to bed after his meltdown."

"Wuh-Wuh-Why is he having a muh-meltdown?"

"You and Stan have him on edge about us." Richie replied honestly and heard Bill sigh shakily, "Thought you'd want to know."

"I do." Bill muttered, "If he's uh-uh-asleep, can we meet up?"

Richie looked in the direction of the hallway stairs and bit his lip as he thought over all of the possibilities.

After a moment he nodded, "Yeah of course. Where?"

"The Buh-Buh-Barrens." Bill replied quietly, "Where we buh-buh-built the duh-dam."

"Be there in five." Richie said before he hung up and grabbed the notebook by the phone. He scribbled an untidy message for Eddie about his location and ran up to leave it on his bedside table.

He gave Eddie a kiss on the side of the head and made sure to leave the note right by Eddie's inhaler so he'd see it.

Richie put his trainers on and grabbed his jacket before he jogged down the stairs and went to get his bike in the garage.

Richie biked the short distance down Witcham to where their corner of West Broadway started and turned up the road, peddling past Greta's house where he lifted his hand and gave it the middle finger.

He continued down the road until he got to Kansas street and

stopped, knowing full well that West Broadway came out right in front of the dam and their clubhouse. Richie walked across the street to the fence of the road and climbed over, lifting his bike up to bring it with him. He pushed the bike down the rooted hill and down to the Kenduskeag river.

He put his bike up against a tree and looked around, verifying that Bill wasn't there yet. He sat himself down on a large boulder and pulled a cigarette from his shirt pocket. He lit up the slim stick with his lighter and puffed on it until he saw amber embers. He inhaled deeply and closed his eyes, scratching his nose with his middle finger.

He listened to the river flowing with soft tinkling rushes, he listened to leaves bristling in the breeze and all of the sounds around him as he took another deep puff of burning smoke. He exhaled quietly and looked up across the river at the thick reeds on the other side.

A rustling behind him had him jump and look up to the top of the hill. He saw Bill trudging towards him with his head cast down and his hands in the pockets of his jeans.

"You've looked better." Richie called out with a grin and Bill looked up, the sight had Richie wince outwardly. Bill looked terrible.

His face was red and blotchy, cheeks puffy from crying a lot. His eyes were ringed with dark purple and black from an obvious lack of sleep, his finger hair disheveled and greasy. His blue eyes lacking their usual sparkle. It made Richie ache inside to see his best friend like this and what's worse, Stan probably looked even more like death than Bill did.

"Thuh-Thanks." Bill replied when he got to Richie. They stood there for a moment and Richie put his cigarette out on the rock. The moment it was dead, Richie was engulfed in a fierce hug that knocked the wind from him. He let out a grunt as Bill almost bowled him over and wrapped his arms around Richie.

"Jesus. Ease up there, Hulk." Richie wheezes out as he gave Bill's shoulder a pat, "I like my organs where they are."

"Shuh-Shut up." Bill held Richie close and buried his face in Richie's

neck. Richie softened, holding Bill close, inhaling his heavy campfire smell.

"It's gonna be okay, Big Bill." Richie reassured softly as he ran soft circles of comfort across Bill's back with his hand, "I promise. You'll get him back."

"I muh-miss him so muh-much." Bill croaked out, his voice quivering as though he were on the verge of tears.

"I know."

"He wuh-won't answer my kuh-calls. He wuh-won't see me eh-anymore." Bill sniffed before he let out a small sob, "I-I can't tuh-take this."

"We'll find a way to fix it. He can't be away from you forever. If he wanted to be your mate then he chose to love you forever. Or at least be with you forever. You've marked his body, you've taken him to places he's never been and promised your life to him without even using words. And he knows it. He's just terrified, Bill. It's fucking scary being who you want to be in this town. Trust me. I'm an alpha and I still get torn to shit. I thought it would stop but it hasn't. I don't think it ever will. And Stan has it way worse than you and I do."

"Suh-So does Eddie." Bill added in and Richie balked, grimacing at the mention of his boyfriend.

"Yeah... Yeah he does." Richie nodded and pulled out of Bill's grip, "Which is why they deserve us being the strong ones. They need us, even if they don't want to think that way. They may be strong but they're beta and omega for a reason, their instincts know they need us. Even Stan. He wouldn't have accepted you if that was the case."

"I guh-guess." Bill looked down, "I juh-just don't know wuh-what to do."

"For now..." Richie took Bill's hand and began pulling him towards the river, "You do nothing. Give him space. Come with me."

"Wuh-Where?"

"You'll see." Richie smiled as he pulled Bill along the river towards the opening where they built their dam. Richie sat down on the rocks and began taking off his shoes and his socks, "Toodle pip, Billiam. Shoes and socks."

"Right." Bill bent down to remove his boots without question, untying the vinyl laces as Richie began rolling up the legs of his jeans.

Bill placed his boots on the rocks and pulled off his socks as Richie rolled up the other leg haphazardly. He stood up and looked at Bill who was just pulling his jeans up with fluid motion to his knees.

"Wuh-What now, bruh-brave and fuh-fearless leader?"

"And now, my good man..." Richie paused for dramatic effect, "We go forth into the river."

"Oh-Onward muh-march!" Bill pointed at the river and boy of them carefully stepped into the trickling water. Richie yelped at the cold temperature that enveloped his feet and he clenched, his toes curling.

"A lot warmer in the summer than it is in fall." He commented breathily as Bill laughed and took another step into the water.

"Nuh-Not too buh-bad." He commented once he got to the middle of the river and turned to look at Richie with a smug grin, "You kuh-coming, Trashmouth?"

"Hold yer fuckin' horses, mate. This here water's colder than yer maws-"

"Beep beep." Bill laughed as Richie finally joined him in the middle of the water. Richie reached down and began sifting through the water until he brought up two flat stones.

"Shall we skip, dear boy?" Richie asked as Bill smiled and took the stone, "Attaboy, Billiam."

Bill squinted, his head tilted with his arm extended outward. Bill flicked his wrist and shot the stone across the water. Richie gawked in awe as the stone skipped about seven times across the river before it sunk.

"Holy fuck." Richie scratched his head, "Yeah, I'm gonna get my ass kicked."

"I duh-didn't think it was a kuh-kuh-competition." Bill stated smugly as he put his hands on his hips.

"Yeah yeah." Richie snorted as he shot the stone across the water. It skittered a few times before it went under the water, "Damn it. Only five."

"Heh." Bill grinned as he began searching for new stones, "You suh-suh-suck."

"Eat a dick." Richie scowled as he bent down to look for the perfect rocks to skip.

"Wuh-Would if I kuh-could." Bill snorted and stood up, handing Richie a large flat stone. Richie waited patiently for Bill to skim the stone over the water, howling with laughter when it only skipped twice, "I was duh-duh-distracted! Yuh-You were tuh-tuh-talking about duh-dick."

"Excuses excuses." Richie flick of his wrist. The rock flew over the water and jumped about six times before it disappeared with a splash. Richie grinned at Bill with a complacent glint.

"Tuh-Tell me some fuh-fuh-funny things, Rich." Bill looked up, "What kuh-can you tuh-tell me? Chuh-Chuh-Cheer me up."

"Coffee is just bean soup." Richie stated and Bill looked up in genuine surprise, a frown settling in his brows as he tried to process the fact, "Really."

"Wow." Bill put his hands on his hips again, ignoring the stones, "Whuh-What else?"

"Tradition is just peer pressure from dead people."

"I huh-hear that one." Bill rolled his eyes, "Any others?"

"Oh, I got loads of these." Richie scratched his crown with a finger as he frowned in thought, "Raisins are grape jerky."

"Like juh-jerky is kuh-kuh-cow ruh-raisins." Bill grinned and Richie let out a small laugh in reply as he sat himself down on an exposed rock in the river, "Keep going."

"Soy milk in coffee is bean water in bean water." Richie offered and Bill grimaced, "Also, a vanilla soy coffee is three bean soup."

"Whuh-What the fuh-fuck." Bill laughed out as he threw a stone, "That's hilarious."

"Sunburn is spicy skin." Richie adjusted his glasses, "PTSD is a spicy memory."

"Duh-Death is a spuh-spicy sleep." Bill commented dryly and Richie let out a loud howl of laughter and fell backwards from the rock into the water. He sat up, the large boulder between his legs, and held himself up on his arms as he continued laughing despite the fact that he was soaking wet and freezing cold.

"Spicy sleep." Richie sighed out a laugh, "Technically you can't feel death but what if sleep is spicy death?"

"Tuh-Tuh-Touché." Bill grinned, "Wuh-What can you tuh-tuh-tell me about luh-luh-lasagna? It's luh-like a muh-meat cake."

"Well," Richie exhaled as he sat up in the water, resigned to his fate, "Technically lasagna is like a meat parfait or trifle. Meatloaf is like a meat cake."

"Guh-Good point." Bill commented as he skimmed another stone, "Muh-Milk is kuh-cow juice."

"That's fucking disgusting." Richie blanched at the idea of cost juice, "Seltzer is angry water."

"Spuh-Spicy water."

"If you think Seltzer is spicy, Bill, I have to be there when you discover salt." Richie got up from the water and shook out his hair, "Dumbass."

"Muh-Muh-Maroon is nuh-navy red." Bill frowned and Richie looked

up in genuine surprise.

"What the fuck, Billiam." Richie scowled, "That's a brazen thing to say. What about... Music is just wiggling air."

Bill was about to throw a stone and he looked up from the water at Richie, frowning again as he tried to work it out. After a moment of silence, a small wash of realization hit his face and he cursed under his breath, "I duh-duh-don't like that one."

"Your belly button is your old mouth." Richie sat back down on the rock, "Technically. And skin is just a human's crust. A cough is a crunchy breath."

"I vee-vee-veto ones about the buh-buh-body. You're guh-guh-giving me the kuh-kuh-creeps." Bill's nose scrunched up and Richie tapped his chin in thought, biting his lip.

"Bathtubs are reverse boats?" Richie offered up and Bill let out a giggle, "Cheese is a loaf of milk."

"Juh-Juh-Jizz is huh-human sauce." Bill commented and Richie's eyes widened, "Ha. Guh-Guh-Got you."

"Eddie had one the other day that got me." Richie stood up and took a rock from Bill. He aimed and shot the rock across the water before he looked at Bill, "Anxiety and paranoia are personal conspiracy theories."

Bill's eyes went wide and he looked away, his face plastered with worry about their mutual friend. Bill skimmed a rock and then looked at Richie.

"Yuh-Y'know what I was thuh-thinking about this muh-muh-morning?" Bill spoke up a few minutes later as they waded through the water for more stones that they were now loading into their pockets.

"What's that, Billiam?"

"Pruh-Prom. Kuh-Kuh-Can you buh-believe it was almost tuh-two years ago?" Bill looked up as Richie froze mid-bend.

"Ugh." Richie's face twisted at the memories of that night, "I hated that stupid dance."

"Wuh-Was it really thuh-that buh-bad? You luh-looked like yuh-you had fun." Bill frowned as Richie skipped another stone.

"Oh, trust me. I remember it very well."

21. Chapter 21

Richie stood in his bedroom, looking at himself in the mirror with a grimace. The suit he had put on was definitely something he enjoyed the colors of, and he found it rather fun. But in saying that, it was also exceptionally constricting. He had on a pair of black slacks, a dark black and grey pinstripe shirt and a very light blazer in a color that his mom described as 'a pinkish dusty nude'. He had his black and white paisley tie loosened around his neck.

"Stupid suit." He looked at his mother in the mirror, "Why do I have to wear this?"

"It's your prom, Richie." Maggie waved a hand and lifted the camera to snap a photo of him, "You need to wear a suit."

"God." Richie stuffed his hands into the pockets of his black slacks, "Can I at least take off these stupid shoes and put my sneakers on?"

"Richie no. You look so sharp in your suit." Maggie smiled, "Why didn't you have a date, dear?"

"The guys and I all agreed to go as a group." Richie looked up, "We're all meeting at Eddie's place and Mrs. K is gonna take us."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah." Richie looked at his mom, "Please can I change my shoes? I'll wear the suit."

"Why?" Maggie frowned as they both looked down at the leather loafers on Richie's large feet, "They look dashing, Rich."

"They're too tight." Richie griped unhappily, "I can't dance in these. I mean, if I dance."

"Fine." Maggie sighed and waved a hand, "But wipe them down before you leave."

"At luh-least you guh-got to wear suh-sneakers. Shuh-She really wuh-wanted to duh-drive you?" Bill laughed as he and Richie skipped

more stones across the water, "To the skuh-school or Eh-Eddie's?"

"I didn't stay long enough to find out."

Richie pulled up on his bicycle outside of Eddie's house and he smiled as he adjusted his glasses. When he saw the pile of bicycles on the front lawn, he was grinning even more. All the bikes were laying down except for the one that was on its kickstand- Definitely Stan's bike, as usual. He pushed his bike into the pile and let it fall over before he hopped up the steps to the front door.

Richie walked into the house and turned to see his friends sitting in the living room, chatting excitedly.

"You kids clean up nice." Richie announced his presence as he leaned against the open doorway. Four pairs of eyes turned to look at him with a smile or two.

"I can say the same, Trashmouth." Beverly commented happily.

Everyone stood up and came to greet Richie, engulfing him in the small group of five. Richie finally took notice of what everyone had decided to wear.

Beverly was in a baby blue strapless dress that draped down to the floor with a soft shawl around her shoulders. Ben beside her was in a simple black suit with a baby blue tie of the same color as Bev's dress. Mike was in a dark grey suit with a navy tie, simple and classic. Stan was in a white suit with a pale green shirt beneath it and a dark green bowtie that matched his dark green yarmulke.

"Where are Eds and Billy?" Richie looked around, "They still fuckin'?"

"Nah. Eddie's heat is done." Stan smiled, "Eddie had a nervous breakdown earlier and Bill went to go and find him."

Richie frowned and looked around, "Is he okay?"

"I'm fine."

Richie jumped and turned to look around, looking up the stairs to see Eddie. He broke into a wide grin when he saw his omega best friend

standing at the top of the stairs. Eddie's hair had grown out slightly and was starting to trail around his ears. He was dressed in a bright pink salmon suit with a white striped shirt and a navy bowtie.

Bill wrapped an arm around Eddie and Richie smiled, looking at Bill in a classic black suit with a black tie.

"Very i-i-interesting getup, Trashmouth." Bill gestured to Richie's suit and Richie looked down at his suit with a wide grin and put a hand in one of his pockets.

"Let's just put on those flower things." Richie waved a hand and looked at Eddie, "What are they called again, Eds?"

"Boutonnieres." Eddie snorted as he walked down the stairs, went into the kitchen and opened the fridge to pull out the small tray of flowers for the boys to wear, as well as Beverly's corsage, "Mom made me fridge them so they stay fresh."

"Nerd." Richie coughed under his breath and Eddie punched him in the arm.

"Speaking of nerds, who's the one who hasn't presented yet?" Eddie spat as he stepped up to Richie with a white rose, "Take your stupid flower, dumbass."

"Low blow, Kaspbrak." Richie sighed as Eddie pinned the white rose to Richie's lapel.

Eddie straightened Richie's jacket and Richie looked to see everyone pinning flowers and straightening jackets. He picked up a white rose from the bowl and stepped closer to Eddie before he took the jacket in one hand and then paused.

"What?" Eddie frowned, "Should I have Bill do it? Oh, I should. You're gonna pin it skew. Bill-"

"Shut up, I got it..." Richie cleared his throat as he opened the pin and stuck it through Eddie's jacket before he fastened the pin, "There."

Eddie looked down at his jacket with a grin and up at Richie, "Thanks, Rich."

"You clean up good, Eds." Richie fluffed Eddie's hair, "As cute as always."

"Agh!" Eddie scrambled away and slapped at Richie's hands, "Don't!"

Bill laughed at the memory, "Wuh-Weren't you also i-i-into Bev at that puh-point?"

"Oh, I was right up her ass at the end of school." Richie snorted, "I was always flirting with her and I had honestly didn't care too much that she was dating Ben. And you and Eddie were all over each other."

"O-Oh yeah..." Bill went pink, "Pruh-Prom was the nuh-night I kuh-kuh-kissed Stan for the fuh-first time."

"Didn't know that." Richie smiled as he watched Bill's muscular arm skim a stone at least half a yard.

"Wuh-What else do you ruh-ruh-remember?"

Richie was sitting at one of the tables in the hall of their high school, his face resting on his chin as he pursed his lips and watched his friends dance.

Bev was slow dancing with Ben in a small circle, Mike and Stan were at the buffet table and Eddie was slow dancing with his head on Bill's chest. Most people were staring in horror or curious disgust but didn't have the guts to say anything because there were teachers around. Also possibly because Bill was an alpha who would rip throats out.

Richie looked over at Bev longingly and let out a glum sigh. She looked beautiful under the dim but beautifully coloured lights. She smiled happily at Ben as he twirled her out and back in when the song ended.

They had all made a pact that everyone would get danced with no matter what, and Richie sat on the edge of his seat in anticipation for his dance with Beverly. He had already tried dancing with Stan but they both just started laughing and Stan joined Richie outside while he smoked a cigarette.

Bill had danced with Beverly twice and had gotten overprotective over Eddie and decided that the poor omega needed a consistent dance buddy

at all times.

Richie took a drink of his punch and stared down into its bright red contents.

"Hey, Rich." Beverly exhaled as she hopped over to him. He looked up with a smile at her pink cheeks and her cherry lips.

"You're having fun." Richie commented as Ben disappeared to find, presumably, Mike and Stan.

"Aren't you?"

"Oh yeah, my drink and I are having a regular hoedown." Richie took another sip of his drink when Beverly held out a hand. He eyed it and looked up at her, his heart jumping into his throat, "And that?"

"Dance with me, Trashmouth. Lemme see your Fred Astaire impersonation." Beverly took his hand and helped him out of the chair, pulling him towards the dancefloor where Bill and Eddie were still swaying.

"I don't think I can give you Fred Astaire, but I can offer you a very well received Gene Kelly." Richie grin as he took Beverly into him and spun her around slowly. He looked at Eddie and Bill with a smile, "Eddie looks pretty happy."

"Wouldn't you be? Bill's like a tree with bear arms." Beverly grinned, "Tall and strong seems to be Eddie's type. But it's also someone else's type."

Richie gasped and a grin split his face as they stopped dancing, "Someone else likes Bill? I swear to god, Marsh."

"I'm not supposed to say. I don't think I'm supposed to know." She waved a hand, "Dance with me, Rich."

"Only if you tell me. Don't be a tease." Richie scowled, "It's bad enough you look so beautiful."

Beverly blushed and glanced up at him from under her lashes as they waltzed in a haphazard circle, "Well... Only if you promise not to tell anyone or drop any hints that you know."

"I can try my best. You know me. All mouth." Richie stuck his tongue out and wiggled it at her with a perverted lift of his eyebrow.

"God, that's disgusting." Bev giggled and then leaned in, "It's Stan."

"Shut Eddie's mom's vagina." Richie gasped and felt a whack on his shoulder from the nearby omega who clearly heard the insult. Richie leaned in, "Are you serious?"

"Shuh-She really suh-said that?" Bill asked as he interrupted Richie's story. Richie looked from the stone he was examining with a smile that literally oozed smug complacency.

"Oh, really. We played matchmakers that night." Richie whipped the stone across the water and looked at his friend again, "You and Stan, Bev and Ben... Not so much Eddie and I but I do know that Mike went home and got a blowjob from one of the girls who worked in the house."

"Guh-Go Mikey." Bill stammered as he began looking for new stones, "I know you and Eh-Eh-Eddie didn't huh-hit it off buh-buh-back then because you huh-hadn't pruh-pruh-presented."

"Nah. But we still had fun." Richie grinned, "After I pried him off of you."

"You wuh-what?" Bill scowled, "When?"

"Well, it was more Bev than me."

"A hundred percent." Bev whispered and they both turned to see Stan laughing with Ben and Mike in the corner. Richie looked at her again with a dubious purse to his lips.

"How do you know, though?"

"I'm not gonna say. I don't wanna make it worse." Bev bit her lip, "But he really likes Bill and I wonder if Bill would like him back..."

"If Bill wasn't so far up Eddie's ass." Richie spun her out and back in, her back against his chest as they looked at Bill and Eddie still dancing and smiling, "Look at them. It's gross."

"It's sweet." Bev sighed, "Alphas and omegas are meant to be together. They're drawn to one another. And then there's us betas."

"I'm not anything yet, Bev." Richie scowled at his unrepresented self and sighed, "Probably a beta anyway. But how do you know Stan and Bill are even able to be together? Stan's a beta. Look how well you and Benny are because you're both betas."

"No harm in trying to set them up." Bev grinned, "It's your turn to dance with Eddie anyway and Bill hasn't danced with Stan yet."

Richie froze and his eyes widened, his brain coming to a screeching halt on the brakes. He looked at Bev and began shaking his head vehemently. He let go of her and turned, sprinting out of the gym and out of the side door into the pool area, knowing that nearby people were watching him. He pressed himself up against the wall and stared up at the night sky as he hyperventilated.

"Richie?" Bev called out as she came running to the door and stood there, "Richie?"

Richie slid down to high behind the outdoor pool bracket for the pumps and pressed his head against his knees as his heart hammered in his throat.

"Richie?" Bev's voice was a lot closer and he heard a ruffle of material and a hand press on his shoulder, "What the hell?"

"I... I can't dance with Eddie." Richie looked up to see Bev lighting a cigarette for him. She took a drag and leaned in, her mouth on his. She blew the smoke into his mouth and he inhaled, his body laxing at the intake of nicotine.

"What is it?" Beverly sat down on her shawl in front of him and took a drag of the cigarette.

"Eddie's dancing with Bill and boys dancing with boys isn't a thing. The only reason they're getting away with it is because no one would dare pick on Bill now that he's an alpha." Richie took the cigarette and took a deep puff on it, "If I dance with Eddie... I can't protect him or myself from someone punching him or dunking his head in the punch bowl. Or the

teasing because he's dancing with me. The cock sucker. The fag. The flamer. Remember? Stan's not the only Jewish flamer in school according to Bowers and Greta."

"Rich..." Beverly sighed as Richie took in a drag and she's on the tile beside him before he handed it over to her, "I'm sorry you feel that way."

"It's not how I feel, it's how it is."

"You deserve to dance with your best friend, Richie." Beverly got up, "I'm gonna grab Eddie from Bill and swap him with Stan and you're getting to dance with Eddie."

Richie looked up at her with a sigh, "How?"

"Come on." She smiled, "If you don't wanna do it for yourself, then do it for Bill and Stan."

"Fine." Richie whined dramatically as he was pulled back into the dance hall by the hand. Bev went over to Bill and Eddie and whispered into Eddie's ear. Eddie stopped dancing and looked at Richie with a small smile.

Eddie walked over to Richie and looked at him and they both looked back to see Bill awkwardly take Stan's hand and they danced. Richie noted Stan's brilliantly red cheeks and he chuckled.

"Do-Do you wanna dance, Rich?"

"I guess."

"Ruh-Ruh-Really?" Bill snorted, "You said 'I guess'?"

"Honestly, yeah." Richie chuckled as he and Bill simultaneously whipped stones across the water, "I was fucking nervous, dude."

"Suh-Suh-Sorry." Bill pursed his lips, "That suh-sucks."

"It's fine." Richie waved a hand, "We got to dance together."

"Huh-How?"

Richie stood outside with Eddie in the swimming pool yard. The loud music was blaring out into the night and Richie put his hands on Eddie's waist as Eddie's hands went to lay on Richie's shoulders. Richie looked down at their feet as they swayed in silence to the sounds of the band music, a pitchy and overly-tuba version of a Rolling Stones song.

Richie looked up to see Eddie smiling at him and he smiled back politely, swaying as they stepped in circles.

"You seem to be having a lot of fun dancing with Bill." Richie commented with a smirk and Eddie went pink, "Does someone have a crush?"

"Can you really call it a crush when we've already slept together?" Eddie's eyebrows knitted together as they danced alone in the crisp air.

"Probably not."

"But I don't have a crush." Eddie shrugged, "It's all physical, but it's not emotional. I don't feel much for him besides the insatiable carnal lust to have his knot deep inside me." Eddie said nonchalantly, "I don't want him to date me."

"What a glorious mental image." Richie teased lightly, and Eddie went pink in the face and he looked down with a grin, "Eds?"

"Yeah?"

"What would happen if... I mean, what if Bill got a boyfriend or a girlfriend or something?" Richie frowned as they swayed in a different direction and Richie spun Eddie out slowly, making him giggle happily and spin back in, "Would you be okay?"

"Of course. I can handle my heats now. Having him around is just a... A perk, I guess. An unattached alpha in my pack where I'm the only omega? It's like the fucking lottery."

"Pun intended?" Richie asked dryly as he squeezed Eddie's waist, "I mean good for you."

"Why do you ask? Do you know something?" Eddie stopped dancing and looked up at Richie with a frown. Richie felt his chest seize and he stopped dancing, "Rich?"

"What? No. Of course not. I was just worried about little Eds getting his heart broken." Richie crooned in a baby voice and Eddie scowled irritably and stamped on Richie's foot. Richie howled out and buckled over in pain, "Fuck! Ow! Jesus, Kaspbrak."

"Dickhead."

Bill cackled as he walked out of the water and sat down on the white stones of the riverbank, "He really stomped on your foot?"

"I had to get a lift home from my mom because my foot was bruised and I couldn't peddle home."

"Suh-Suh-Sounds like Eh-Eddie." Bill began pulling his gym socks back on as Richie did the same with his own mismatched socks.

"If anything..." Richie pulled on one of his sneakers, "It was a mitigated reaction. I would have expected more." He pulled his other shoe on and began unravelling his sodden pants.

"Wuh-Wuh-Where is he eh-anyway?" Bill unfurled his own jeans and fixed them as they both sat there.

"At my place. I left him a note." Richie smiled, "He needed a nap. If he didn't sleep soon, I would have had to drug his juice or something. He was about to explode like a Stan after he eats cheese."

Bill snorted loudly as he lay back and put his head on Richie's shoulders, "Huh-How are we almuh-most adults and wuh-we are stuh-still luh-losers?"

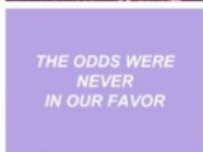
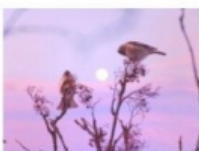
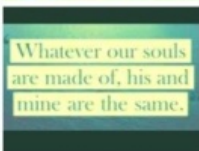
"I think it's subjective." Richie out his legs out in front of him, "Someone's gotta be the fertilizer of the world and God chose us."

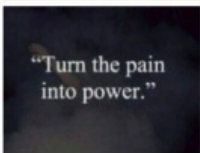
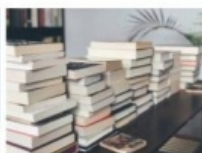
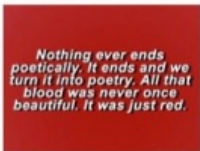
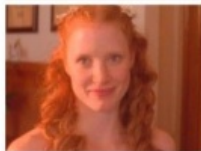
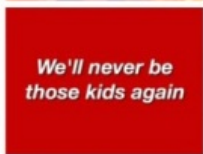
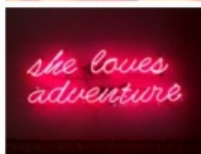
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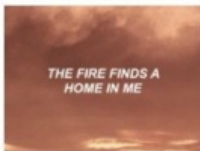
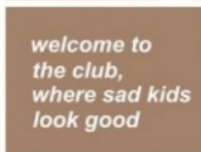
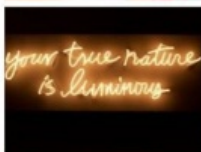
22. Chapter 22

Hello! The new chapter will be up right after this, don't worry!! But here's a special treat for getting this fic to 4K reads! I made some aesthetic boards for each character that I am so proud of. I also posted them on my Tumblr. Each one has pics of them, their hobbies and habits, their scent and some quotes they'd use. Enjoy.









23. Chapter 23

Summary for the Chapter:

Don't forget to check the previous chapter for the gift
I posted for you guys to see! I hope you enjoy it!
Thanks for the 4k!!

Richie pushed his bike into the garage and noted that his parents still weren't home. He looked at the old clock on the wall as he walked into the kitchen and realized that it was only two in the afternoon. Definitely not home yet.

He heard the soft sounds of feet on carpet upstairs and smiled, walking up to the top floor of the house. He turned to see the door to his bedroom open. He frowned and walked over, peering in to see Eddie pacing back and forth with his hands in his hair.

"Eds?"

Eddie jumped, shrieking in fright, and he turned to look at Richie. He rushed him, knocking him back out into the hallway with a huff of air leaving his chest as he hit the banister of the stairs. Eddie had jumped him, leapt up to hold him with both his arms and legs and was clinging to Richie with all his worth.

"Eds." Richie wheezed, "What... The hell?"

Eddie didn't reply and his body just continued to shake and tremble. Richie reached up to hold Eddie, soothing the poor omega as he cried for the thousandth time that day.

"I-I thought you leh-left." Eddie sobbed, his voice strained with shake and relief. Richie straightened up, holding Eddie up with ease, and walked into his bedroom in silence. He sat himself down on the edge of his bed with Eddie in his lap, "Thought you left me..."

"Why would I leave?"

Eddie sat back, his big brown eyes were a brilliant lilac in color, his omega instincts had clearly pushed him over the edge into an

exorbitant amount of panic. He wiped his eyes and his nose and looked down, "I woke up and you were gone. I couldn't find you anywhere. My brain played the entire morning out for me and I couldn't stop thinking about it. I thought I said too much. I thought I freaked you out. I thought..."

"You thought wrong." Richie stated firmly as he put his hands on Eddie's thighs, "I didn't leave you. I mean, I did leave the house but... Not because of you."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Eddie frowned at Richie irritably and Richie frowned right back, but his frown was one of confusion.

"Eddie." Richie took the omega from his lap and sat him down gently, "Didn't you get my note?"

Eddie bristled uncomfortably at being away from Richie and looked at him, "What note?"

"I left you a..." Richie looked at the table where Eddie's inhaler was and raised an eyebrow when the table was sans paper, "What?"

"What?"

"I left you... But, I put it..." Richie got up, "I swear-

Richie looked around the room that Eddie had almost overturned and he saw the paper laying face down by the window. He bent down and picked it up before he handed it to Eddie. Eddie read through the letter and looked up at Richie with red cheeks and set it down with a soft 'oh'.

"I didn't see that at all." Eddie frowned and scratched his head as he let out a shaky breath, "Sorry."

"It's okay."

"You were with Bill?" Eddie sniffed and pulled his knees to his chest, "Is he okay?"

"I think I helped." Richie added with a shrug as he kicked his shoes off, "We just skipped stones and reminisced over prom."

"Prom?" Eddie watched as Richie peeled his socks off and threw them into the hamper, "What about it?"

"It was when he and Stan started..." Richie pulled off his button-up and unfastened his belt, "And I told him about Bev and I."

"Oh?" Eddie frowned as Richie pulled his t-shirt off, stretching his back muscles and grimacing at the feel of his damp skin from his sodden clothing, "You and Bev?"

"You do know I liked her, right?"

"She's dating Ben." Eddie looked startled and disgruntled, "Richie, what the hell?"

Richie went pink, "I know. I didn't really care too much."

"Do you... Do you still?" Eddie's head tilted, his eyes filled with sudden anxiety.

"Nah. I got into her pants and now I'm over it." Richie snorted and Eddie let out a small whimper and buried his head into knees. Richie froze and looked at Eddie when the wave of realization hit him, "Eds, wait. I didn't mean it like that..."

"Then what?" Eddie looked up, "You fucked her like you fucked me and you left her? What's next for me, then?"

"Eddie no, that's not... I don't-" Richie squeezed his eyes shut and let out a shaky exhale as he pushed his hands down at his sides to try and ground himself, "It was a joke, Eddie. Look, I really liked Beverly when we were kids and I still liked her up until about the time I presented. I slept with her only once and that's it. The only reason I stopped liking her was because I became an alpha. My body just... Didn't want her anymore."

"And me?" Eddie's frown deepened, "Does your body still want me?"

"My body doesn't want her because all it wants is you." Richie unfastened his pants and pulled them off, kicking them off, "Now if you need proof, you're welcome to join me in the shower before my parents come home."

Eddie looked at his boyfriend that was standing there in his underwear and he went pink before he stood up and tugged at his shirt.

Richie's grin was immeasurably large on his face as he watched Eddie strip down to his boxers and fold his clothes up. Eddie turned to Richie and frowned when he saw the expression on the alpha's face.

Eddie stopped and frowned, looking down at the floor. Richie frowned, "Change your mind?"

"What?"

"Eddie, what is it? Something's bothering you."

Eddie looked around awkwardly and rubbed the back of his neck, "I just..."

"What is it?" Richie frowned again and tilted his head, "Tell me."

"No."

"Eddie..."

"No." Eddie folded his arms, "It's nothing."

"Your face says otherwise and it's showing." Richie stepped closer, "Don't you want to shower with me?"

"Can- Can you just..." Eddie squeezed his eyes shut, "I can't get you and Bev out of my head."

"If that's what gets you going." Richie shrugged with a grin and Eddie's jaw clenched irritably.

"Not now. No jokes. Don't try and make this less serious with your stupid jokes, Richie." Eddie scowled darkly, "I can't get over what you said. I can't stop thinking about how you could still be attracted to her. How do I know you aren't thinking about her when you're with me?"

Richie pursed his lips and grimaced, reaching out to touch Eddie

when he stopped himself, knowing that it'd probably make it worse.

"Sit." Richie gestured to the bed and Eddie did just that, perching himself on the edge of Richie's unmade bed with his ankles crossed.

"What are you possibly going to say to make this better?" Eddie scoffed and looked out of the window with sadness in his eyes.

"Okay. Here's the thing." Richie wrung his fingers nervously, "Okay, the thing. It's..."

"Don't bother." Eddie got up, "Don't fucking bother, Richie. I don't know why I fucking bothered. I can't believe you. You know how fucking difficult this is for me and you go and fucking joke about us and about you and Beverly!"

"It was a joke!" Richie groaned, "And don't you think this is hard for me too?!"

"How are you making this about you?!"

"You're doing the fucking same!" Richie gestured to Eddie with a wave of his hand, "Don't make this about yourself! It should be about you and me! Not just you!"

"Why don't you shut up!" Eddie yelled, "For once in your fucking life, shut up! Why don't you just go and fuck Beverly again! I can't fucking believe you!"

Richie stared at him, anger rolling off of his body in thick tremors as his lip curled into a snarl and his eyes narrowed, "Fine. I'll stay quiet. If you want fuckin' silence, I'll give you fuckin' silence. Whatever the fuck you want, you little shit. If I go and fuck Bev, then you can go and fuck yourself."

"Excuse me?" Eddie seethed as Richie turned to walk out. The back of his head was suddenly struck with something that was thrown with blinding force. He turned as shards of glass landed on the floor and he stared at them and up at Eddie with wide eyes, "Don't fucking turn away from me, you dick."

"Did you just throw a glass at me?"

"I'm surprised you felt it through your thick fucking skull." Eddie's eyes narrowed, "I can't believe you."

"What did I do now?" Richie sighed, pressing his forehead against the side of his wardrobe and glanced at Eddie before he let out a sigh and looked at him, "Well?"

"Nothing." Eddie seemed just as livid as before, "Nothing as usual. You can't ever do anything wrong because you're the perfect son and a perfect alpha!"

"Where the fuck did you pull that out of?" Richie rounded on Eddie, stepping closer, "Where the fuck do you get that?! Who the fuck gives you the right to judge me!"

"Well, look at you!" Eddie threw a hand up, "You stupid perfect asshole!"

"Why are you yelling at me for being perfect?!"

"Ha! So you admit it!" Eddie spat, "You know you're perfect and you think you're better than me!"

"No one is better than you, you stupid fuck!" Richie threw his hands up in defeat, "For the love of fuck, Eddie! I didn't mean any of it! I don't give a fuck about Beverly, okay! I was only making a joke because every single fucking time you want to talk about feelings, then I freak out okay?! I'm not ready to talk about this stupid shit! I don't want to be with Beverly, I only want you, okay?! God, why the fuck are you being so blind if I'm the one with these stupid glasses?!"

"No, you don't get to fucking sidetrack me again! Every time you try to distract me, I let you, but I fucking notice! You can't keep pushing me away when I try and tell you how I feel!" Eddie yelled angrily as he reached out and pushed Richie, the alpha stumbled back into his wardrobe with a grunt, "You absolute fucking idiot! Every time I try and talk to you, you go and ruin it and I have to live with the internal repercussions!"

"Then what the fuck do you want from me, Eddie! Tell me! Because I don't fucking know what you want!"

"I want you to fucking tell me you love me! I want you to feel how I feel and I want to know it every time I look at you! All I want is to be able to fucking love you like I do! I fucking do! And you're such a stupid idiot that you don't care!"

"I- What?" Richie stood up from his awkward leaning against the closet and adjusted his glasses, "Eddie, what?"

"No." Eddie shook his head vehemently, his lips curling into his mouth, "No. Nothing. Don't you dare bring it up. I-I swear to God-"

"You... You love me?" Richie tilted his head as he took a step closer.

"No. No, I don't. I'm mad at you." Eddie folded his arms as Richie came even closer.

"But you said..." Richie's eyebrows furrowed as his brain played Eddie's words over and over, "You said you- I mean I think... Do you love me, Eds?"

"I fucking hate you." Eddie scowled darkly at the ground as his freckled cheeks flooded with color and Richie began to feel a streak of anticipated panic run through him and make his palms clammy.

"Edward Kaspbrak, I will fucking stab you-"

"Alright." Eddie groaned, his head rolling back on his shoulders with exasperation written into every pore, "If it gets you to shut up, I'll say it."

"Don't say it if you don't mean it." Richie stopped in front of Eddie and looked down at him, his heart hammering in his chest to the point that it ached, "Why would you say it if you didn't mean it? Do you love me, omega?"

"I..." Eddie closed his eyes and then opened them, his eyes were wide and dilated with what looked like fear and yearning, "I love you."

Richie stared down at Eddie for a long moment, his eyes taking in every single detail of Eddie's face in the hazy light that was streaming through the window. Richie smiled tenderly at Eddie and reached up to caress Eddie's cheek with a finger.

"You love me..." Richie whispered wistfully as the bloom of genuine intensity flourished in his stomach and exploded into a tornado of butterflies, "My omega loves me."

"Of course I do." Eddie leaned into the touch and glimpsed up at Richie out of the corner of his eye, "Wouldn't throw a glass at you for lusting after a woman if I didn't."

"Your love language is weird, Eddie."

"So is yours, dickhead." Eddie sighed, his cheek now resting in Richie's hand, "You and your stupid jokes."

"That's not my love language. That's my native language." Richie corrected with a smugness tinting his voice, "My love language is irritating you for attention. The jokes are irrelevant." Richie pulled Eddie into his body and held him close, inhaling the honey smell from Eddie's hair.

"Happy now?" Eddie asked, his voice muffled from within Richie's armpit crease.

"Eddie?" Richie asked out, after a long moment of silent but intense thought, and held him closer, "I'm so happy you said that." Richie's mouth opened and closed a couple times as his stomach knotted up even more. His heart picked up it's pulse and it began to make his blood thrum through his veins. He was starting to feel lightheaded.

"Are you okay?" Eddie asked, "Your heart is racing."

"I, uh..." Richie swallowed and glanced around, "I'm..."

"Richie, are you okay? Hey?" Eddie stepped over the glass shards and pulled Richie to his desk chair, pushing him to sit gently. He leaned in and looked Richie in the eye, holding his shoulders, "Rich?"

"I-I..." Richie panted lightly and tried to breathe, his entire body on red alert, his brain screaming at the sudden reality of the situation.

"Richard," Eddie put a hand on Richie's face and they locked eyes as Richie exhaled shakily, "Tell me what's wrong."

"I love you too."

Eddie's eyes widened with genuine surprise and he stood up, his eyes narrowing, "Okay. What's the punchline?"

"No punchline." Richie shook his head, "I-I mean it. As is. No jokes."

Eddie swallowed, standing sideways as though bracing himself for something else. Richie merely stared up at Eddie, his neck and spine crawling with vulnerable goosebumps.

"Wait, you're serious." Eddie turned to face Richie and then bent down to look him in the eye, "You're really serious."

"I love you, Eds. I've fallen so in love with you." Richie whispered softly and Eddie pressed his forehead against Richie's with a shaky breath.

"Didn't think you'd ever say it." Eddie whispered quietly, "Even if you felt it."

"God, I'm gonna hurl." Richie groaned and hung his head, letting out a breathy chuckle as he took in a deep breath.

"Do you need a bucket?" Eddie put a hand on Richie's shoulder, "I'm sorry my love nauseates you."

"Not yours. Mine." Richie chuckled, "I have an unhealthy relationship with my emotions."

"And now I have to endure it." Eddie tutted softly, "How unfortunate."

"Too late. You love me. No take-backs." Richie looked up and adjusted his glasses on his nose, "You said."

"I did say."

"Remind me again," Richie smiled up at Eddie, "What was it that you said?"

"I said..." Eddie pulled Richie up from the chair slowly to hold him, "I said I love you."

"That's the good shit right there." Richie exhaled and then looked down at Eddie with a wide grin.

"What?"

"You're cute, Eds. Come shower with me." Richie held Eddie's cheeks in his hands and squeezed them with his thumbs. Eddie laughed lightly and pulled out of Richie's grasp. Eddie took off his watch and set it down on the nightstand before he took Richie's outstretched fingers in his own.

"Richie?"

"What's up?" Richie asked and then froze. He looked at the glass on the floor and then at Eddie. He picked Eddie up lightly and carried him over the dangerous shards.

"Why are you wet, exactly?" Eddie asked with dubious curiosity as he was carried into the upstairs bathroom. Richie laughed as he set Eddie down. Eddie sat on the closed toilet and watched Richie fiddle with the shower attachment.

"I fell in the river." Richie chuckled as he pulled the shower curtain back from the side of the bathtub and stuck a hand under the water, "Bill made me laugh and I fell off a rock."

"Sounds about right." Eddie got up and pulled his underwear off, "Are you okay?"

"I'm good." Richie pulled his own damp underwear off and threw his and Eddie's underwear in the hamper and then saw Eddie looking at him, "What?"

"I don't know..." Eddie tilted his head to the side as he deliberately looked Richie over inch by inch, "You look different."

Richie looked down at himself and back up at Eddie before he took off his glasses and set them on the edge of the basin, "I don't see anything."

"Weird." Eddie shrugged and stepped into the bathtub and stood under the water. He looked at Richie again, "It's bothering me now."

You look different."

Richie let out a groan and looked at himself in the full-length mirror that was stuck to the back of the bathroom door. His brow furrowed as he looked over his own body and then glanced at Eddie behind him in the mirror.

"I... I mean I guess I look a bit taller." Richie turned to look at Eddie, "Maybe I'm hitting my alpha stride. Growing into my final form like a caterpillar into a butterfly."

"Yeah, you're a regular fucking caterpillar." Eddie held out a hand, "Are we fucking in here or not because I'm getting impatient already."

"Jesus." Richie snorted as he stepped into the shower and closed the curtain properly, "That's kinda violent, don't you think?"

"Yeah. Violence is my wheelhouse." Eddie snorted, "But I'm cute so I get away with it."

"You could get away with murder." Richie commented simply as he pushed Eddie under the torrent of water to stand with him.

"You are taller." Eddie stated matter-of-factly as he looked up at Richie, "I don't think I noticed it at first. I'm seeing it now."

"You think so?" Richie looked down, "I don't feel taller."

"How tall were you?" Eddie asked as Richie turned him around and pressed Eddie's back against him. Richie let out a hum as he began kissing Eddie's neck, nipping at his scent glands that instantly made Eddie's legs buckle.

"I was about five twelve." Richie replied idly as his hands skated down Eddie's sides.

"You're easily six one now." Eddie breathed out shakily, "Much taller. I'm only five seven."

Richie realized what Eddie was saying when Eddie turned again to look up at him and the top of Eddie's head was now at the same height as Richie's nose. Last time he consciously checked, Eddie's

head was in line with his eyes or somewhere nearby.

He was getting taller.

"Oh God, I can't keep growing." Richie laughed lightly, "I like my height. I like that my clothes fit."

"Bill also shot up when he became an alpha, remember? He went from five nine to six three." Eddie chuckled, "He had to get an entirely new wardrobe because his muscles filled out as well."

"Oh no." Richie scowled, "I don't want muscle. That seems like a lot to carry around all the time. I like looking like a bendy straw."

"It's exciting." Eddie smiled as he wrapped his arms around Richie's neck, "You having muscles means you have testosterone. It's exciting to finally think of you as having testosterone. Like a real man."

"I-" Richie scowled, "Hey! I have testosterone. I'm a fucking man."

"Of course you are." Eddie smiled sweetly, batting his wet eyelashes up at Richie, "I mean, you might not need your glasses for much longer."

"I thought that our alpha stride fixes our genetic problems. Why didn't it fix Bill's stutter?"

Eddie frowned, "Bill's stutter isn't a genetic problem like your eyesight. Bill's stutter is psychological. It comes and goes with his mood and stress. Look how it vanished when he got angry? Look how much it increases when he gets stressed? Maybe at first it was different when he was a kid but now? Now he's used to it and I don't think it's something he can help. Alpha strides can't fix things like OCD and mental health."

"So, I'm fucked with my ADHD then?" Richie scowled, "They don't make alpha strength meds for my issues."

"At least you won't need glasses so you can see me suck your dick without squinting." Eddie grinned smugly as Richie's head fell back with a loud laugh.

"You're fucking feral sometimes." Richie snickered, "Now speaking of... You wanna fuck before or after I soap you up?"

Eddie pursed his lips and looked down between them with a small hum, "Soap after, sex now."

"Thank God." Richie muttered as he put Eddie up against the tiled wall of the tub, "At least you're small enough for me to pick you up. Your size is handy in times like this."

"Picking me up?" Eddie's small smile turned from innocent into something that made Richie's stomach churn with need. It was heavy with salacious suggestion and indecency, "I don't think so."

"No?"

"Uh-uh." Eddie replied nonchalantly as he turned his back to Richie, facing the wall away from the shower. He leaned over and held onto the ceramic soap dish and arched his back. He pushed his ass against Richie and glanced at him over his shoulder. Richie was frozen still, staring at Eddie with wide eyes, his mouth open in a small circle of shock.

"Oh." Richie breathed out as his semi was pressed up between his stomach and Eddie's ass. He swallowed and put his hands on Eddie's hips, keeping him still as he ground his hips up and down in a teasing manner.

Eddie let out a small groan, his head hanging on his tense shoulders. Richie took a step back under the water, watching the water hit Eddie's skin. Richie wrapped a hand around himself, stroking his erection roughly. He stopped and looked at Eddie for a second before he bit his lip.

"Eddie?"

"Yeah?" Eddie breathed out shakily and Richie grabbed him around the waist and pulled him up into a standing position, "What?"

"I, uh..." Richie sucked gently on Eddie's neck, "Would now be a weird time to ask for something?"

"I'll let you know if you tell me what you want." Eddie's voice cracked as he tilted his head in submission, his body melting against Richie.

"I wanna see you." Richie mumbled as he ran his nose along Eddie's neck, "Make yourself feel good."

Eddie stiffened for a second as Richie spoke, his body still pressed languidly against the alpha behind him.

"You'd rather watch that than have sex?"

"No." Richie muttered simple, "I'd like both."

"Greedy." Eddie breathed out shakily and turned to face Richie, kissing him with rough passion and breathless gasps. Richie moaned out, his hands skating over Eddie's wet skin and around to grip the very bottom creases of Eddie's asscheeks. He pulled Eddie up against him and held him close as their tongues skimmed and explored lips and teeth.

Richie fingers kneaded into Eddie's plump flesh before he set him back down on flat feet from his toes that he had been standing on. Richie began trailing his nose over Eddie's jaw, inhaling the honey scent that had begun mixing with the heavy musk of Eddie's arousal.

Eddie let out a moan, a low and deep sound that seemed way too heavy for the simple act of Richie's mouth on his throat. Richie leaned back, his eyes glancing down to see Eddie's own hand behind him and his lips parted in pure pleasure. Richie stomach jumped with heavy cognizance as he realized that Eddie's fingers were inside him.

He saw Eddie's legs buckling under the pressure of his self-gratification and he reached out, putting Eddie up against the wall. Eddie slid slightly as his arm moved up and down, his head thrown back against the wall as the red flush of his cheeks spread down to his chest.

Richie let out a groan and leaned in, pushing his thigh between Eddie's legs. Eddie instantly began to grind down on Richie's leg as he twisted his arm to keep on pushing his fingers in further. Richie stuck his nose back into Eddie's neck before his mouth followed and he

began sucking fervently on the soft flesh of Eddie's neck.

Eddie cried out, moaning desperately, as Richie sucked on his throat to leave a deliberate mark right where his instincts told him to bite. Eddie pulled his fingers from his body and pulled Richie closer, grinding up against him with desperation.

A muffled yelp left Richie when Eddie's two fingers were pushed into his mouth. He groaned out, instantly tasting the slick of Eddie's fingers. He sucked on the two digits, his eyes closing to enjoy the sweet musk on his taste-buds. Eddie whined out and pushed his hips towards Richie as a silent plea.

Richie pulled Eddie's two fingers from his mouth, giving the tips of Eddie's fingers one more soft lick before he let go and slid his hand down to grip Eddie's soft thigh. Eddie whimpered and looked up at Richie with innocent but hooded eyes as his right leg was lifted up to almost press against his chest.

"I know you didn't want to be picked up but..." Richie picked Eddie's other leg up and it automatically wrapped around his hip, "God, I wanna see your face."

"Shut up and fuck me." Eddie gasped, "Please."

Richie snickered and took Eddie's leg and slid it up over shoulder, pushing Eddie up against the wall as the other leg dug into the alphas spine.

"I got you." Richie whispered, "You won't fall."

Eddie moaned as he wrapped his arms around Richie's neck and felt Richie's arm slide beneath him. Richie carefully lined himself up with Eddie's desperately slick hole and pushed forward. He took Eddie's hip and pushed him down, groaning as he felt Eddie sink onto his length.

Eddie's shin was pressed against the side of Richie's head, his own knee almost right beside his flushed face as he tried to take Richie into his body in one push.

Richie was already breathless, one arm bracing himself on the tiled

wall beside Eddie as the other was gripping Eddie's asscheek to keep him stable and in place.

"Please-Please move." Eddie whined, "Fuck. You're-That's..." Eddie squirmed and panted, "Richie, fuck sake move."

Richie chuckled, knowing full-well that at this angle he was most likely pressed dead centre on Eddie's prostate. By the way that Eddie was jittering and shaking, he was probably pretty close to that sensitive spot.

"Richie, I-Ah!" Eddie was cut off when Richie pulled out and pushed back in, sliding the omega down and up the tiles quickly. Richie repeated the action another two times at a deliberate pace for Eddie to feel every inch sliding in and out. Richie pushed his chest against Eddie and began thrusting into him roughly from the first instant.

Eddie screamed out, a sharp but guttural moan that had his head back against the tiles, a hand raking over Richie's shoulder with enough strength to leave bright red welts.

Richie exhaled in a heavy puff, spitting water from his face in a mist as it ran over his skin in rivulets. Eddie slipped back and forth, bouncing on Richie's length with fevered flux, his mouth hanging open in a perfect 'o' of sensuous pleasure.

They stayed locked in their interlaced wreath of limbs for so long that the water was already growing colder and the faucets were pushed to maximum heat. Eddie was already sobbing out loud, tears streaming and mingling with the water on his ruddy cheeks. His back was arched for the perfect angle to have Richie fuck into him with enough speed to rival a hyperactive jackhammer.

Eddie's leg slipped from Richie's shoulder and Richie caught it in the crook of his arm, pushing Eddie's legs open even wider with his fingers splayed on the tile. Eddie cried out, his voice cracking and knackjumping in his throat as he cried and squeezed his eyes shut.

"O-Oh fuck." Eddie moaned, "Yeah, fuck- Richie, please."

Richie nodded, his jaw clenched shut to the point that it ached. He

was hyperfocused on the hot coil in his stomach and the climax that drew him ever closer into his own euphoric fusillade.

His legs were shaking and he was practically on his toes, trying to push his omega over the edge before he fell over the edge of his own orgasmic cliff.

It didn't take long after that moment when Eddie gasped out a garbled choke, his body spasming with frenzied pleasure. He came in a thick burst between them, spurting warm all over his stomach as he rode his orgasm out on Richie's dick.

Richie helped him through it, kissing all over Eddie's neck and jaw, whispering consoling encouragement against Eddie's ear. Richie thrust into Eddie with heavy and powerful strokes, feeling Eddie twitch with overstimulation. He chased his release with a keen and almost brutish fervor. He wanted to come inside his omega, he practically felt the craving deep in his gut.

He growled out, hitting his second wind, and picked Eddie up with a strength he hadn't expected to have. Eddie yelped out as Richie's hips hit his thighs, their breaths punctuated with the ardent slaps of skin on skin that seemed so loud in comparison to the perennial shower of water on their bodies.

"Eds- Fuck-" Richie gasped out, feeling the startling fizzles of his release already starting in his stomach, "Eddieeddieeddie." Richie babbled out mindlessly against Eddie's cheek.

"Fill me up, alpha." Eddie whined quietly, "Please."

Richie only nodded in reply, his teeth gritted with tense strain when he came in a heavy fall. He moaned out, his hips stuttering with discontinuous and intermittent strokes. He came deep inside of Eddie's body, hearing the omega moan at the feeling. Eddie clenched around Richie, instinctually holding on to the alpha as Richie's glorious revelry dwindled down to exquisite sparks in his fingers and toes.

"Fuck." Richie panted heavily, pressing himself against Eddie and the wall, his legs trembling weakly, "What the fuck, dude."

Eddie moaned out quietly, stroking a hand through Richie's wet hair with veneration. Richie leaned in, kissing Eddie's neck gently as he waited for his heart to stop trying to shoot from his chest.

Richie carefully lowered Eddie's legs back down onto the bathtub's floor surface and held him still, kissing his lips over and over again in gentle succession.

"Rich." Eddie managed between kisses, "Rich- Ah. Wait." Eddie moved back and let out a heavy breath, "Hang on. I'm trying to breathe."

Richie grinned sheepishly and lay his head in Eddie's neck, "Sorry."

"You took it out of me. You should be sorry." Eddie scoffed as he took in another breath. The remark had Richie look up with a raised eyebrow, "What?"

"I'll actually apologize for fucking the breath out of you when you have your breath fucked out and you didn't ask for it." Richie pursed his lips with an audacious twist to the corners of his pout, "But all you did was beg for it so I gave you what you wanted."

"I..." Eddie opened his mouth to argue and then closed it, looking down with a hint of a chagrin, "I don't think I'll ever be able to stop when it's so good."

"You're welcome." Richie grinned as he pushed himself against Eddie, "So very welcome."

"Hey. Watch that head of yours." Eddie rolled his eyes, "If you over-inflate with your own ego, you might burst."

"If you don't want my head to get any bigger then stop blowing so much fucking air up my ass, Kaspbrak." Richie reached over to turn the water off.

"If you keep fucking me like you have been, then I'll blow anything you want." Eddie sighed as he stepped out of the shower and grabbed the nearest towel. Richie stared at Eddie with wide eyes, unmoving and in genuine shock at the comment.

"You know I love you, right?" Richie voice came out in a hollow and

almost boyish croak as Eddie wrapped the beige towel around his waist and tucked the corner in to keep it in place. He glanced up at Richie with a smile.

"You've mentioned it."

24. Chapter 24

A month later and Richie could tell that not only were Bill and Stan not talking at all anymore, but the group had taken to hanging out with them separately or split up. And they were all miserable.

Bill had become almost completely mute because his stutter had gotten to the point that he was completely unintelligible so he had just given up entirely on verbal communication. Stan rarely left the house and dove straight into book after book, seeing barely anyone except for Eddie and Ben on the rare chance he let them into the house.

Eddie had said that the last time he saw Stan, he had scrubbed everything clean to the point that his hands were raw. Everything was so neat and tidy and sterile that the smell of cleaning products burnt Eddie's nose. Stan was dressed as crisp as usual but he looked disheveled and devoid of sleep. He had forced himself to smile and laugh but all it did was make Eddie worry about Stan's mental health.

It was already December and it was freezing cold. It had been growing colder ever since November with only a handful of jacket-only days. But now the entire town of Derry was covered in a thick blanket of white, and it impossibly cold in every house. With that change in weather, Eddie's mom also turned into what Richie described as a 'mother bear on crack'. She didn't allow Eddie outside in the cold because of his asthma and almost made him hibernate inside every day.

It is true that as werewolves, the colder months did make everyone a lot more sleepy and sluggish and a lot of the older generation did like to hibernate indoors until it was safe to return in warmer climates. So, because Eddie was housebound for a lot of the time in the past month, Richie found himself trekking through the snow on a fairly regular schedule.

Today was no exception. Richie had woken up early with all intention of bundling up and going to see Eddie, a part of him was yearning for it, but his mother seemed far more preoccupied with the notion that Richie had to help her change from Thanksgiving decor to

Christmas.

"But, Richie, you used to love decorating the tree with me." Maggie pouted as she held out a bright red bauble. Richie eyed it over the rim of his coffee mug and took a small sip, "Stay and help me. Spend some time with me for once. I barely see you. And besides, your rut is going to start any day now and I won't see you for another week."

Richie withheld the urge to groan and pursed his lips, "Lemme phone Eddie and make sure he doesn't have any plans."

Maggie grinned and turned as she continued unpacking boxes upon boxes of decorations. Richie stalked into the kitchen and picked up the phone, dialling Eddie's number as he sipped on his coffee.

"This is Sonia." Mrs. Kaspbrak answered after a few rings and Richie winced.

"Hi, Mrs. K. It's Richie. How are you?"

"Oh, hi Richard. I'm fine thanks. Are you looking for Eddie-bear?"

"Oh no, Mrs. K, I phoned to talk to you. I was lonely and I wanted some female companionship. You're the most beautiful woman I know." Richie grinned into the receiver as he sipped again, hearing Sonia laugh.

"You are way too charming for your own good, Mr. Tozier. Unfortunately, I'm on my way out to see the ladies from my book club." Sonia sighed, "I can't be much company right now."

Richie sighed out dramatically, "Oh well. I guess if you're going, then Eddie'll have to do. Can I speak to him?"

"Of course, dear." Sonia replied before Richie heard her yell out, "Eddie-bear, phone call for you!" Richie drained the last of his coffee when Sonia spoke on the phone, "Now I have to get going. I hope I see you again before Christmas, Richie."

"Of course, you know I only visit your son to see your dazzling good looks and your matching tracksuits, Mrs. K. You caught me." Richie laughed lightly, "Just a boy with a crush."

"Behave yourself, Mr. Tozier." Sonia warned before there was a light shuffling and Eddie's voice was heard as he complained about his mother kissing his face. Richie chuckled.

"Were you flirting with my mom again?" Eddie asked into the phone, "That's fucking disgusting."

"Can't help it." Richie sighed out, "She's the woman of my dreams, Eds. The heart wants what it wants."

Eddie gagged lightly, "Dude, that's my mom."

"Oh, I'm aware." Richie replied with the grin on his face spreading, "She's calmed the fuck down ever since you've presented and shit. She's more fun to fuck with. She's actually becoming a human again."

"Easy for you to say. You don't have to live with her." Eddie scoffed, "You'd think she'd notice that I'm not twelve anymore."

"You still look twelve, though." Richie grinned as he began playing with the spiral phone cord, wrapping and unwrapping it around his pinky finger, "Same height and everything."

"Suck a knot, Richie."

"That's your job, omega. Don't test me." Richie growled over the phone and he heard Eddie whimper in submission. Richie bristled with dominant pride and straightened up against the wall, "That's better."

"The hell do you want anyway?" Eddie asked before he added, "Besides my mom."

"I phoned to ask if you had any plans for us today." Richie shrugged simply.

"Well..." Eddie trailed off, "My mom's gone for about two hours and I'm home alone and it's very cold out..." Eddie trailed off and Richie stiffened, his eyes widening. Of course that's where Eddie's brain was going. If Richie was a day or two away from his rut then Eddie was a day or two away from his heat.

"Y-Yeah?" Richie cleared his throat nonchalantly, "What about it?"

"I was just kind of hoping you'd come here and..." Eddie paused, a shaky breath static over the phone, "And you'd fill me up, alpha."

Richie cleared his throat, coughing lightly, "Oh. Um..." He looked around for a second to make sure he was alone, "You better not be fucking with me, Kaspbrak."

"Nuh-uh..." Eddie replied breathily and began panting over the phone, the sound made the hair on Richie's arms and neck stand up on end.

"Five minutes." Richie nodded to himself, already trying to think of a plan, "You better be naked when I get there."

Eddie hung up instantly and Richie put the phone on the hook. He sidled back into the living room to see his mom sorting out tinsel and lights on the floor.

"Hey, Ma." Richie smiled, "I'm gonna go to Eddie's for an hour. He needs help with their charity box for the shelter and he asked me to help him pick out some stuff. Why don't you sort out the decorations and have some lunch and I'll be back to help you decorate. I'll even help you hang the lights outside." Richie smiled, "I'll be all yours for the rest of the day. Get your fill of the best son in the world before I abandon you for a week."

Maggie smiled at her son, "You're so kind and generous, Rich. Such a good boy."

Richie leaned in to kiss his mother's cheek before he practically bolted upstairs to put on his boots and jacket. He wrapped a scarf around his neck and sighed. He knew his alpha body heat would be no problem for the arctic tundra that was outside, but he also knew his mom wouldn't let him leave the house if he wasn't bundled up like a literal newborn.

Richie took the steps two at a time and waved goodbye to his mom before he went out into the snowy weather. He could see the tire treads in the snow on the road and he recognized Sonia's station

wagon as it had passed his house a few minutes before. He grinned as he jumped down into the thick snow. He walked along the sidewalk, thick white fluff crunching delicately under his feet.

He carefully crossed the icy road and continued walking, stuffing his hands in his pockets. He looked around, the glare of the snow was harsh on his eyes and he squinted at the blur. He stopped in the middle of his journey to Eddie's house and looked around, his vision now completely blurred and distorted.

He took his glasses off, blinking and rubbing his eyes. He looked up again and everything was crystal clear. He looked down at his black boots and up at the house beside him and he could see every tiny detail.

"Whoa. Wicked." He grinned, blinking hard, his vision blurred for a moment before it returned to its crystal clear quality. Richie stuffed his glasses into his pockets and continued his walk to Eddie's house. He got to the house and climbed over the small gate.

He jogged up to the door, grinning at the empty driveway, and opened the door. It was toasty warm inside and it was dark and inviting. He could smell Eddie's honey scent permeate through every room in the house and it mixed with Sonia's own omega smell. Richie didn't mind her scent so much, a sweet musk like some sort of fruit.

He shrugged his jacket off and shook the snow from his hair, sniffing the air as he locked the front door. One specific trail of Eddie's scent definitely caught his attention, underlying beneath the regular smell, it had a vine undercurrent that was ringed with musky arousal and it was heavier than usual. Richie whined out, hanging his coat at the door and toeing his boots off. He peeled off his socks and stuffed them into his shoes, his eyes closed as he let his body instinctively follow the scent.

It didn't take him upstairs like he had anticipated but instead he took a turn immediately left and walked into the living room. He stopped in the doorway of the dark lounge and saw Eddie on the carpet on his elbows and knees in front of the fireplace.

Eddie's naked body was glowing in the brilliant orange glow of the

fire that crackled beside him. His head was resting on his arms, his back arched sinuously as he stared to his left at Richie in silence.

Richie didn't even have a remark, his brain flattening out completely as he walked into the room, unbuttoning his shirt as he did so. He unbuttoned the shirt and dropped it on the sofa before he pulled his long sleeve off and threw it aside into the pile. Eddie's eyes were on his body, watching him with deep-seated hunger.

Richie unfastened his belt and his jeans, pulling them down to kick them off. He pushed them aside with his foot and looked at Eddie, whose eyes were way further south than Richie's face. His brilliant lilac eyes shone for a moment before they returned to their beautiful dark brown. He glanced up at Richie from where he had been staring and he let out a whine.

Richie wordlessly tucked his fingers into his underwear, pulling them down over his already aching erection and over his thighs, he let them fall and stepped out of them, towards Eddie.

Eddie arched his back even more, presenting himself to the alpha. Eddie was definitely on the cusp of his heat and if Richie wasn't careful, it would tip him over into his rut a lot sooner than expected.

Richie went down on his knees behind Eddie and leaned over, pressing his body over the omega to lick at his neck and press his erection against Eddie. The omega whined out and pushed back, his head tilting to the side, still unspoken. The curling smell of Eddie's arousal was intense, and Richie could feel it pulling at the threads of his sanity.

Richie rocked his hips slowly, feeling Eddie's slick coating the underside of his dick almost entirely. Richie kept his body pressed close to Eddie, leaning over him with his hands in the floor on either side to keep him up.

Eddie whined, clear desperation lilting every pitch and moan in his breath. Richie leaned in and licked at Eddie's neck, breathing out against Eddie's ear before he tugged on it with his teeth. Eddie moaned as Richie sat up, rubbing a hand over himself, coating his length in omega slick.

Richie sighed out at the touch on his skin and pressed the tip of his dick against Eddie's hole and pushed forward teasingly. He pushed in and out slowly, hearing Eddie pant as though Richie were already inside of him. Richie had barely edged the tip of his dick into Eddie when Eddie cried out and came hard on carpet, his back arched as moans of varying pitch left his lips.

Richie massaged Eddie's trembling hips as Eddie rocked through his sudden release. Richie bit his lip, knowing full-well that Eddie wasn't finished if he was so close to his heat. Richie let out a reassuring growl as he slid into Eddie slowly, pushing in with heavy and deliberate thrusts. Eddie definitely wasn't in heat yet, his body wasn't dripping with slick, but that didn't mean that Eddie was completely dry either. Richie just knew he would have to be careful until Eddie's body was used to the intrusion. Definitely different from being in heat.

Eddie yelped with each stroke into him until Richie based out, his hips flush with Eddie's ass. Richie closed his eyes, whimpering quietly with each shaky breath that left him.

The heat around his dick was tight and exquisite, the way Eddie clenched at the stroke against his prostate had Richie's stomach lurch. He slid out, hearing Eddie whine, and slid back in slowly. Once he was satisfied that Eddie wasn't in pain, Richie returned to where he was, pressing his entire body over Eddie's smaller frame. Eddie choked out as his chest was pushed into the carpet, being pushed down by Richie's glorious weight.

Richie's hips began moving on their own accord, short bursts of motion as he barely moved his body, a quick but forceful barrage. Eddie gasped, groaning as he lifted his ass up even more. Richie used one arm to keep himself up, leaning on his elbows, and the other snaked around Eddie's neck, a large hand wrapped around Eddie's throat to lift his head up. Richie ran his lips over Eddie's cheek, grunting with each ravaging surge of his hips.

Eddie gasped, his breath ragged and uneven with saliva, and his eyes squeezed shut. His nails raked across the old carpet as Richie's hips sped up even faster, his moan was long and stretched out despite it being punctuated with short grunts as Eddie tried to push back.

Richie groaned, the tight knots in his stomach pulling even tighter and taking his muscles into almost atrophy with it.

"F-Fuck yeah." Richie gasped, his long fingers curling into the side of Eddie's dark hair, pulling his head aside with a small snarl. Richie sucked on Eddie's neck roughly, biting on his skin and trying with every inch of self control to not sink his teeth in. Eddie whined at the feel of Richie's teeth and tilted his head even further, submitting completely.

Eddie was also crying already, snivelling and whimpering with a wordless plea for Richie to keep going. And of course he kept going, Richie couldn't stop fucking his omega even if the entire house was on fire. Judging from the temperature that thrummed under his skin and around their entwined bodies, it felt like the former statement was true.

Richie lifted his hips as he thrust in, burying himself in roughly, pushing Eddie's ass up even higher. The omega let out a choked scream, the sound ebbing into a series of babbling moans as he scrambled for purchase.

"O-Oh yeah, fuck-" Eddie grunted, "Yeahyeahyeah, fuck Richie. Oh fuck me. Harderharderharder, shit." Eddie cried out breathlessly, his head hanging on his shoulders when Richie sat up, adjusting his knees between Eddie's outspread thighs.

Richie reached out to knot in Eddie's hair and picked up his ruthlessly fervent rutting. Eddie cried out, his voice cracking, and arched his back to assimilate the large alpha length.

"Yeah, fuck- Ah!" Eddie's short moans were interspersed with the poor omega trying to breathe out, "Oh, fuck. Yes. Fuck me- more more-"

Richie tugged harder on Eddie's hair before letting go, hearing Eddie grunt between his teeth before he let out another sob. Richie could feel himself about to break, his body so tightly wound that it felt as though his skin were going to explode from his bones and burst into flames.

Eddie's body jerked forward and he groaned, gasping in ruptured

synchronisation as he came on the carpet a second time. Richie sucked in a sharp breath as Eddie's body trembled and clenched around him. The exquisite feeling of Eddie's body convulsing around and beneath him was just what Richie needed to throw his body over the edge.

He grunted, his clenched jaw slacking as he filled Eddie up and rode out his orgasm with slow pushes. He opened his eyes and he blinked profusely at the white and blue spots that shaded his view.

"Fuck." Eddie whined out, dropping down onto the carpet with a huff. Richie yelped out as he slipped out of Eddie suddenly, shuddering at the rush of stimulation.

"You can say that again." Richie sighed out and looked around, "This is wild."

"What?" Eddie breathed out as he rolled his shoulders and stretched his arms out.

"I can see." Richie looked around, "Without my glasses. Like... I can actually see."

Eddie sat up and rolled onto his ass, sitting up in front of Richie with his legs crossed and a frown in his brows, "Really?"

"Yeah. It happened just outside your house but I thought I was tripping. It's still there. I can see." Richie looked down at Eddie, "Maybe it's because my rut is near. Could also be why I'm growing."

"Peak alpha." Eddie grinned and unfurled his legs, one on each side of Richie and then he blanched, "Shit."

"What?" Richie looked down to see Eddie's knees were angry-red and raw, blood beading to the surface in a few places, "Shit. I'm sorry. It's on your chest, too."

Eddie looked down at his chest in the firelight and saw that Richie was right, he had rugburn on his torso. Eddie looked up with wide eyes, "Thank God for long pants."

"Thank God for anal sex." Richie sighed out with a grin and then

looked around, "You might wanna shower unless you want your mom to herniate as soon as she walks into her house."

Eddie giggled at the idea, "Maybe I should leave everything as is. Show her what golden boys we are."

"If you wanna die, then sure." Richie got up into a crouch before he slowly stood up in one fluidly sensuous motion that had Eddie staring, "Don't you dare take me with you, golden boy."

"Yeah yeah." Eddie also slowly got up and as he did, there was a soft pattering sound that had them both jump. Richie glanced at Eddie in alarm and saw how red his cheeks were.

"What the fuck was that?"

"Nothing." Eddie rocked back and forth on his heels, hands behind his back as he openly avoided Richie's gaze. Richie squinted at him and walked closer, "Richie-"

"Was that you?"

"No..." Eddie trailed off and Richie's face split into a shit-eating grin.

"If it wasn't you, then cough." Richie folded his arms, "Go on. Cough."

Eddie's eyes widened and he glared up at Richie, "I will not."

"Why?" Richie shrugged nonchalantly, "Is it because you're currently filled with my jizz and that sound we heard was you dripping onto your mom's carpet?"

Eddie hung his head in shame and let out a groan as Richie tried so hard not to laugh, his mouth turning in the corners.

"It... It wasn't me." Eddie whispered quietly, "It... I-"

"Go on. Cough." Richie grinned and bent down to try and catch Eddie's gaze, "Go on, omega."

Eddie's head lifted and he looked Richie in the eye, his entire body clenching and tensing before he coughed as softly as possible. Richie

cupped his ear but heard nothing and then peered around to see that there was indeed something running down Eddie's leg.

"Ha." Richie snorted, "It was you."

"Shut up." Eddie scowled, "You dickhead."

"Oh, no. This is goat-worthy." Richie pulled Eddie closer, "Relax, will you?"

"If I relax, I ruin this carpet." Eddie snarked with a blushing scowl, "So no. I won't relax."

"Suit yourself." Richie brushed Eddie's hair from his face, "Jizzie-bear."

"I will fucking stake you." Eddie's eyes narrowed and Richie's eyebrows rose up high.

"Oh? Well, you gotta catch me first." Richie took a step back, "I will give you ten dollars to run right now."

Eddie didn't move as Richie relented and began to get dressed, pulling his boxers on. Eddie turned and walked into the downstairs bathroom. Richie grinned as he tugged his long-sleeve down over his torso and adjusted the sleeves.

Moments later, it felt eternal, and Richie had completely gotten dressed. He was sitting on the sofa, eyeing the bathroom door. Eddie had yet to return.

"You alive in there, Freddie Felcher?"

"Eat shit!" Eddie yelled back from the bathroom, "And I'm not doing that!"

"I'm afraid I'm gonna need proof, Eds." Richie called back and the bathroom door opened with ferocity. Eddie glared daggers at Richie through a small gap and Richie smiled back innocently.

"I'm not felching."

"I'm surprised you knew what that was." Richie grinned and Eddie flipped him off darkly, "Feisty."

"I only know it because I hang around with you." Eddie closed the bathroom door again and Richie rolled his eyes.

"Yeah sure. I'm sure an innocent weenie like yourself is into the weird shit." Richie replied in a sing-song voice as he drummed his fingers on the floral sofa.

"I'm not a weenie." Eddie walked out of the bathroom and put his hands in his hips, "You're the one who couldn't come up with a better insult than calling me a 'weenie'. Who's the weenie now?"

"Ouch." Richie blanched and grinned again, "So, are you able to cough now, Felchie?"

"I swear to God-" Eddie groaned out in sheer exasperation, "But if you must know, yes I am."

Richie cackled wickedly, "I knew it!" He howled with laughter as Eddie wrapped his navy blue nightgown around himself and tied it. He skulked into the kitchen as Richie trailed off in a fit of giggles.

"You're a fucking child." Eddie stated as he returned with a damp cloth and a bottle of purple chemicals.

"God, I really wanna know how you did it." Richie watched Eddie go onto his knees and spray chemicals on the carpet, scrubbing it with the damp rag.

"Well, I'm not telling you." Eddie grunted as he scrubbed furiously at the evident stains they had left in the wake of their frenzied lovemaking.

"Please." Richie scooted forward, leaning toward Eddie, "C'mon. Please, Eddie."

"No." Eddie sat up and began working on another stain, "Not that you deserve to know in the first place. Even if you did, I wouldn't tell you."

"Felcher." Richie whispered as he shrugged and leaned back against the couch. Eddie let out an annoyed snarl and eyed the smug alpha.

"If that's the term I'm thinking of, it's impossible. How do I get my mouth to my own asshole in the first place?" Eddie sat up, hands on his thighs.

Richie shrugged, "I dunno..." He sang, "You're pretty bendy, omega." Richie pursed his lips, "I'm sure if you tried, you could rim yourself."

"I-" Eddie got up, "I'm not even dignifying that with a response."

"It's because it's true." Richie snickered as Eddie went back into the kitchen. Richie heard the washing machine beep and start its cycle as Eddie reappeared.

"It's not true. If I could reach any of my genitals with my mouth, I wouldn't need you." Eddie explained simply and Richie recoiled at the idea, "But it's not true. I don't suck your fluids out of my body."

"Then what?" Richie whined unhappily, "C'mon. Do you have a secret turkey baster or something?"

"Beep beep, Richie." Eddie sighed and put his hands on his hips, "Are you staying?"

"Nah." Richie scratched his cheek, "I promised my mom I'd help her put the decorations up before I leave for my rut."

"Oh." Eddie frowned, "About that..."

"What?" Richie looked up as he got up, "What is it?"

"I phoned Mike." Eddie walked with Richie to the front door and they stood there as Richie shrugged his coat on, "His family are obviously back and because it's winter, the animals are in the barn. So... We don't have anywhere to go."

"Fuck." Richie ran a hand through his hair and bit his lip as his mind ran through various ideas, "What now?"

"I was hoping you'd know." Eddie admitted and Richie bit his lip.

"What about the clubhouse?"

"Are you fucking insane?" Eddie scoffed, "That's-"

"Ben waterproofed it when we had that really bad flood last year." Richie offered, "It may not be insulated but we have all those blankets and our body temperatures will be really high so we won't be cold. We could take supplies... And because the weather is so bad, no one will be around."

"If it's not flooded." Eddie bit his lip, "It'll be so cold."

"You do know animals go underground in winter to escape the snow, right?" Richie smiled, "If it doesn't work then we can find something else. The only thing we need to make sure of is the snow on the door. We just need to make sure it doesn't snow us in. Open the door every now and again."

"Fine." Eddie sighed, "I'll tell my mom I'm going to Mike's farm. She won't check on me there."

"I'll say I'm at Bill's cabin this time." Richie shrugged, "Just in case."

"It's weird that no one's caught on to us yet. We've synced."

"We've synced because we spend time together." Richie shrugged, "Doesn't mean we're getting it on."

"I suppose." Eddie opened the door and sucked in a sharp breath at the icy wind that blew into the house, "I'll pack. Phone me when you finish with your mom."

"Will do." Richie leaned in as he pulled Eddie closer, "Go and take a shower. Burn some incense or something, too." Richie purred, "You smell like me."

Eddie whined at the thought, his head tipping sideways as Richie pecked at the omega's neck with pouted lips.

"Can't wait to fill you up." Richie breathed out as he ran his lips over Eddie's jaw and gave his lips a deep and imbued kiss that was loaded with tension. Eddie whined as Richie moved away, both of them

sighing as they broke off from their embrace, "Will it be weird if I go home and immediately take a shower?"

"After coming home from an omega's house?" Eddie snorted sarcastically, "Yes."

"Shit." Richie sighed and began taking his jacket off, "Only one thing to do."

Eddie watched with confusion and concern as Richie stripped down to his jeans and shirt before he walked onto the porch and launched himself into the thick snow. Eddie let out a gasping laugh as Richie rolled around in the snow and tried to use the moisture to scrub the scent from his skin.

"You're gonna die!" Eddie giggled out as he wrapped his arms tightly around his chest, a wide grin on his face as he watched his boyfriend frolic.

"I think it's working!" Richie yelled as he picked up a huge handful of snow and rubbed his face in it. He got up and waded through the knee high flurry.

Eddie leaned in and gave Richie an experimental sniff, shrugging, "It's not that noticeable."

"We had a snow fight." Richie shrugged as he pulled his boots on and folded his jacket over his arm, "At least now mom'll force me to shower so I don't get sick."

"Please just go home." Eddie snickered, "I'll see you later."

25. Chapter 25

Richie walked into his house quietly and closed the door, hearing his mother in the living room watching the afternoon News. Wentworth was out at work still and Richie's mom had time off for annual leave. The moment the door shut, she turned to look at Richie, her eyes widening.

"What on Earth?"

"Oh," Richie looked down with a grin, "Eddie ambushed me on the way home."

Maggie smiled warmly, "How is he?"

"Better. Not as sick as he usually is this time of year." Richie hung his coat at the door, "He's actually staying with Mike for a day or two so I helped him pack. Or he packed and I watched because I couldn't do it right."

Maggie beamed at her son as he shook the snow from his hair, "What time are you going to Bill's place? Are you sure I can't drive you to the cabin?"

"Don't worry about it." Richie held his hands up, "I don't want you driving in this weather, ma. Stay indoors. Bill's and his dad and I are going down to the cabin tomorrow."

She pursed her lips but seemed somewhat relieved at the mention of an adult, "Well alright. Why don't you change and we can start decorating?"

"Sounds good." Richie's stomach eased up with relief, "I only have to meet Bill at six or so."

"More than enough time." Maggie shooed her son who grinned and shot off up the stairs.

Richie couldn't deny that he felt bad about lying. The last thing he wanted to do was lie to his mother. Richie thought about his own conscience as he stripped from his clothing and threw the damp

material in the hamper before he climbed into the running shower.

He stood under the hot water and let it run down over him as he pondered the innocence of his soul. Sure, he lied to his parents, and it didn't always feel good, because they weren't always shitty people. His mother's drinking problem had been under control for five years now and the arguing was a fraction of what it had been back then. And, as Richie turned to stand with his back to the shower, he kind of had to lie to them.

He couldn't tell his parents where he was going, he couldn't tell his parents what he was doing or who he was doing it with. He couldn't tell his parents that his sexuality wasn't straight as an arrow. He couldn't tell his parents that he wasn't a virgin anymore. He couldn't tell his parents that he was in love with his best friend.

The list could have gone on for ages and Richie only had so much hot water to spare. He grabbed his washcloth and set out to scrub his body with as much soap and elbow grease that he could manage.

After God knows how long, Richie looked down at himself and noted that his skin was sufficiently pink and raw. He turned the water off and grabbed a towel, giving himself a patchy dry-off before he wrapped the soft lilac material around his waist.

He looked at himself in the mirror and let out a groan when he had to duck down in order to see his own face. He was growing. His body, still pink, seemed to be as skinny as usual but it seemed to be shaping differently. He looked leaner, more toned somehow.

He thought back to Bill's musculature and grimaced at the idea of ever looking like that. He hoped that this would be where the buck stopped. He then also unfurled the towel to look at his crotch, biting on his lip.

He was definitely also a lot hairier than he had been a few months ago. His leg hair wasn't fuller but it was darker to match his pubic hair in color. His chest hair seemed to also be coming along nicely and that also included the trail of hair that started at his navel.

Marvelous.

Richie went to the bathroom sink and pulled out his razor. He looked at himself in the mirror and began the tedious task of shaving.

Richie knew it was unnecessary to shave when he had shaved a few days ago but he wasn't the biggest fan of having a beard. He lathered soap on his hands and ran it over his cheeks and his chin, humming to himself.

He took his razor, running it over his cheeks carefully. He did the same with his chin and upper lip, pulling faces at himself in the mirror as he made sure to get into every crease.

He cleaned off, drying himself on a nearby hand towel, and exited the bathroom. He pulled on a pair of old black sweatpants and his favorite Beatles t-shirt. He towel dried his hair roughly and grinned, happy that his glasses were still discarded in his coat pocket downstairs.

He hung the towel over his bedroom door and padded downstairs. It was when he got into the living room, he saw that Maggie had cleared out the left-hand corner where the armchair usually sat. Instead of the old blue velvet reading chair there was, in its place a large, but devoid of tinsel, Christmas tree.

Richie slapped his hands together, rubbing them excitedly, "Where do we start, mother dear?"

~

Six o'clock was the time that read on Richie's watch. He waited patiently down the street on the corner of Witcham and West Broadway. He was so anxious about not meeting Eddie at his house but if he did, he knew Sonia would be suspicious. Especially because Eddie was about to go into heat and Richie knew his scent was starting to permeate a lot stronger now.

He stared unblinking down the street in the hopes that he would see Eddie bopping along with his bag. Richie twitched impatiently, shifting his weight from right to left leg and back again, biting his nails incessantly.

Richie looked back down the other road, down West Broadway, just in case Eddie had gone that way. He squinted into the dreary gray dusk and tried to make out any sort of shape.

He heard the faint swipe of jeans rubbing together and the crunch of boots in fresh snow and his head instantly whipped back down Witcham. Sure enough, there he was.

Eddie was hauling an enormous duffel bag down the sidewalk, bundled up in the biggest coat Richie had ever seen. He laughed lightly as Eddie pulled his beanie down over his head and lugged the bag with two hands. Richie set his bag down and ran over to Eddie, taking the duffel from him.

Richie lifted the bag up and carried it under his arm like it weighed as much as a pillow. To Richie, it really did. Eddie looked dismayed at the show of strength and tried to persuade Richie to let him carry at least one of the bags but Richie politely declined.

They walked down West Broadway, chatting quietly about what they had done for the afternoon. Richie listened contentedly as Eddie told a grandiose tale about how he had successfully deceived his mother twice in one day. It was Richie's turn as they got onto Kansas street.

He helped Eddie over the fence and carefully held the omega as they descended the sloped hill towards the Kenduskeag. Richie told Eddie how he and his mother had decorated the tree, he told Eddie how they had strung tinsel along the stairs and hung all sorts of trinkets everywhere. He even put a set of lights in one of the living room windows.

Eddie seemed enthralled by Richie's tale and listened with avid attention as they walked along the snowy riverbank. Richie took Eddie's hand in his own free one, their gloved fingers entangling. Eddie looked down at their hands and back up, if his face wasn't already pink from the cold, he probably would have been blushing.

It was such a simple act but for some reason, it felt so much more intimate than the antics they had gotten into only a few hours before. Eddie gave Richie's hand a squeeze and they walked along until they got to the grove of gnarled trees.

Richie looked around for the clubhouse door and realized it was impossible to find with the ground completely covered in layers of snow.

"Didn't think of that." He muttered to himself and set their bags down. He walked into the snow and looked around, trying to figure out which tree it was closest to. Eddie directed and guided the alpha, standing by their bags and pointing, calling out 'hot or cold'.

"If you know where it is then you come and find it, Copernicus." Richie huffed after an eternity of digging in the snow, his hands on his hips. Eddie rolled his eyes and waded into the snow with Richie. He began stomping his feet lightly, listening for the sound of wood instead of the almost silent thumps of solid ground.

Barely three seconds later and Eddie stomped down on the unmistakable trapdoor. He beamed at Richie smugly and the alpha muttered under his breath as he stalked off to retrieve their bags.

Eddie hauled the trapdoor up and peered in curiously. Richie was right, it was warmer in there and definitely not flooded. Richie climbed into the clubhouse and held his arms up, catching the bags that Eddie threw down for him.

They stood in the dusty old fort and Richie looked down at Eddie with a smile, "What do you think?"

"It's cozy." Eddie smiled, "I like it."

Richie also realized that he was a lot taller because he was a lot closer to the ceiling of the clubhouse than he had been on Halloween. The height of the clubhouse was just a fraction taller than Bill and now that Richie was sprouting, He was barely less than a foot from the top.

"I brought some supplies." Richie nodded, "I couldn't leave with blankets though, my mom insisted on seeing me off. But..." Richie began rifling through his bag, "I'll go back and sneak in. I'll get whatever you need."

Eddie smiled warmly as he took his jacket off and hung it over one of

the banisters. He kicked off his boots as Richie produced a large sweatshirt. He held it out to Eddie with a smile and the omega went red, snatching the old hoodie. He held it to his face as he curled up on the sofa, his face serene and content as he inhaled the scent of his alpha.

"You get yourself comfy. I want you safe." Richie stated firmly, "When I go out, I'll shake out the snow to cover our tracks. We'll be fine in here."

"Thank you." Eddie whispered, his voice soft and full of genuine gratitude. Richie smiled and leaned in, kissing Eddie tenderly.

"You tell me what I need to get you." Richie pulled a small notepad from his bag and a pen and held it out. Eddie rolled his eyes and took the stationary, "I can go to both houses."

Eddie nodded silently as he scribbled a few things on the paper, tearing it off to give to Richie.

"I won't be long. Will you be okay?" Richie urged, his hand cupping Eddie's cheek. Eddie got up and gave the alpha a chaste kiss.

"I'll keep myself busy. I need to clean this place anyway." Eddie smiled, "Mike gave me a replacement battery for the small TV so at least we have that." Eddie jabbed a thumb in the direction of the small black and white transitional TV in the corner. Richie smiled as he zipped up his jacket and climbed out of the clubhouse. He followed his own tracks along the river and up the steep hill.

He broke into a run as soon as he got onto Kansas street. He didn't want to leave Eddie alone any longer than necessary.

He ran up West Broadway and turned onto Witcham when he stopped, panting lightly. He looked down at the list that was curled in his gloved fist.

- blankets (lots)
- mr mango (shut up)
- you (please come back)

Richie snickered as he took off towards Eddie's house. He stopped

outside and saw that Sonia still hadn't returned. He marched up the pathway and onto the porch, unlocking the front door with the spare key that was hidden under a potted plant. He walked in and went upstairs, grabbing Eddie's old stuffed bear from his bed.

He tucked Mr Mango into his jacket for safekeeping and began taking spare blankets. He knew not to take Eddie's actual bedding just in case Sonia came in here and found her son's bed completely empty. Richie piled the blankets and spare sheets on Eddie's bed and then used the rope from Eddie's nightgown to tie everything into one big lump. He picked up the blankets and made his way down the stairs and out of the house.

He could see his own house from there and frowned. It would be difficult to sneak into his own house holding a bundle of blankets in his arms. It was then that his brain sparked with a surprising idea. He went back into Eddie's house and back up the stairs.

In Eddie's room is where he left the parcel of blankets and opened the window just enough so that he knew he could use it if Sonia returned.

Richie exited the Kaspbrak house and traipsed back toward his own abode.

He looked up at the house and at his own open window, careful to avoid being seen from any front windows. He jumped over the fence, knowing the gate sneaked, and walked along the driveway. He hopped up, using the nearby tree, and climbed onto the top of the garage. A smug smile on his face as he walked along the top of the small structure and eventually climbed into his own bedroom window quietly.

He began rooting around for spare sheets and blankets, piling them onto his bed as he strained his ears for any sign of his mother. As far as he could tell, she was chopping vegetables in the kitchen and listening to some television show about doctors.

Richie grabbed as many sheets as he could find in his room, knowing it was far too dangerous to try and steal from the linen closet in the hallway. He piled them as neatly as possible and used a tie and a belt

to secure the blankets in place. He didn't have a nightgown like Eddie did.

Nightgowns are for gays.

Richie snorted at his own remark and took the large pile of blankets with him. He threw them out the window, hearing. Them fall into the snow with a light 'thump' as he climbed out of the window. He closed the open aperture slowly and grabbed the blankets, throwing them down on the driveway before he hopped off of the garage roof with ease. He tucked the bundle under his arm and went back to Eddie's place to collect the other.

He made sure that Eddie's bear was still safe in his jacket and walked back down towards Kansas street. He hopped over the fence and as he followed his own footprints, he went through the painstaking task of covering his tracks behind him. He kicked the tracks out and flattened the snow over each one until it looked almost normal.

He continued this tedious but necessary task all the way down the hill. He had a bundle in each arm and was using his boots to cover the flurried tracks. He knew it would continue to snow tonight, and by tomorrow, any sign of he and Eddie would be gone.

He got to the trapdoor and opened it, throwing the two bales of line and wool into the clubhouse. Eddie yelped in fright and Richie smiled at his poor omega. He went back to sweep over his tracks to the door and as he climbed onto the ladder, dusted everything around the door until it looked like a natural slope instead of a sudden hole in the snow.

He closed the door and jumped in, looking around. Eddie had cleaned the clubhouse into an almost pristine condition. As clean as the clubhouse could get.

Richie watched as Eddie unpacked the two large parcels and began sorting through them, sitting on his knees on the floor. Richie went to his bag and began scratching for something.

"Also brought this." Richie stated as he pulled a latch lock from his bag, "I stole it from my dad's tools. Just in case you wanna be able to

lock this place from the inside. I can screw it in for you."

Eddie stared at the latch that Richie was holding out to him and glanced up with big tears in his eyes. Richie frowned in concern and Eddie jumped up, pulling the alpha into a tight hug.

"Jesus-" Richie gasped, "Eds-"

"S-So sweet." Eddie babbled as he cried, holding Richie in his arms, "So thuh-thoughtful."

"Well," Richie wheezed, his back aching at the weird angle he was pulled down into for a hug, "I want you to be safe and to feel safe. Your heat makes you paranoid."

Eddie let go and wiped his eyes, sniffing as his cheeks blushed bright pink, "Thanks, Rich."

Richie smiled as he pulled a screwdriver from his bag and the four nails that he had stolen as well. He reached up, putting the lock on the wooden trap door and the ceiling. He lined them up and used one hand to keep it in place. He began screwing one of the nails into the wood with the other hand.

"Don't you need to drill the holes first?" Eddie tilted his head, "That wood is pretty hard."

"Already got the..." Richie grunted as he tightened the screw one more time, "First one in."

"Oh..." Eddie whispered, "I forget how strong you are sometimes." Eddie stared up at the alpha with wide eyes, his cheeks warming and turning pink as Richie's shirt lifted up to expose his stomach. Eddie cleared his throat and decided to distract himself by building his nest.

Richie finally attached the lock to the trap door and pulled on it, making sure that it was properly secured. He pulled a lock out of his pocket and unlocked it, locking it again to make sure the keys worked. He slid the padlock into the latch and clicked it shut.

He looked down and instantly softened, watching Eddie as he made his nest on the floor. Eddie was rearranging blankets and sofa

cushions on the ground.

"Eds?" Richie asked curiously, "What about making a fort type situation?" Eddie looked up and his brows furrowed in response. Richie held his hands up, "I know you like to make the nest your own and I don't want to intrude but it might make you feel even safer if you make it a fort.

"How?" Eddie sat up and looked down at the mess of blankets. He hadn't gotten very far in making his nest because he didn't know where to start yet.

"Here." Richie smiled and he went over to the sofa, pushing it into the middle of the clubhouse between the two pillars, the front of the sofa facing outwards with the back of it towards them. He grabbed a blanket and draped it over the front of the sofa and up over one of the rafters to create a canopy. Eddie sat and watched with big, curious eyes as Richie took another blanket and draped it across the rafter's column, hanging it down over one side to create a wall. He repeated the action with the other column and made it a second wall.

Eddie looked up in awe, looking at the makeshift fort that Richie had established so quickly. He smiled tenderly and looked up at Richie with a grateful smile. Richie stepped out of the fort and went to the trapdoor. He unlocked it with one of the keys and stood on the ladder as he lit up a cigarette. He didn't want to smoke in the enclosed space for Eddie's sake.

Richie took a deep drag on his cigarette, inhaling the sharp smoke into his lungs before he exhaled out the small plume. His eyes danced over the wilderness around them and bit his lip, realizing that the sun was seconds away from setting.

He took another drag, ashing next to him, and listened to Eddie shuffling around inside. Richie took two more long pulls on his cigarette before he stubbed it out in the snow.

"Um..." Eddie called, "Rich?"

"Sup?" Richie greeted as he reentered the club, jumping off of the ladder before he reached up to lock the trapdoor.

"Weird question for you but where do you plan for us to... Go." Eddie cleared his throat and Richie paused, "If you know what I mean."

"Well," Richie kicked off his boots, "You can either go in the bucket we have over there." Richie gestured to the large bucket in the corner, "Or you can go out and pee against a tree."

Eddie grimaced uncomfortably but didn't reply as Richie got undressed all the way down to his underwear. Eddie looked up, "Lucky for us, we don't need to go that much in our cycles."

"Yeah. Who needs to pee when you're dangerously dehydrated?" Richie joked as he hunched over to come around to the front of Eddie's nest. He stopped and looked over at Eddie, who was by their bags, "Can I go in?"

"Of course." Eddie smiled happily and Richie ducked down, opening the blanket. He saw that Eddie had pushed all four cushions together to make a mattress of sorts. On top of the pillows, he had thrown a couple blankets and then had made some sort of a railing around it with blankets, piling up the bundles of rolled blankets like a cot. At one side of the fort, just beneath one of the blanket walls, Eddie had pushed the small TV to face the top of the nest.

Richie lay down on the pillows and stretched himself out, laughing at his own length. He had his head at the top of the fort where the sofa was and his legs stuck out of the fort from his shins down.

The blanket lifted and Richie looked up to see Eddie peering in. Richie grinned, patting the mattress beside him. Eddie climbed in, Richie's eyes widened when he saw Eddie was completely nude.

"My, my, my..." Richie breathed, "What have we here?"

"Shush." Eddie blushed as he flopped down onto the nest and began nuzzling his face into the sheets. Richie turned onto his side and put an arm over his omega, the simple gesture had Eddie preening wordlessly.

26. Chapter 26

Richie had woken up feeling agitated and uncomfortable. He knew his rut wasn't in full swing yet, judging from the size of his morning wood. He scowled as he got up and got dressed, muttering to himself about craving a cheeseburger.

He pulled on his boots and grabbed his cigarettes before he unlocked the clubhouse and climbed out. He lit a cigarette, cupping the flame in his hands before he decided to go for a walk to clear his head. And piss against a tree considering the protest in his bladder.

He hid behind a nearby oak tree and unzipped his pants, cigarette hanging between his lips as he relieved himself.

It was weird that he hadn't woken up in a rut. Had he gotten the days wrong? Was it only starting tomorrow? He could tell that it was near, however. He was agitated, paranoid and being away from Eddie made him anxious.

The latter fact was proven when he stopped in his tracks, exhaling a cigarette, and let out a whine. He zipped his pants back up and continued to walk a little further out.

He barely got ten metres away when he stopped, his stomach riddled with anxiety at being so far away from Eddie. He hung his head and turned, taking a deep inhale of his cigarette, and turned to walk back to the bunker.

He was hit with a sudden barrage of scents and he snarled, glancing up. He was met with five pairs of familiar eyes standing and staring at him.

Bill, Bev, Ben, Mike and even Stanley stood at least four yards from him. Their posture all firm and defensive.

"Rich..." Bill called out and Richie's eyes darted over to the alpha, his lip curling when he realized that this alpha was blocking him from his omega, "Where's Eh-Eddie?"

"You lied to us, Richie." Bev whispered, "You didn't tell us about you and Eddie."

Richie growled, the primal scrape in his throat had the betas grimace but they remained unmoving, "I'm keeping him safe."

"It's not safe for either of you." Stan grouched, "When an alpha is in a rut, he needs a clear-minded omega to look after him. And vice versa if they're in heat. It's dangerous for you both to be at the mercy of your instincts with no one to look after you."

"We're fine." Richie argued, his voice clipped as he stared into bright green and blue eyes, "I won't hurt him."

"You already left him." Mike added in, "You can't leave an omega. Not when they're in heat."

"Then let me go to him." Richie took a step closer and Bill's growl had him freeze on the spot.

"You're soulmates." Beverly explained, "That's a bigger deal than just picking a mate. Your bodies are going to push everything aside because all you want is to breed. Food and water and sleep won't even seem like a necessity."

"I won't do that to him."

"You've only been through this once, remember? Your rut last month was skipped-" Stan spoke again, his voice soothing, "Your first rut is clearer and your body is warming up for the next ones to come. You won't be as human as you were then. It's dangerous."

"Eddie's had heats for a year. It won't affect him as badly." Richie tried to reason with them, still holding a defensive pose.

"He's never spent a heat alone with an alpha soulmate that's bound to go feral." Mike looked at Stan, who nodded gravely.

"I won't... Hurt him." Richie tried to explain calmly, his body starting to fire up despite the fact that they were all standing in the snow.

"Maybe not on purpose." Ben spoke for the first time, "But you didn't

tell any of us that you were going to be completely alone with him. A part of you knew you needed to hide. Your body is trying to keep him away from his pack. That's dangerous, Richie."

"Let me see him." Richie snarled and looked at the other alpha, glaring, "Give me my omega."

"How are you going to control yourself?" Bev asked, her voice laced with concern, "When there's no one to stop you. You barely held on last time. You could knot him or mate him or hurt him without realizing. He's just a baby."

"This is ridiculous." Richie took a couple steps closer and heard Bill growl, the action made his hair stand on end.

"Ruh-Rich..." Bill's voice was eerily calm, "Maybe we shuh-should... You could maybe spuh-spend your ruh-rut with one of uh-us."

"You... You want to take him away from me?" Richie snarled again, his inner wolf crouching low.

"No." Bev's voice became stern, "We want what's best for you both, Richie."

"Then let me be with him. Get out of my way." Richie started forward and watched Bill do the same, challenging him. Richie scowled at the pack leader and watched Stan bristle uncomfortably at his mate being threatened.

"Rich-"

"Give him to me." Richie whispered, knowing they could hear, "Don't keep him from me, Bill. He's mine."

"No one is keeping him from you." Stan spoke slowly, "We just want you to realize how much danger you're putting him in."

"I would never hurt him." Richie folded his arms as he let out a wave of angry pheromones, watching the betas shrink. Bill stood resolute.

"Maybe not on purpose." Mike tried to reason, "You might think you have control. What if you slip?"

"I'm in control." Richie nodded, "And Eddie wouldn't let me take him here if he didn't trust me."

"He's never been with a mate in a rut. He's naive. He doesn't know that." Bev tilted her head to the side, "You haven't mated with him, Rich."

"So?"

"A mate mark isn't just a show of possession." Stan remarked and Richie's eyes landed on the two crescents in the juncture of Stan's neck, "It's a connection. We can feel each other's emotions through the mark. We know when we're needed. We know what to do for the other because we feel it. If you slip into your primal rut space and you hurt him, he might not be able to tell you. You won't be able to hear him."

"How do you know?" Richie snorted and Bill instantly tensed up and looked away. Stan took a step forward slowly, he reached up to lift his shirt. Richie stared at Stan's stomach and saw four long and wide gashes across his flesh.

"It was an accident." Stanley replied as he looked at Richie, speaking slowly to keep Richie aware of the fact that he wasn't threatening him, "Bill and I were together for a rut and he slipped into his rut space and he hurt me. He would never have done it if he knew. But he didn't know. Bill would... He would never hurt me."

He looked back at Bill and Richie glanced at the alpha to see his face contorted with anguish and guilt, looking off into the nearby trees.

Stan looked back at Richie as he dropped his shirt, "Rut space is dangerous if you have no one to keep you in check. Bill hurt me and I wasn't even an omega in heat. He lost control for a moment. What do you think is gonna happen if you're together with a heat-riddled omega and you can't control your most primal urges? You may be human on the outside..." Stan glanced at Bill and back at Richie, "But none of us are human on the inside. We're animals. We run on animal behavior even if we try and fill a society."

Richie rolled his neck on his shoulders and looked at his packmates

with a frown, stuffing his hands in his pockets, "His heat hurts him. I fix it. I don't want him to hurt."

"No one wants Eddie hurt, Rich." Ben smiled kindly, "We don't want to take him from you."

"Do you really want to spend your rut with him?" Mike countered and Richie snarled heatedly, "Right. Any suggestions?"

"One of us should keep guard." Stan looked at his friends, "Like... A shift."

"I'm not letting you near him." Richie snarled deeper, narrowing his eyes as his stomach threatening to knot up with the idea of anyone in his territory.

"We won't go into the clubhouse." Stan continued, holding his hands up, "But... We could be out here. We could make sure you're okay and that you haven't passed out from starvation."

"It's freezing." Ben countered, "We'll die out here."

"Our bodies can handle the temperature." Beverly smiled at her mate, "But we would need shelter. This is ridiculous." She sighed, her voice dropping, "Is there nowhere else for them to go?"

The pack all looked at each other with pursed lips and thoughtful expressions when Richie growled.

"I don't want you near him." He stepped closer and his body wanted to dip into a crouch but he physically resisted.

"We could..." Bill looked at Richie tentatively, "What if we pitch a tent out of your territory? Someone will be nearby, but not near Eddie."

Richie looked at them all and scowled, "How can I believe you?"

"Richie, don't be a knothed." Bev scoffed, "Since when can't you trust us? Just relax, will you?"

Richie did exactly the opposite, his shoulders hunching despite the

silence he gave them. Bill offered them the tent option and everyone seemed okay with it.

"We'll do a watch for 12 hours in pairs." Mike looked at Richie, "We won't come too close unless we have to. To feed you guys or something."

"If I agree, can I see Eddie?"

The mention of the omega's name on Richie's lips felt right. It felt good to say. And it was also almost on cue that he heard soft sounds from behind the group of Losers. His ears picked up on the sound instantly and recognized it as Eddie whimpering.

Richie took off towards them, sprinting through the white flurry before he pushed Ben aside roughly and opened the trapdoor. Eddie was sobbing and wailing, the sound instantly had Richie anxious to the point of frenzy. He jumped into the clubhouse and found everything in shambles. The entire nest had been torn apart.

Richie frowned, panting heavily. He could hear Eddie crying somewhere in the small bunker and the sounds were cloying, bouncing around the walls. He looked around in the semi-darkness, spinning on his heel until he found the source. He found Eddie curled up in a dark corner, sobbing uncontrollably.

"Eddie?" He breathed out and the omega's head shot up.

"Alpha?" He croaked quietly, his brown eyes wide and fearful.

Richie rushed the omega, curling him up in his arms to keep him close, feeling Eddie shake as he sobbed, "What happened?"

"I was bad." Eddie sniffed, "I was a bad omega. You- You left me because I'm bad."

"Eddie no." Richie reassured as he sat on the floor in and amongst the turmoil of clothing and sheets, "I didn't leave. I was outside."

Eddie wailed out and buried his head in Richie's neck, whimpering about his alpha rejecting his nest. Richie barked quietly, hearing the guys whispering outside.

"I didn't reject your nest, Eds. It was perfect. Why did you destroy it?" Richie began scenting Eddie slowly, running his alpha scent over Eddie's shoulder, "You're not a bad omega."

"Am." Eddie countered weakly, his breaths coming out in shaky pants as he quivered, "You left me. You don't want me."

Richie knew that Eddie's emotions were running haywire and judging from the potent smell that was coming off of him, he was very close to his heat.

Maybe they had calculated it wrong. Eddie wasn't in heat just yet. He was still in his wobbly and emotional preheat phase.

Richie held Eddie close as he sat on the floor, holding him against his body as he rocked him from side to side, whispering reassurances into his ear until Eddie stilled.

Richie stood up in a surprisingly fluid motion and Eddie instantly wrapped his legs around Richie, clinging onto him for dear life. Richie held his omega as he walked over to the trapdoor. He looked up to see Bev and Stan peering in.

"How is he?" Stan asked softly, his eyes full of concern.

"He..." Richie trailed off and looked up at his friends with a silent plea in his eyes, "Don't leave."

Beverly smiled at Richie's genuine request. He was a lot calmer and reasonable now that he had Eddie near him. His body at ease.

"We won't leave you. We're a pack, remember?" Stan smiled, "We're all losers together."

"Stan?" Eddie croaked and looked up at the beta, squinting at the bright light.

"Hi, Eds." Stanley smiled, "I'm here."

"Why?" Eddie asked as he clung on to Richie, his eyes widening, "Don't take me away. Richie won't hurt me."

"We won't." Beverly reassured in a soothing voice when she clearly noted Eddie's eyes glistening with tears. Richie buried his head in Eddie's neck as he leaned back against the ladder to hold the omega, "We're all gonna be here for you."

"Even Bill?" Eddie asked and Bill's head appeared in view, smiling down at the omega.

"Ruh-Right here." Bill peered in, "We wuh-won't leave."

Eddie looked up at the three faces that were peering down at him and he looked at Richie, who was zoning out and staring off into the darkness. Eddie looked around the clubhouse with a whine, his bottom lip wobbling.

"I'm sorry I ruined everything." He whispered quietly, "Stupid."

"Enough of that, omega." Richie whispered firmly, watching Eddie obey instantly and hang his head, "Don't fret. Now you can build a new one."

Eddie looked up and at the piles of material around him, instantly itchy. He looked at Richie with a whine.

"I'll go." Richie smiled, "You build."

"Go where?" Eddie instantly tightened his hold on Richie, making him laugh lightly.

"Just outside." Richie brushed Eddie's curls from his face, "I know you like to be alone when you nest. You should get to do that. I won't be far away."

Eddie dropped down from Richie and straightened the t-shirt he had on, a determined look in his eyes.

"Gonna build the best damn nest." He whispered to himself as he began collecting the sheets and blankets. Richie beamed at his omega, watching him with pride, watching him collect his nesting materials. Richie saw Eddie glance at him nervously and he took it as a cue. He turned, climbing up the ladder and out into the frozen world again. He looked up at the five pairs of eyes staring back at

him.

"What?"

"Are you happy with our plan?" Stan asked quietly, "We'll set up a camp on the other side of the river." Richie looked at the flat piece of land on the other side of the Kenduskeag and he pursed his lips. He nodded at them, his piqued hearing catching on Eddie's fluttering and constructing.

A small bristle of pride swelled in his chest at the idea of Eddie building them a nest. And it would be an amazing nest because Eddie was an amazing omega.

He looked at his friends for a moment, "I wouldn't hurt him."

Beverly handed her half-smoked cigarette to Richie, who took it gratefully, inhaling a long drag before he ashed into the snow and exhaled shakily.

"We know." Mike assured, "But you don't want to risk it, do you?"

"No." Richie shook his head vehemently and looked up to see Stan scrutinizing him, "What?"

"Your glasses." Stan stepped closer, "You're not wearing them."

"Haven't had to recently." Richie shrugged, "Alpha stride."

"Explains why you're taller." Ben grinned and Richie snorted, taking another inhale of smoke when he looked up, "So... Pairs in a tent?"

"Suh-Seems loh-logical." Bill appeared next to Mike and looked around at his pack, "We'll ruh-rotate to kuh-kuh-keep ourselves alert."

Richie nodded, taking one last drag, listening to Eddie hum as he constructed his new nest. Richie glanced around at the pack around him and pursed his lips again.

"What about your families? Won't they look for you?"

Stan waved a hand, "They're our family, but not our pack. Pack

always comes first, Rich. You choose your pack, not your family."

Richie looked down at his hands, his stomach coiling tighter each second he was away from Eddie.

He leaned in to the group and away from the trapdoor when he got up and took Stan by the shoulder, leading him aside, "I wanna talk to you."

"What is it?" Stan asked quietly, watching how Richie fidgeted uncomfortably, his eyes shifting back to the trapdoor every few seconds.

"When Bill hurt you..." Richie whispered and looked up, setting his resolve, "How did it happen?"

"We were..." Stan cleared his throat, "I was helping him through a wave. He got too into it and tried to move me but he got agitated when I tried to tell him it hurt." Stan's head dropped, "He kept forgetting that I'm not an omega. I'm not what his body needed. I can't take him like an omega can. He hurt me a lot because of it, but I loved him regardless, because I knew we could get past it. His dick size isn't something that would stop us, even if I bled to death."

"Jesus..." Richie felt his chest seize and ache at the thought, "Stan, I had no idea."

"It was a moment of loss in his usually steel resolve and he lashed out because I couldn't give him what he needed." Stan continued to explain, "He didn't even notice my literal organs showing for a moment until I ran away from him."

"How did you explain that to your parents?" Richie put a hand on Stanley's shoulder and Stan snorted.

"They had no idea. I hid at Ben's house until I healed." He laughed quietly, "When I went back to Bill, he was literally distraught to the point of madness. We'd been inseparable ever since. It brought us closer somehow. Until..."

"I know." Richie cut him off, "I know."

"It's hard being away from him. I'm only here for you and Eddie." Stan sighed, "I'll do my rotations with Mike or something."

"Don't do this if it hurts you." Richie urged, seeing the physical pain manifesting in Stanley's eyes, "Please."

"I can't live my life hiding from what I did. From who I am." Stan looked up, "I can feel how he's hurting." Stan put a hand on his mate mark, "I wouldn't be this broken about it if I didn't physically feel his pain. I can feel what I've done to him."

Richie grimaced at the sound of Stan's voice as the beta looked down at the snow, "How- How do you live with it? Like... If I did that to Eddie, I don't think I could live with it."

"I don't..." Stan looked up, tears welling in his eyes, "I don't live with it. I may be here and I may be talking, but I'm not alive inside. I can't be, I can't feel... If I was able to, I'd go mad. It hurts too much to feel it. It's like I've taken my prized possessions and smashed them on the ground and now I'm crawling and rolling in the pieces."

Richie instantly winced at the mental image, the pain cracking through onto his face as he glanced at Stan, "I'm sorry. What are you going to do? You can't leave our pack, Stan. We need you. Eddie loves you."

Stan nodded and looked down, "I love him too. I love everyone. Even you, dickhead." Richie chuckled lightly as Stan elbowed him, "But... I don't know if Bill and I could ever go back to how it was before. So much has happened and we're mated."

"I get that..." Richie looked over to the group. Bev and Ben were on their knees, crafting a small snowman together. Mike was standing guard by the trapdoor and Bill was a lot farther away, clearly giving them space to talk while being out of alpha earshot. Richie zoned in on the packleader, noticing the pain chiseled into his impeccable bone structure.

"He's perfect." Stanley whispered as he joined Richie to look at Bill, "Every single inch of him is perfect alpha. He just needs someone else that he's meant to be with. Like you and Eds."

"I doubt that." Richie smiled and looked at Stan, "I've never met anyone so perfect for Bill than you. So what if your bodies aren't exactly a hundred percent compatible? Call it the spice of life."

Stan snorted, his face contorting into a small smile, "Sure. Imminent disembowelment adds a certain heat to the relationship."

"I mean..." Richie cleared his throat, "That's a downside but... You shouldn't let it stop you."

"I'm not. I grew to love it." Stan's face looked twisted and dark as his brain fluttered with memories, "It's not Bill that I want to be away from. It's this godforsaken town that hates that I can be loved by someone that I'm not meant for."

"Oh c'mon-"

"I heard them." Stan interrupted, "Someone asked Bill if he wanted someone better. Asked him why he was settling for a beta kike like me. A lowdown dirty beta and not a sweet and submissive omega girl from his own church."

"Kike?" Richie looked up in surprise, a small snarl curling in his throat, "Someone actually called you that?"

Stan nodded quietly as Richie snarled deeply. The sound had everyone look up anxiously. Richie was radiating fury, feeling it pull out of his pores in waves. He hated that Stan bore the brunt of their shared religion. No one would ever dare call Richie a kike or a moky unless they wanted their head permanently embedded in their own asshole.

"I'll fucking kill them." He snorted heatedly and Stan put a hand on his shoulder. Richie looked at the beta to see a glaze of resignation in his eyes.

"I'm used to it. Ike, kike, jewboy..." Stan shrugged, "Heard them all."

"I can't believe they said that to Bill." Richie seethed, "Did he just let them say that?"

"No, he punched the guy." Stan looked slightly proud at the thought,

"Although he did get into shit. I was grateful."

"God." Richie huffed, "Fuck them."

"To be fair..." Stan exhaled, his breath floating out like a plume of smoke, "It is true. He is settling for a hymie like me."

Richie blanched at the way the slur fell from Stan's lips so nonchalantly. He didn't like it one bit. Richie leaned in and took Stan's head in his hands, making them look at each other.

"I hear that again and I'm gonna sock you in the throat, Uris." Richie threatened, feeling Stan's knees buckle at the alpha lilt to Richie's voice, "You are one of the best people in this world and I'll be damned if you depreciate yourself like a piece of trash. That's my job."

Stan swallowed hard and Richie could feel the presence of Bill close by. He turned to see Bill about two yards away, looking at them with guarded curiosity.

"What's going on?" Bill had obviously picked up on Stan's sudden flux in emotion through his mate mark. Richie let go of Stan and looked at Bill with a shrug.

"Telling this jerkface to stop putting himself down. He's adamant about his place in the world and I'm sick of it."

Bill looked between a smug Richie to a shaky and submissive Stan. Richie could practically feel Stan's need for his mate's reassurance. It was rolling off of him like an intense perfume.

"O-Oh..." Bill looked at Stan, his body relaxing from its rigid stance, "Duh-Don't put yourself duh-down, Stan."

"Yes, alpha." Stan whispered and looked away. Richie looked between them and he could practically see Bill's hands twitch to reach out. Richie stepped back from them both to give them a moment. Stan looked like he was barely holding on to his emotions, his entire body trembled and screamed to be held.

Bill sighed, hanging his head and he turned and walked away from

Stan, holding his head up like a strong pack leader. Richie's jaw dropped with genuine surprise. He looked at Bill who had disappeared into the trees.

Richie stepped closer to Stan, who instantly sunk into the snow with a whimper before he began sobbing with insuppressible grief. Richie itched to hold him but he knew Stan would react differently. He didn't need another alpha holding him. He didn't need his pack's consolation. He needed his mate.

His mate was on the other side of the river and from what Richie could gather, Bill had punched a tree so hard that it had collapsed over onto its side, splintered down the base as though it had been struck by lightning.

Richie sucked in a breath and looked up to see Eddie's head peering up from within the clubhouse, genuine concern in his eyes. Eddie looked through the group until he found Stan in the snow. The omega let out a yelp and scrambled from the clubhouse. He ran through the snow in nothing but his t-shirt and shorts.

Everyone watched Eddie as he dropped into the freezing flurry to hold Stan.

Omegas were always in touch with the entire pack's emotions. They were the mothers, the nurturers and the emotional nursemaids. Eddie crooned as he held Stan, rocking him slowly as he cried as well.

Usually, when another of the group was upset, Eddie was their rock and remained strong and unwavering. Now, however, with his flighty and chaotic emotions, he was a wreck.

"It's okay, Stanny." He sniffled as he held the beta with Richie standing and watching them with wide eyes, "It's okay, bear. It's okay. You'll be okay."

Stan didn't even answer, letting himself be held as he wrapped his arms around his middle, his fingertips digging into his sides as he bawled into Eddie's neck.

Richie looked up to see everyone staring. Bev was crying silently,

unmoving beside Ben, who looked solemn. Mike was standing by the trapdoor still, his eyes on Stan and Eddie with his lips turned down.

The only one that wasn't looking was Bill, he was sitting with his back to everyone against a tree with his hands in his hair and his head down.

Richie felt a weird pang of guilt in his stomach at the fact that he was having his rut when everyone seemed so despondent and broken. Eddie was still crooning at Stan, running his fingers through Stanley's curls and Richie instantly recognized that Eddie was singing to him.

He had no idea that Eddie did this for Stan, but it seemed like something familiar to them. Eddie was whispering the melodic lyrics of Jeff Buckley's Hallelujah to Stan, trying to calm him down.

Richie stepped away from the two in the snow, staying close by his omega, but he felt culpable for being a part of their sorrowful moment.

"It's okay, Stanny." Eddie wiped his tears away as he sniffed, lifting Stan's head up to look at him, "You're stronger than this. You're so brave."

"M not." Stan shook his head unremittingly, his teeth clenched with agony, "Not. I- I can't do this, Eddie. It's too m-uh-uch."

"You can." Eddie held Stan's shoulders firmly as he sat on his knees in front of the beta, "Look at you doing it now."

"I'm not anything with-without him." Stan sobbed, a gut-wrenching hiccup left him and Richie winced at how empty he sounded, "I need him."

"Be with him, Stan." Eddie urged, "He needs you, too."

Stan shook his head fervently, his face twisted into a disgusted moue of terror, "I can't. My dad will kill me."

"He wouldn't." Eddie assured and Richie balked when Stan looked up, his eyes hardening with seriousness, "Stan. No..."

"He would." Stan sniffed, "If I could escape it, I would be with Bill. But if I go back to him..." Stan trailed off and blanched as though he had been slapped.

"He can't do that." Eddie sounded absolutely horrified even though he and Richie and just about everyone knew that in this town, killing and injuring gay men wasn't even worth batting an eye. Richie thought back to Adrian Mellon and his stomach twisted with rage at his old friend that had been beaten and thrown into the river two years ago.

"Stan..." Eddie sounded just as frightened, "Please don't cry."

"You need to go." Stan whispered, "You're almost naked in the snow. You're vulnerable."

"No." Eddie replied firmly but Richie stepped closer. The proximity of the alpha had Eddie look up. His eyes were red from the torrent of tears, his cheeks blotchy and his nose pink from the cold.

"Eds." Richie whispered, "You can't be out here. You can barely breathe."

Eddie shook his head and latched himself onto Stanley. Richie bit his lip and reached down to pry the struggling omega from Stan's body. Eddie yelped as Richie managed to pull him off. Eddie kicked at Richie's strong grip but submitted when Richie growled in warning.

Richie looked at his friends for help and Beverly instantly shot up onto her feet, sprinting the short distance between them. Richie began scenting Eddie to calm him, running his mint scent over the omega, watching him visibly relent. Beverly helped Stan up as Ben joined her, holding Stan's other side up.

Mike was across the river with Bill, it looked like Bill was also crying and Mike was trying to soothe and alleviate Bill's pain.

Richie watched as Bev and Ben coaxed Stan across the snow with soft reassurance and sweet words of succor.

Eddie was sniffing in Richie's grasp, his skin ice cold and he was shivering so bad that his body seemed to constantly be racking with

violent shudders.

"Inside now." Richie decided simply and when Eddie began to protest, he added, "They'll be here. Don't worry."

27. Chapter 27

Richie didn't want to admit that things felt different. The first month he and Eddie were together, Eddie's heat didn't seem so bad and they chalked it up to Eddie's body thinking it was just another mate to satiate his needs.

Their second month together in November, Richie had skipped his rut entirely and Maggie said it was probably a side effect of his medication that would be in his system for a while. Even though Eddie still went through a heat and Richie did help him when he was able to visit, they hadn't been cooped up together because they had nowhere to hide.

Richie hated that he was forced to leave Eddie alone and couldn't bear to think of how Eddie was feeling every time his alpha left him. Richie promised that next time would be better, it would be different.

And it was different. His body was settling into what it was becoming. His instincts were finally kicking in, his senses heightening and instincts turning full tilt. He felt pride and power and absolutely lethal at times. And he also felt the insatiable need for his omega. Whether it was a sexual, physical or emotional connection, some part of him craved Eddie.

His body was growing accustomed to having a mate around and Richie could tell that he was going into his rut. He was so protective over Eddie that the slightest sound had him snarling. Richie felt bad sometimes.

Earlier that evening, Ben had stepped in to give them food and Richie had snarled at him so fiercely that Ben almost fainted. If he was anymore terrified, he probably would have wet himself. Richie had apologized of course, he didn't mean to let it happen but it was something he couldn't control.

Control.

The word rang out in Richie's mind over and over, thinking about what his friends had told him about his control. He glanced over at

his sleeping omega, curled up in his new nest, and began to worry as he bit on his thumbnail.

Richie smiled at his omega, a swell of gratification and repletion at how well Eddie had built his new nest. It looked similar to the first one but there seemed to be an added touch to it that Richie couldn't place. He could physically see a manifestation of the love Eddie had put into making the best nest for them.

Eddie rolled over in the fort, his clothing sticking to his body from the sweat. Richie could already smell Eddie's secretions, smell his honey citrus that was tinted with the heady musk that came from a ready-to-breed omega. Richie curled his fist over his thigh and looked elsewhere, doing his best to hold off until it was absolutely necessary. He knew Eddie would need him soon to stave off his cramps and Richie would do just that.

He decided to have one last cigarette. He grabbed the pack and climbed up to the trapdoor, pushing it open and hissing at the sudden change of temperature. He stood there, head and shoulders out in the world, and lit up his cigarette.

He looked across the river to see the blue tent pitched and coated with a blanket of snow. A light was on inside and Richie could make out the shape of Ben and Mike inside. He took in a drag of his cigarette, exhaling a thick cloud.

The tent opened a fraction and Richie looked over to see Ben watching him curiously. Richie held up a thumb to let the beta know that everything was fine. Ben smiled, zipping the tent back up, and left Richie to his thoughts.

He ached into the snow and closed his eyes, arms resting on the opening of the clubhouse. He would never ever hurt Eddie.

His omega.

His.

No one else's.

Richie inhaled more smoke, his hands starting to shake somewhat.

The more he thought about Eddie, the more his body trembled. It was as though he knew what was going on without actually knowing. A foreboding sense of primal carnage between the two of them that only fed their need to breed.

Richie sucked in a breath as he stubbed his cigarette out, exhaling, before he closed the trapdoor again and jumped down onto the wooden floor. The sudden thump had Eddie bolt upright in the nest and look out. He glanced up at Richie, his tense posture softening instantly.

"How're you feelin'?" Richie came closer and went down into a crouch beside Eddie's nest. Eddie looked at Richie and went pink, looking away sheepishly, "Eds?"

"Tender." He admitted, wincing somewhat as he adjusted, "Cramps are starting."

"Want me to fix it?" Richie asked in a gentle voice despite the strain on his self control, it was waning with every second that he spent so close to Eddie.

"I'll be fine for a bit." Eddie sucked in a breath and looked up, "Please just..." He didn't finish his sentence with words. Instead, he pushed the blanket of his nesting fort open to let Richie in.

The alpha in Richie bridled at the invitation. Nests were sacred and special to each omega. Letting an alpha into your safe space was an animalistic way of giving full consent to however the alpha wanted to breed. And it was true. In their life and upbringing, most young wolves were taught the difference between having sex and mating, the difference between fucking for fun and fucking to breed.

Having an alpha in your nest was a clear indication and invitation to breed, in the same way that it was for an omega to present themselves to an alpha. Richie removed his shirt and climbed over Eddie, flopping down beside him on the mattress of pillows. Eddie instantly curled up beside Richie, holding him close to the point of suffocating.

Richie wrapped his arms around Eddie instantly, keeping him close.

He could smell Eddie's scent and it was getting stronger by the second. He turned, burying his head in Eddie's neck as he began scenting the small male beside him.

"Eddie?" Richie breathed out, "I gotta talk to you."

Eddie chirped quietly in response, the soft scenting from the alpha seemed to render him without speech, taking him back into his most primal communication.

"Eds. Listen..." Richie tried to get the preening omega to focus but it was proving a difficult task when Eddie began nipping on Richie's neck and shoulder. Richie growled lightly as he rolled over and hovered over Eddie, holding him down, "Listen to me, omega."

Eddie stared up at Richie with widened and surprised eyes. Richie stared down at Eddie with his jaw clenched.

"Look..." Richie could feel the scent pouring off of Eddie, smell it twisting in the air, "You heard the guys. You know it's dangerous for us to be like this. But you also know that I.... I love you. And I would never, ever hurt you."

Eddie's eyes widened and his lips parted as a soft breath left him shakily, "Why are you...?"

"I know what happened to Stan. He told me about Bill." Richie grimaced at the memory, the large gash across the beta's stomach made him feel queasy.

"You won't do that." Eddie shook his head and Richie scowled.

"And do you think Bill would ever hurt Stan? Would Bill ever hurt any of us on purpose? He's our pack leader. He lost control with his mate before they bonded." Richie could feel the panic start to churn in his stomach and Eddie could sense it, his bottom lip pursing, "I don't want to hurt you. And I would never do it on purpose."

"You didn't hurt me last time." Eddie gave his alpha a small reassuring smile of seemingly naive hope that Richie tried to believe.

"Last time I was barely an alpha. Last time... It was my first time. It

was a drop in the ocean, Eddie. I may not have realized it until Bill told me but now... I can feel it. I was barely possessive and territorial and I was actually lucid in my first rut. Now..." Richie winced at the admonishing he was internally giving himself, "I wanted to attack Bill for being between us. I kept snarling at them all for thinking they'd take you away."

Eddie was quiet and pensive, silent beneath Richie as he absorbed everything. Richie stared down at Eddie with desperation in his eyes and when Eddie looked back, he seemed slightly hazy, "Then fix it."

"Fix... What- What d'you-?" Richie was cut off in sudden silence when Eddie tilted his head to the side in submission. Not just the slight turn that he usually gave to Richie. This time, he turned and bent his head completely, his eyes cast down in physical consent and invitation for Richie to mark him, "Omega..."

"Make me your mate, alpha." Eddie whispered, "We can be together."

Richie groaned and sat up, his teeth clenched so tightly that his jaw physically cracked. He pushed himself back as Eddie sat up to look at him, whimpering.

"Alpha?" Eddie's voice wobbled at the rejection of his mating offer. Richie glanced up to see Eddie's eyes glistening with unshed tears. He groaned again and buried his head in his hands, "You don't want me."

"No. Eddie. Stop." Richie breathed out and looked up, "I do. You're all I want. But you... You're not thinking. If I mate you, everyone will know and you'll be in trouble."

"You'll protect me." Eddie urged and sat up on his knees, coming closer to Richie with a happy glimmer, his tears vanishing from his whirlwind emotions, "My alpha will always protect me."

"Always." Richie whispered quietly as he reached up to run his long fingers over Eddie's cheek. He pressed his cheek against Eddie's and nuzzled into him when Eddie began tugging at his shirt, whining at the separation between their skin. Richie sat back and let the omega pull the old t-shirt from his body. Eddie took the t-shirt and draped it over one of the walls of his nest with a proud smile. Richie lay down

across the foot of the nest and lifted his hips, pulling his shorts down to kick them aside.

He climbed into the nest properly and held Eddie, curling the small wolf into his body. He huffed at the heat between them, instantly uncomfortable at the temperature. Richie a body was already starting to rage like he had a hearth beneath his skin. He knew that Eddie loved the heat and that it would comfort him and make him feel safe, but Richie hated the scorching and sweating of his skin during a rut.

Eddie preened as he cuddled into Richie's body, sighing happily.

"Sleep." Richie whispered firmly, "You need it until your heat starts soon."

Eddie nodded, whispering a soft 'yes, alpha' as he curled up to fall asleep just like his boyfriend asked him to.

Richie closed his eyes, listening to Eddie's soft breathing as he slipped into a comfortable sleep. Richie could hear Eddie's heart as it thumped rhythmically in his chest, he could hear his soft breaths and feel the light twitches of the omega as he dreamed.

Richie slipped into his own unconsciousness after a long while of immobility. It wasn't even that he was tired or needed any sleep, but it was more that he had nothing else to do. He wrapped his arm around Eddie and held him close instinctually, his nose buried into the omega's hair to breathe in the scent as he dreamed in volatile flashes.

His dreams were a little bit of everything. He jumped from image to image like a small boy hopping from stone to stone when crossing a river. His brain went from wolves howling at the incandescent moon to the inescapable feeling of running through the forest at a lightning speed that was inexplicably freeing. It vaulted to the feeling of a predator stalking prey, a drumlike beat of his heart in his ears as he pounced on his weak prey. It changed, fizzling into the feeling of insatiable and rampant need. He panted and spun around to find the source of the scent that was driving him wild.

His mouth watered as he ran through the trees with stalking agility

that would put a hunting cat to shame. He snorted loudly as he took in more of the smell, his teeth bared as he tore at his own skin and tried so hard to fight the urges that tried to surge forth.

Richie awoke with a start, snarling as he sat up in the pitch black. He panted heavily, his body drenched in sweat. His entire body raged with fire as his head whipped around to find his surroundings, trying to abate the disorientation of his location.

"Alpha?"

Richie let out a soft growl in surprise, turning to see Eddie in the dark, his eyes adjusting into a subtle glimmer. Eddie was laying facing Richie, looking up at him with concern. Richie lay back down slowly to face Eddie, shaky fingers stroking Eddie's cheek and jaw as though he were porcelain.

Eddie's face twisted into a visible cry of pain as he curled up tighter, a small gasp falling from his lips that had Richie stiffen. It was then that he actually inhaled, his body finally releasing the oxygen that he had been holding in. The entire clubhouse was filled with the smell of Eddie's heat. And to Richie, it definitely explained why he could smell the scent in his dream and couldn't find the source. The source had been laying beside him the entire time.

Richie let out a tender and sympathetic growl as he rolled on top of Eddie, slotting between his thighs. Richie looked down to look at the soiled blankets, his knees landing in a puddle of clear slick. He inhaled heavily at the honey-tinted musk and leaned down, his large hands lifting Eddie's willing hips up. He buried his face between Eddie's thighs, tongue running long and wet stroke as he practically pulled Eddie's cheeks apart.

Eddie cried out, a gasping moan pulling from his chest at the way he was lifted up. Richie's mouth nuzzled further in, his nose pressed right in Eddie's wet taint as he stuck his tongue into Eddie's slick hole, sucking on the pliant rim of muscle that he craved around his length.

Eddie's body tensed up before he let out a cry, his body jerking and spasming, thighs shaking as he came over his own stomach. Richie

looked up, eyes opening as slick gushed from Eddie's hole whilst his body was wracked with a tremendous orgasm. Richie dropped the omega's body back down, wiping slick from his mouth and face on his arm before he licked up his arm. He stared down at Eddie in the dark, knowing that the omega could see him just as well as he was being stared at as well.

Richie hiked Eddie's hips up as he leaned over the panting wolf, feeling shaky thighs wrap around his hips. He lined himself up, his dick aching from the lack of any sort of touch.

Richie shifted his knees for a better angle and pushed in, bottoming out to the hilt in one heavy and powerful stroke. Eddie screamed out, his back arching and head thrown back as his entire being was riddled with unbridled pleasure. Richie didn't even give Eddie a moment to breathe before he fucked into him roughly, hips in a back-and-forth rhythm so fast that he could rival a desperate animal.

Eddie's body was so focused on the way he was being pounded, so completely overtaken by the intensity, that he came a second time in mere minutes, crying out in almost silence. He spurted over himself, a small hand wrapping around his small length to ride out his release as his alpha fucked him through it.

Richie wasn't even sure when his rut had hit, he wasn't even aware of the shift in his entire demeanor until he felt a harsh bolt of electrical energy surge through him and knock the breath from his chest. He snarled out, his fingertips digging into Eddie's thighs as he held the omega down against the pillows to keep him as still as possible.

Eddie was crying out with each shove into his body, each primal thrust into him from the unremorseful alpha whose dick continued to grow in size as he was swept into his rut and forced into the exceptional girth of a wolf. Eddie seemed only more relieved at the harsh stretch of Richie inside him, the alpha's length finally filling him to the exquisite precipice before it hurt too good.

Richie nails raked down the side of Eddie's leg as he barrowed down over the omega, leaning atop to push Eddie's legs against his flushed chest for a better angle. Eddie let out a sob, his body gushing a heady wave of slick that pooled down onto the nest and onto Richie's

thighs. Richie took a hand and smeared his fingers through it before he sucked on them devilishly. He closed his eyes, moaning at the taste that numbed his tongue with honey musk.

He let out a grunt, tongue dancing over his fingers before he snapped his hips up, striking down on Eddie's prostate to push him into his third orgasm. Richie snarled at the sounds of his omega coming undone beneath him, whimpering as his body trembled and stuttered.

"Fuck-" Eddie panted brokenly, "Alpha please. It hurts. Please. More."

A moan left Richie's lips as his omega's voice echoed around him, calling to him, needing him. He pulled out, hearing Eddie yelp, and forcibly turned Eddie over onto his stomach before he pulled Eddie's ass up to meet a perfectly angled thrust right back into him. Eddie screamed out, his body lurching forward, fists scrambling in the sheets as fierce pace was set by the alpha.

"Knot me, alpha. Please. Knot Me. Fill me up." Eddie gasped out, his back arching, "Fuck- Please-"

"Shit-" Richie groaned, feeling the tight pull in his stomach, the sharp hook in his lower abdomen that threatened to take his organs down. His knot was already forming.

He gritted his teeth, his large hands almost entirely wrapping around Eddie's hips to hold him still as he begged for his alpha.

"Yesyesyes- Oh fuck." Eddie was sobbing again, proper tears and spit mingling over his bright red face, his hair stuck to his sweaty skin. Richie's hands spread Eddie's cheeks wider, grunting as his knot caught on Eddie's rim quickly. Eddie let out a cry of pain at the sudden stretch and instinctively pushed back to find it again, "Alpha- Yes. Oh- knot me. Ah! Fuck, please. Breed me, alpha."

Richie's head swam with the omega's pitchy words, hearing the plea over and over again sounded like perfect temptation. He slapped a hand down on the side of Eddie's thigh, the sound ricocheted off of the tin and wood walls around them as Eddie yelped.

"Alpha." Eddie choked, "Ah, fuck. Please. Yes, alpha. I'll be good,

alpha. So good. Fill me up."

Richie's range of movement had dwindled down drastically now that his knot had formed and he was left to grind himself down on Eddie, sharp and quick thrusts into the omega's desperately awaiting hole. He had to fight back every urge that told him to push in. He was so close to giving in, his arms trembling with the ironclad will to hold on.

Eddie pushed back, pushing himself onto Richie's knot slowly, silently daring and begging for it. Richie snarled, pushing Eddie forward into the nest, pulling him off of his dick entirely.

Eddie cried out at the loss, his body pressed flat against the nest as Richie lay over him, still between his legs. Richie rocked his dripping length between Eddie's asscheeks slowly, simultaneously prolonging his endurance as well as being able to tease Eddie and listen to how he got so worked up.

"Please-" Eddie begged brokenly, his voice cracking and hiccupping as he cried, "Alpha, please. Please fuck me. Please. I'll be good- So good. Yours only."

Richie licked a stripe up Eddie's spine with his tongue, his nose trailing along Eddie's shoulder as he slowly ground his hips back and forth against the omega. He could actually hear Eddie's body dripping with slick as he continued to tease him.

Eddie whined, "Alpha..."

"No." Richie barely managed to get out, his body shuddering, "I... I don't wanna hurt you, omega."

Eddie let out a groan, the sound ending in a small simper, "You won't. Please."

"No." Richie let out a shaky pants as he slid himself down against Eddie, trying to stave off his knot as the omega leaked profusely beneath him, "No, no, no."

Eddie let out a huff and physically pulled himself up from beneath the alpha. Richie sat up with a frown to look at the annoyed omega.

Eddie sat there with a scowl and curled his knees to his chest, glaring at Richie.

"What?" Richie breathed out and Eddie let out a small growl, the sound surprising Richie and making his head jerk back. Eddie reached out with his foot, pushing Richie on the chest. Richie let out a loud growl at the physical response and tilted his head, "What the fuck are you doing?"

"If you're not going to help me then fucking go." Eddie scowled and buried his head in his knees, his breathing coming out in shaky gasps as he began to cry. Richie let out a sigh, putting his hands on his knees as he closed his eyes, "It's not just fucking that I need, Richie. I don't just need to be fucked. I need an alpha. I need a knot to take the pain away, okay? I-"

"Eddie. I don't... I don't want to hurt you." Richie breathed out and there was a sudden shuffle before his head was in the grip of his omega's hands, his eyes snapping open to stare into bright lilac irises.

"I swear to fuck, Richard, if you don't fuck me into next week I will grab the next wolf I see and ride them until they flatline." Eddie seethed furiously as he gripped Richie's jaw, panting heatedly.

Richie stared at Eddie with shock plastered to his face, absolute astonishment at the threat, "You wouldn't fucking dare." He growled and Eddie's face dropped of all emotion before he stood up in a fluid motion and turned to walk out of the nest.

Richie let out a territorial snarl and grabbed Eddie around the waist, throwing him down onto the pillows. Eddie screamed out in fright as he was pushed down with lightning speed. Richie was over him, panting heavily as he bared his teeth and glared down at Eddie with his eyes an emerald alpha green.

"Mine." Richie snapped his teeth at Eddie before he hiked Eddie's leg up around his hip, rolling his hips down against him with genuine agitation.

Eddie let out a moan at the feeling of contact between them, lifting his hips up against the alpha, "Then p- Ah-" Eddie gasped, "Prove it."

Richie snarled as he sat up, pushing Eddie over onto his stomach with a soft purr of admiration for his desperately melting mate. Richie pressed himself back down again to nuzzle Eddie, hearing him groan at the lack of force yet again. Richie licked at Eddie's skin slowly, teasing him yet again.

Eddie whined out as Richie sucked on his shoulder and moved away. He sat up, stroking a hand around his thick length before he spread Eddie wide open with his fingers. Eddie lifted his hips just a fraction in anticipation and Richie pushed in roughly.

Both wolves let out guttural screams as Richie buried himself down to the hilt inside the omega, knotting him in one swift motion as he came almost instantly. Eddie babbled, rocking himself back against the alpha to help him through his release as he pushed himself into his fourth orgasm.

Richie's entire body spasmed euphorically, his inner wolf howling with pride as he filled the omega with his immense load. The fizzles of pleasure sang in his veins as he rocked his hips in short bursts, his body heaving with deadly pants of warm breath.

Sweat dripped from the alpha, beads rolling over his skin and onto the deadweight omega beneath him. His hips unable to move, latched onto his mate. He lifted Eddie's hips up as he sat up on his knees, hearing Eddie scream in protest as Richie's dick brushed his brutalized prostate.

"So good for me." Richie crooned, hands exploring Eddie's flushed skin, "Taking my knot. So filled up."

Eddie preened at the praise, pushing back against Richie quietly as he nuzzled his face into the blankets. Richie wrapped an arm around Eddie as he lay down behind him.

Eddie's hand was on his stomach, whining at how distended he felt, filled to capacity from his alpha's come. Richie let out a warning growl, feeling Eddie's fingers on his stomach as he was still buried inside him.

"Can feel you..." Eddie whispered as he dragged his palm down over

the bulge in his stomach that he knew was Richie's length. Richie hissed out a breath, his eyes closed as the tendrils of overstimulation made his body tense up.

"Don't..." Richie panted out, barely unable to speak, "Eds-"

Eddie wasn't listening, his hand rolling deliberately over his lower stomach to feel his alpha, the omega instincts crooning sweet nothings in his alpha's ears about how he had been knotted.

"Eddie, I swear-" Richie wasn't even able to finish his sentence when he yelped out, grunting harshly, his body coursing with another orgasm as he spilled into Eddie again, his hips jittering as he held Eddie down against him.

Eddie preened in delight, pushing down slowly against his alpha, feeling large hands come up to hold him down. They were suddenly flipped back over and Richie's body bracketed over Eddie's, the threatening warning of an alpha growl curled against Eddie's ear and had him pliant in submission.

"You want me to fill you up again?" Richie snarled quietly, "One load not enough for a needy omega?"

"Alpha..." Eddie breathed, "More."

Richie gnashed his teeth together, a low and barreling growl in his chest as he ground his hips against Eddie and reached around him, his flat palm against Eddie's lower stomach to feel himself inside the omega. Eddie squirmed at the feeling but made no protest, whining brokenly about his alpha's glorious knot. Richie ignored him, grinding against Eddie's coated insides, storing and gyrating his hips against the separated feeling of his own flat palm on the other side of his omega's flesh.

He let out a grunt, spilling out a third time, gasping for air as Eddie lifted his ass up higher, small droplets leaking from around his rim. Richie snarled as he lifted Eddie, sitting the omega in his lap. He held an arm down against Eddie to keep him from moving and sat there in the nest, scenting the small but placated wolf in his arms.

"Mine."

"Yours, alpha. Only yours."

28. Chapter 28

Summary for the Chapter:

Thank you so much for the 5k reads on this, I'm so happy!

Also if you like, follow me on Tumblr @kaspbrakian-kid :)

Richie ran his hand through Eddie's hair slowly, carding his long fingers through the brown locks when he heard the trapdoor open. He let out a small snarl of warning and pulled Eddie closer to him, the sleeping omega whining at the tug of a heavy knot still inside him. Richie had been genuinely surprised at how fast Eddie had fallen asleep.

"Just me..." Ben called out, "I brought food for Eddie."

Richie relaxed somewhat and heard the door open again, the scent of eucalyptus waning as the beta vanished. Richie held Eddie, waiting for his knot to go down so that he could get up.

He tugged carefully and felt the resistance before he pulled out. Eddie whined unhappily and Richie let out a bristling growl at the sound of the warm liquid gushing out of Eddie all of a sudden. He wanted to literally push Eddie over to stop the flow and keep his semen inside of the omega, but some weird part of his brain fought against his inner wolf.

Richie sat up when he heard the trapdoor again, the smell of eucalyptus and lavender. Ben and Stan.

Stan?

What happened to Mike?

"Rich?" Stanley called out slowly, "I'm not going to come into the nest, I promise. Can I see you?"

Richie reached over and pulled the curtain aside, watching as Mike

turned a gas lamp on, dowsing Richie in light for the first time in a couple hours. He squinted up at his friends and stared at them unabashedly despite the fact that he was both naked and still had half a knot and Eddie was splayed out beside him and profusely leaking come.

Stan looked at them both and at Mike with a concerned glance before he shifted, "You need to eat."

"Not hungry, thanks." Richie replied curtly, his own scented arousal dripping from Eddie was starting to swirl through his nose and it made him want to guard his omega.

"Eddie needs to eat." Stan answered firmly, "He has to."

Richie glared at them and bared his teeth. His hair stood up on his neck and arms as he pushed a surge of scent at them, a warning smell that had them both stiffen.

"Don't make me call Bill." Stanley folded his arms, "You don't want Eddie in trouble."

Richie glanced down at his sleeping boyfriend and back at the two betas, watching their every move, "Bill won't come in here."

"Then..." Stan trailed off before he leaned in to Mike, "I got nothing. Any ideas?"

"Rich." Mike took a small step forward and peered in to look at Eddie, "It's obvious you knotted him. If... If you're breeding him, he needs to eat. He has to be strong to make pups for you, Rich. Remember?"

Richie turned to look at Eddie with a slight tilt to his head and bit his lip before he relented, holding out his arm with a queasy expression. Stan reached in, giving Richie the plate of simple bread and cheese sandwiches. Richie took them and leaned down, shaking Eddie carefully.

Eddie let out a moan and opened one bleary eye, frowning up at Richie, "Alpha?"

"Gotta eat, Spaghetti." Richie whispered, watching Eddie's mouth

purse unhappily.

"No." Eddie sat up and scrambled into Richie's lap, hiding his face, "Not hungry."

"Eddie." Stan called out and the omega practically shrieked in fright at the sudden sound, clearly unaware of anyone else besides Richie. He peered out of the nest from within the crook of Richie's neck and looked at Stan with wide eyes, "Please eat."

"No." Eddie shook his head with stubborn fervor, "No."

"Richie..." Mike smiled, "Remember what I said."

Richie played Mike's words over in his head as he rolled his tongue against his teeth. He held up a half a sandwich to Eddie, "Eat."

Eddie let out a whine in protest and sat up, looking at Richie with sad and doleful eyes, "Do I have to?"

"Yes." Richie's tone grew firmer, "Omega. Eat."

Eddie hung his head in surrender before he opened his mouth, letting Richie feed him small bites. Richie disliked how defeated Eddie looked at the prospect of food.

"You should eat, too." Stan commented gently and Richie's eyes flashed up at the beta, a frown in his brows, "Eddie's gotta eat to carry your litter. You have to eat to be strong enough to make that happen. You don't want weak pups, do you?"

Richie eyed them both, listening to Eddie preen and start eating with a bit more enthusiasm at Stan's words. Richie stared at Stanley, locking baleful eyes with him, as he took a bite of the sandwich. He made it purposefully clear how much he did not want to eat and hated how smug Stan looked at winning the argument.

"Good." Stan looked at Mike as he put his hands in his pockets, "Anything else?"

Mike set a large flash down near the nest and looked at Richie, "Don't forget to drink. Gotta have fluid to make fluids, Rich."

Richie let out a disdainful grunt, throwing the half a sandwich at Mike as both betas let out small bouts of laughter. They sent the alpha and omega one last fleeting look, watching Richie scent Eddie affectionately, before they exited the clubhouse.

Richie watched Eddie nibble on his sandwich with his eyes closed, his face painted with contented fatigue.

"Pain?" Richie asked gently as he caressed Eddie's lower stomach, still running his nose over the omega's neck. Eddie shifted in Richie's lap, tilting his head to the side in submission. Eddie turned his head, holding the last corner of the sandwich up to his alpha's mouth.

"Not yet." Eddie whispered as Richie ate the last bite of his sandwich from Eddie's hand, deliberately kissing the omega's fingertips, "You helped."

"Good." Richie whispered, his lips on Eddie's neck, sucking where he should have marked him, "Good omega."

Eddie purred a small whimper at the praise, his body melting against the large alpha behind him, "Tired..."

"Sleep." Richie whispered, "You're in a lull. Your wave is gonna hit later. It's almost night time. It's gonna be worse, remember?"

Eddie moved the plate from their nest and set it aside before he grabbed the flask to take a large gulp of water. He held it out to Richie, who instantly grimaced and turned away.

"Drink." Eddie urged and shifted closer, "You heard Mike."

"Ugh." Richie turned his head even more and leaned away from the water.

"It'll make me happy..." Eddie offered quietly as he shook the flask slightly. Richie heard the water slosh around as he eyed it, watching the metal flask starting to condensate.

"It'll make you happy?" Richie asked, quirked an eyebrow. Eddie nodded vehemently, smiling and shifting on his knees. Richie scowled darkly and took the flask from Eddie, taking two large gulps of water.

Eddie looked delighted at the way his alpha obeyed him, smiling as Richie gave him the flask.

"Too cute." Richie muttered, wrapping an arm around Eddie to pull him down with a powerful yank that had the small omega yelp and laugh. He curled up with his head buried in Richie's chest, their legs entwined.

Richie lay there while Eddie slept, watching him and guarding him as he wove in and out of his own consciousness. Every few minutes Richie would wake up from a light sleep to make sure Eddie was okay and that no one was here before he fell asleep again.

A few hours later, Richie awoke to a new smell that had him rip from his dreaming state. His eyes shot open and he sat up with a growl, smelling a campfire smell that he recognized. He opened the fort to see Bill standing there in the gaslight, his tall frame ducked to stand in the bunker. Richie let out a territorial growl as he pulled his sleeping omega behind him.

"I wuh-won't huh-hurt him." Bill spoke quietly, "It's my roh-roh-rotation to luh-look after you. I'm huh-here alone."

"We ate." Richie pointed to the empty plate, "You can go."

Bill nodded and took the two careful steps forward to grab the plate, his guarded eyes watching Richie.

"Is Eh-Eh-Eddie okay?"

Richie looked behind him at the sleeping omega before he looked at his pack leader, nodding, "He's happy."

"Guh-Good." Bill glanced at Eddie, "Kuh-Keep him huh-happy."

"I am." Richie held Eddie close, "Giving him what he needs."

"Stuh-Stan tuh-told me..." Bill sucked in a breath, "You nuh-nuh-knotted him?"

"I did." Richie snarled softly, "He was in pain."

Bill nodded understandingly, looking down, "Be kuh-kuh-careful."

"Please go." Richie whispered as his fists curled into the sheets, waves of dominant alpha stink radiating off of him as he tried to control his instincts. He knew it was his best friend, he knew it was his pack leader and it was just Bill. But that dominant part of his brain that was fighting for control was telling him that, no, it was another alpha in his territory and that he needed to be taken down.

Bill threw Richie a sympathetic glance before he backed up to the ladder and climbed out into the night. Richie could hear him whispering to someone, a voice he instantly recognized as Beverly. Richie snarled as the trapdoor was closed and he instantly wrapped himself around Eddie, falling asleep practically draped over the omega.

Richie was snoring softly, falling asleep almost instantly when he felt the last dregs of campfire scent dissipate from the air.

He wasn't asleep for very long when he heard Eddie whining beneath him, the omega's body trembling and starting to sweat. Richie let out a groan, a waft of intense pheromones assaulting his nose. He let out a groan, feeling the way the smell permeated his every pore and sinew. His body shifted, curling into the smell as his stomach tightened and sent tingles down into his dick.

The snarl that left him was barely audible, but it was definitely caught on Eddie's radar. At the sound, the omega whimpered and pushed his body up against the alpha that had been laying over him. Richie ran his long fingers down over Eddie's clammy skin to grip his hip firmly.

Eddie's voice broke the silence as he let out a small cry of pain. His body moved as though in an automatic reaction to being wracked with cramps. His legs shifted as though he wanted to curl up into the smallest ball possible.

"Alpha." Eddie cried out, sniffing weakly as he jerked again, a small choked sob falling from his gritted teeth, "It hurts."

"I'll fix it." Richie reassured quietly as he kissed Eddie's shoulder and

rolled over onto him, sliding down over the omega's sweaty body.

Eddie let out the softest sigh at the touch, his body willing to be moved. Richie didn't even question his own movements as he sat up between Eddie's legs, slotting himself behind the omega, pressing his already hard length against Eddie's ass.

He sucked in a sharp hiss, his body jerking and shaking with goosebumps as the underside of his dick was coated in warm slick that dripped in a steady stream onto the blankets below them.

Eddie's hips pressed back, his back arching as he let out a shaky breath. Eddie yelped out as another wave of pain hit him, his back arching outwards, curving up as he panted. Richie crooned quietly, rubbing his hand down over Eddie's spine.

Richie pressed his dick against Eddie's hole, sliding into him slowly with one hand around the base of his thick length while the other pressed itself firmly on the small of Eddie's back.

Richie pushed into Eddie with one easy slide of his powerful hips, pushing a loud moan from the omega. Eddie's entire body went limp beneath the alpha, moaning low as Richie thrust into him purposefully. He wanted to feel every inch of Eddie sheathed around him, every single contraction and spasm of slick wall and muscle.

Richie slid his hand down and pressed on Eddie's back as he angled his hips, speeding up once he heard Eddie start to cry out and squirm. Richie knew that each thrust of his hips was a direct brush against his omega's sweet spot and it's exactly what he was aiming for.

Eddie came only a few minutes later, barely conscious thanks to Richie's blinding speed that seemed to be taking him to another universe altogether. Eddie came with a shaky and guttural choke, spilling onto his chest and the sheets as he gushed a fountain of slick onto Richie's dick and stomach. Richie ran his hand through it, coating his fingers and palm before he leaned forward, body pressed over the omega, and smeared the slick over Eddie's face.

"No." Eddie whined out, his voice coated in genuine embarrassment. The act of an alpha smearing slick on an omega is the same for a

human to rub a dog's nose in its urine. It was degrading and demeaning for an omega. It was also something that Eddie revelled in without even knowing he would. He groaned out, his cheeks flooding with color as he preened, his hips speeding up to meet his alpha's pace as he nuzzled into the large hand.

Richie snarled under his breath as Eddie began licking at his hand, whining not only at the taste but at the feel of the alpha's strength in his fingers. He moved his hand away, pushing Eddie's head down against the nest as he put both his hands on Eddie's hips to help him move back and forth at the same pace.

Eddie continuously tried to keep up with Richie, tried to meet him stroke for stroke, but every time Richie brushed against his prostate, he shattered and collapsed further and further into broken pieces. He had one fist curled into the blanket next to his head and the other arm was snaked around his face, gripping his hair.

"A-Alpha." Eddie begged through a staccato moan, crying out silently as Richie pushed into him harshly, "G'na come, alpha. Please-ah!"

Richie drove Eddie down, his body pressing the omega into the bed with heavy weight. He bit on Eddie's exposed shoulder, withholding the urge to bite down, and sped up roughly.

Eddie let out a glorious and desperate scream, his mouth open and spewing desperate pleas and encouragement for the alpha.

"Yesyesyes, j-just like that- oh!" Eddie gasped, lifting his hips, "So fucking good."

Richie snarled, his hips still in an unrelenting and aggressive speed, his hips slapping against the omega's ass so quick that it became like a constant ticking within the clubhouse. His entire body was alight and dripping sweat, his muscles aching and burning from the exertion.

Eddie's body was pressed against the blankets and it was when Richie hoisted Eddie's middle up against him with a strong arm snaked under his middle, Eddie lost it. It was the tight pressure against his lower stomach, Richie's arm pressing the thick alpha length deeper

into him and the rough handling of his body.

Eddie came again, enraptured in exquisite pleasure as he shot white spurts in a slow but intense release. His body trembled as it was pulled back and forth over the pillows, his lips chapped and jittery as he called out to his alpha.

"Oh yes. Oh fuck, yeah." Eddie gasped, "Fuck-!" His cacophony of verbal vomit was cut off when Richie shoved into him only three strokes later, burying himself into the omega as he popped his knot so suddenly.

Eddie screamed out at the ripples of pain in his body, jerking forward despite being held down. He bridled and shuddered as his alpha came into him, filling him up with short bursts and sensuously dominant snarls. He was pulled up onto his hands and knees and he remained that way as Richie ground himself against Eddie, grunting as the last few pleasure-filled fizzles left his body.

"Took my knot so well." Richie whispered, pressing his hips against Eddie to prove his point, "Bred like such a good omega. So good for me."

Eddie keened at the praise and his body shook, threatening to collapse into a submissive position for his alpha. He remained still. Richie watched the swear roll down from Eddie's shoulder and into the beautiful slope of his lower back. He leaned down over Eddie and licked at the warm and salty skin, scenting him in the process.

"Alpha..." Eddie groaned quietly, his voice a mingled miasma of pained and pleased, "So full."

Richie hummed at the quiet words, grazing his teeth over Eddie's skin, "So full." He put both hands on Eddie's swollen stomach and splayed his fingers, pressing, "So good for me, so filled with me."

Eddie yelped out, grinding back against Richie quietly, his body slowly gyrating over Richie's knot as small little gasps tumbled from his mouth.

Richie gritted his teeth, his eyes snapping shut as Eddie worked him

up again to a short but quick and heady release. He snarled as his body fell from its already lowered precipice, coming into the omega with broken moans. His body shook almost as badly as the first time, his thighs completely jelly and sore from being so tense.

He panted, heaving his body back into a sitting position with Eddie over his lap, long arms wrapped around him to keep him still.

"So greedy."

"Want you to fill me up, alpha. Knotted me so well," Eddie whispered as he tilted his head to let the alpha nip at his neck, "So full it hurts. Breeding your omega so good, alpha. Fuck all your pups in me."

Richie let out a small snarl in response, wrapping clammy fingers over Eddie's mouth as he sucked on the omega's scent gland. He pulled off with a loud pop of suction and pressed his lips to the latter's ear, "Talk like that and I'll do it again. Right now. Fill you up even more. Give you three litters right here, omega."

Eddie whimpered against Richie's hand and submitted, body melting back against him. Richie slid his hand down from Eddie's mouth and down over his neck. He slid his hand over Eddie's chest, thumb swirling over one of Eddie's still-hard nipples. The omega let out a whine in response.

"I know." Richie whispered, "So soft and sensitive for me. Every part of you, just for me." His hand went down to splay over Eddie's curved stomach, "Gonna be so good for me. My well-bred omega." His hand slid down to Eddie's dick, cupping it and his balls in one hand, palming slowly, "All mine."

Eddie couldn't even reply, a small shaky whimper leaving him as his body trembled. Richie knew the omega was crying, he could hear his shaky breaths, he could smell the change in scent and he knew Eddie had hit a lull in his wave, his emotions still cresting high and out of control.

"Lay with me." Richie whispered as he went down onto the nest and pulled Eddie close to him, "So good for me, little one."

29. Chapter 29

Richie awoke the next morning to the sound of birds chirping from outside and the sound of soft wails. The sounds were of Eddie but they seemed so far away. He sat bolt upright and looked around in the bleary light, his eyes adjusting to the dawn. Eddie wasn't in the nest.

He scrambled up and threw himself out of the fort, staring up at the open trapdoor. Richie's heart was beating a mile a minute, his stomach cramping with genuine worry as he launched himself up the ladder and looked out into the frozen tundra around them.

He crawled out into the snow and ran to where Stan and Beverly were crouching down, following the intense smell of honey and the messy tracks in the snow. Eddie was curled up only five or six yards away from the door and Richie covered the distance in long strides.

He pushed them out of the way and wrapped himself around his omega, snarling and baring his teeth as he pulled Eddie into his lap. He pushed Eddie's sopping wet hair from his skin and looked down at his flushed face.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Richie's voice was broken and incredulous, his heart roaring in his ears as his eyes threatened to spill with tears of betrayal.

"Too hot." Eddie whimpered, "It hurt. You... You were sleeping and... I didn't want to be bad."

Richie buried his head in Eddie's neck, scenting him with relief and desperation. Holding him so close. Even in the freezing snow, Eddie's body was radiating a fiery heat that had him sweating. Richie couldn't blame him for seeking a cold relief. He could, however, be furious at Eddie for leaving his side. And he was. He was just far too mollified and solaced that his boyfriend was okay.

He looked up at the two betas with deathly glares, "Why didn't you take him back? You left him here on his own! He could have been hurt or... Someone could have found him."

"We had just come back from getting supplies." Stanley explained, his face paled with guilt, "We were only gone for five minutes. We checked in before we left and he was fast asleep."

"Why didn't you wake me when you found him?"

"We were about to," Beverly interrupted, "We were making sure he was okay first."

Richie remained silent, his tongue pressed against his cheek as he cradled the sweltering wolf to his body in the snow. He had to admit that it did feel cooling on his skin, a helpful soothe to his fiery flesh. He let out a grunt, trying to get Eddie's body to calm down.

Eddie let out a small sob, whining low and pathetic as he shivered and continued to sweat profusely. Stan let out a small whine that had Richie look up at him with a questioning glance. Stan pointed down with a small gesture of the hand and a lot of color in his cheeks. Richie knew exactly what had Stan so uncomfortable.

Eddie was leaking in copious amounts, the clear and beckoning slick flowing from his body and into the snow. It was enough to start pooling in a puddle beneath Richie's shins.

"I gotta... We better go. It's..." Stan pulled his turtleneck over his mouth as Beverly held him, her own free hand covering her mouth. Stan's entire body was trembling like a leaf and if that wasn't an indication of how badly turned on he was by the smell, the raging erection in his tan slacks was a clear sign.

Richie let out a small growl in warning, making it perfectly clear that Stan had to leave. He knew that his best friend would never dare touch Eddie, but it was instinctual, the alpha in him had to make the rules explicit and precise for everyone involved.

"Eds," Richie whispered, "I have to get you inside. It's not safe out here."

Eddie shook his head and let out a pathetic sob, "Too hot. Too hot."

"It's not safe, omega. We're in the open. Someone will smell you." Richie let out a growl, "Even Stan had to leave. Your smell got to

him."

"How..." Eddie sniffed, "How is it not getting to you?"

Richie pressed his underwear-strained erection against the omega's asscheek and let out a shaky breath, "Enormous self restraint. Which, by the way, is about to break open like a shaky soda."

"Fuck me, alpha." Eddie groaned, grinding his hips down against Richie, "Right here. Please."

"Don't be crazy." Richie shifted to get up when Eddie latched himself onto Richie with both his arms and legs, whimpering and sliding his dick against Richie's own.

"Alpha... Knot me here. For everyone to see. Make the betas watch. Show them I'm yours. I don't care. I need it. Need you. Breed me, alpha."

"Ruh-Right here?" Richie balked, staring down at the vapid and glazed eyes of his boyfriend. Eddie let out a whine and rolled his hips down slowly, soaking Richie's underwear in slick, "Fuck sakes."

"Not here." Richie shook his head and swallowed hard, fists clenching in the snow as he tried to get up and get Eddie to come with him. Eddie yelped out as though he were hurt and scrambled from Richie's grip. Richie flushed red, knowing that Beverly and Stan were on the other side of the river, watching them to make sure everything was okay.

"Eddie." Richie hushed, "This isn't safe. Come on. Let's go into your nest. I'll look after you."

Eddie let out a petulant moan and rolled himself over into his belly, his back arched as he openly presented himself to the trembling alpha that was standing there in the snow. Richie snarled, wrapping his arms around Eddie to pick him up. Eddie screamed and kicked in defiance, scrambling to get out of the two strong arms around him as he was lead to the clubhouse.

But he was wrong, Richie wasn't going to take him back in. He walked with Eddie into the cover of some trees and dropped him

down into the snow with a growl. Eddie scrambled up and onto his back, looking up at Richie with wide and incredulous eyes.

"Alpha..." He preened almost silently as Richie dropped to his knees in the soft flurry of snow and crawled between Eddie's knees. Eddie scrambled up, his back against a thick trunk of a tree.

"Gonna knot you right here." Richie growled under his breath as he pulled his underwear down to his knees and grabbed Eddie to pull him closer, lifting his legs to drape them over his broader shoulders, "Look at me, omega."

Eddie opened his eyes, his chest heavily with shallow pants, and locked eyes with Richie as he pushed in. Eddie's mouth dropped open, his body lifting up to take Richie as his thick alpha length sunk in all the way to the hilt in one slick push.

Richie snapped his hips as he went down to the base, watching Eddie's body jolt beneath him. He slid out, watching the way Eddie's wide and dark eyes were threatening to close at the immense pleasure that rocked through his body.

Richie's hips set an immediately gruelling pace, wanting to get Eddie through his wave in the shortest time possible, to satiate him to the point of almost passing out. If not for his own greedy alpha ego, but also for Eddie's safety and general well-being.

Richie put his one hand on Eddie's calf, keeping it in place as he leaned forward to hover over him, pounding into him with rough and punctuated strokes that had Eddie sliding up and down against the tree.

He came with a cry, a broken moan that had his eyes close and his head fall back on his shoulders, his hips arched as he trembled around Richie's length. Richie let out a snarl, watching the omega come over himself, coating his pale stomach in white glistening spurts.

Eddie's body went lax as he mewled, hips bucking roughly as he caught Richie stroke for stroke. Richie reached down with his free hand and stroked Eddie's cheek, brushing over his sweaty skin in a

surprisingly tender touch. Eddie whined and leaned into the touch, lifting his hips as Richie continued to thrust into him with the same steady and unrelenting pace as he had been from the start.

"So needy." Richie whispered, hearing Eddie croon suddenly at his words, "So needy and greedy. Do you want people to know how desperate you are for my knot, omega?"

Eddie whined, moaning when Richie struck his prostate, his eyes squeezing shut, "Alpha-"

"Look at me." Richie snarled, snapping his hips forward to drive his point across. Eddie's eyes opened, his big brown gaze locked on the alpha, "So greedy for my knot. So desperate and whiny that you can't even wait." Richie had stopped his thrusts, pressing his dick in without movement, pressing directly on Eddie's sweet spot.

Eddie was whimpering, whining and shaking in the snow, his eyes incredulous and his face flushed with arousal and embarrassment, "Alpha, please..."

"What?" Richie crooned, "You don't want me to stop? You want me to breed you right here? Have everyone hear you beg for my knot and watch you fill up when I give you what you want?" Richie reached down and held Eddie's face in his hand before he turned Eddie's head to the side.

"Alpha..."

"You want me to keep breeding you right here in front of your pack?" Richie snarled as Eddie caught sight of Stan staring at them with bright red cheeks, "You want them to know who you belong to? How well I breed you? How desperate you are for me and no one else?"

"Alpha, please..." Eddie's eyes were starting to water as Richie pushed his hips down, grinding slowly on Eddie's prostate still, watching and feeling the way his thighs would jerk from the electric sparks that shot through him each time, "Please."

"You look at him, omega. Show him what he can't have." Richie preened softly, "Show him how bad you want to be bred by me. How

much you need it."

Eddie let out a desperate sob as he stared across the river at Stanley, locking eyes with the beta that seemed transfixed and rooted to the spot where he was sitting in the snow. Beverly sat beside him, her eyes cast elsewhere as she looked around for any imminent threat.

Richie picked up on his previous pace, fucking into the omega aggressively and without any thought, letting his body take over. Eddie screamed out almost silently, a visible relief in his eyes that never wavered from Stan. He obeyed his alpha, doing what he was told to do because he wanted to be good, he wanted to show his alpha that he was grateful and that he was a perfect mate.

Eddie scrambled for purchase, his hands coming up to grip Richie's shoulders as his legs dropped down to clamp around the alpha's waist. Richie pulled Eddie's hips higher, pushing Eddie's thighs almost against his chest to ram into him quickly.

Eddie yelped out, sobbing suddenly, his entire body hiccupping with pained relief as he came untouched all over himself and Richie's chest.

"Alpha- Fuck! Ah-" He cried, his voice cracking with gasps of breath, "Yes. More. Pleasepleaseplease more. Shit-"

Richie snarled through his teeth, glancing down through thick lashes and even thicker matted curls. He saw Eddie's tears streaming down his face, he saw sweat and spit mingled with the melted snow on his skin, his beautifully flushed and tanned skin. Richie licked at Eddie's chest, latching his mouth onto the junction of his neck to suck on it.

Eddie mewled at the feeling, his body melting into instant submissive pliancy for the alpha. Richie pulled off, growling at the pugnaciously purple and angry red mark on his boyfriend's neck. His stomach coiled with dominant heat, the mark only spurred him on to go faster and harder, to knot the desperate omega beneath him.

Eddie's body shook with unfurled tension as Richie pushed one of his legs out, spreading him open as he sat up on his knees in the snow, watching himself pounding into Eddie's stretched hole roughly,

watching the way the pink muscle pulled him in as though it were never going to let go. He watched every gush of slick that leaked out and pooled into the snow, he watched Eddie's body contract and contort as he climbed ever nearer to his release.

"Knot me, alpha." Eddie begged weakly, "Knot me, fill me. Breed me, please. Need it, Rich. I need it. Need you. I'll be so good- Ah!" Eddie was cut off by Richie pulling out suddenly, the sound of a slick pop resonating with an echo around them. Eddie whined at the loss so close to his climax and looked up to see Richie stroking himself slowly, "Alpha, please."

Richie merely sat back in the snow and kicked off his underwear that had pooled around his ankles. He peered at Eddie with his legs out and one long arm stretched back to support himself. Eddie stared at Richie's length in his hand and an unceremonious glob of drool dripped from the side of his mouth as his eyes shaded with lust.

"If you need it, come get it." Richie replied simply, tilting his head to the side as Eddie scrambled from his seat in the snow and crawled over Richie's legs to park himself square in the alpha's lap. Richie ceased his stroking, knowing from the tug in his stomach that his knot had just started to form.

Eddie climbed onto his stomach and lifted himself up, whining as Richie lined himself up with Eddie's hole. The omega barely gave himself time to breath before he sunk down with a hard shove and a tiny scream.

Eddie sat up shakily and began to move, bouncing his hips as he held onto Richie's knees behind him, riding him quickly and recklessly as he chased for the alpha's knot even more than his own steadily approaching orgasm.

Every quick heave of Eddie on his alpha's length was punctuated by a grunted 'ah' from his lips, a tense but beautiful sound that seemed so perfectly frustrated. Richie lifted his hips up from their close purchase in the snow, giving Eddie a higher tilt that had him feeling.

Eddie's eyes glanced to their right and he whined out as he kept riding his alpha quickly, his eyes resting distractedly on the beta that

he cared so much for. Despite the love he felt for his packmate, he couldn't help but flaunt his current situation, arching his back as he slid himself over Richie's length in a languid show of possession. Showing who he belonged to, showing who he was being taken by. By an alpha, a strong and caring alpha who would knot him and fill him more than any beta ever could dream of.

The fantasy had Eddie whine out and speed up, the sudden flurry of pace made Richie gasp in surprise, his hips bucking up as he popped his knot.

Eddie yelped at the feeling of it pushing against him and he only rocked himself harder, gritting his teeth as he panted out gusts of breath. He shook his head feverishly, his entire body so sure that it could never fit and he was so close to his release that he couldn't bare to risk it.

Richie could see Eddie's genuine dismay on his face and he bristled, snarling at his omega. He was so close to his own orgasm and from the way that Eddie's dick was leaking, Richie knew he was about to explode. He put both hands on Eddie's hips and began to move the omega with a strong grip, pulling him up and down on his thick length. Eddie continued to shake.

"So big- Ah! Too big. So big." He babbled through drips of saliva, "Big, big alpha. My knot."

Richie shoved Eddie down without warning, howling at his omega as he felt Eddie sink over his knot and scream out. He came hard, an almost instantaneous reaction to the pure and unrestrained pleasure that coursed through his body. Eddie's body shook with his final release, grinding his hips back and forth as one clammy hand palmed at Richie's length in his stomach, milking him for every last ounce that he could give.

Richie's entire body shook violently, curses falling from under his breath as he spilled into the omega for what felt like an eternity. Eddie's orgasm was dry, his body devoid of his own fluid, but the release was exquisite as he shook and clamped down on the alpha. Short nails raked over Richie's chest to leave red welts of claim and clutch.

Eddie collapsed over onto Richie, yelping at the feel of the alpha length still pressing against his organs in a delightfully horrific way. Richie began running his fingers through Eddie's hair slowly, snarling with every breath as his mind raced and his blood roared in his ears, thrumming like a wild drum.

"So good, omega." Richie praised, "Took me so well. So well-bred and so full."

Eddie mewled, nuzzling into Richie's hand when he sat up shakily, frowning, "Rich?"

"Yeah?"

"How are we going to get inside?" Eddie suddenly seemed lucid, suddenly seemed aware of his surroundings despite having been out in the snow for at least an hour with his alpha.

Richie sat up and looked around, glancing over to see Stan and Bev busying themselves with the tent and supplies. He looked at Eddie with pursed lips, "I can carry you like this."

"And how are you planning to get down the ladder, dumbass?" Eddie asked as Richie sat up. He pushed Eddie down on his knot and watched him submit quietly.

"Am I a dumbass?"

Eddie looked as though he were having an internal crisis. Because yes, Richie Tozier was a total dumbass but no, his omega instincts told him that his alpha was perfect in every way.

"My alpha..." Eddie whispered quietly and seemed serene at the idea, his face plastered with a goofy smile. Richie chuckled at Eddie's reaction and slid back, using one hand as leverage against a tree while the other held Eddie in place around his hips. He stood up slowly, leaning back against the tree. Eddie's face was blush red, his lips rolled into his mouth as he wrapped his arms around Richie's neck.

"What's with the sour puss?" Richie asked quietly as Eddie shifted on his knot.

"It's..." Eddie seemed mortified, "It feels really good."

Richie's face split into a grin as Eddie looked away, unable to bury his head in Richie's neck because of how stuck they were and how tightly pressed around Richie's knot he actually was.

"This isn't as easy as I thought." Richie whispered quietly and looked at Eddie, "Might have to stay here until it goes down."

Eddie looked up with wide eyes, a look of genuine terror on his face as his eyes filled with tears.

"Hey. I've got you." Richie smiled and took Eddie's wrist, scenting him slowly, "Would I ever let anything happen to you?"

"No..." Eddie whispered quietly as Richie sat back down against the base of the tree, hearing Eddie squirm and whine. The more Eddie tried to get comfortable, the more he pushed on Richie's knot. Richie sat him down firmly, snarling in warning, and tried not to come a second time.

Eddie could tell from the expression on Richie's face that he was fighting for control. Eddie began rolling his hips again, fingertips sliding over his lower stomach like he had done before. Richie gasped, groaning as his head went back against the tree. His eyes shut, feeling himself being pushed back up the shaky internal cliff by his omega.

One hand dug into Eddie's thigh as he other drove into the snow, his hips lifting a fraction as he panted.

"Fuck..." He gasped out breathlessly, his heels digging into the snowy ground as his knees buckled and his chest felt like it was about to combust. The air around them both was too much and too cold and it seemed like his body couldn't take any in.

Richie came a second time, a shaky moan dribbling past his pouted lips as he emptied into Eddie with small ruts of his hips and full-bodied pleasure ricocheting through him. He groaned, holding Eddie down as he worked himself off inside the omega, grinding into him as he rode his second release and listened to the satisfied moans from

his boyfriend.

Richie stilled, his jaw aching from the harsh clench, and fell back against the tree. He shot Eddie a dark glance, watching how the omega revelled in the afterglow.

Richie looked up to see Beverly and Stan nearby, standing by one of the trees. He looked at them with narrowed eyes until Stan held up a fleece blanket and gave them a small sympathetic smile. He carefully came over and put the blanket over Eddie's shoulders. Eddie looked up at the beta with a grateful smile and held out his hand.

Eddie looked at Richie with a questioning glance but Richie relented, seeing the genuine plea in Eddie's eyes. Stan sat himself down in the snow beside Eddie but still at a guarded distance and Eddie reached out to touch Stan's face with his fingertips.

Beverly sat beside Stan and held out a cigarette to Richie with a smile. The sight of the nicotine had Richie realize that he hadn't smoked in over a day. He let out a small groan and took the cigarette between his fingers, lighting it with Beverly's lighter. Eddie sat up and away from the smoke, wrapping the blanket around himself as he continued to stare at Stanley.

"How do you feel?" Bev asked after a long moment of comfortable silence. Eddie looked at her and then at Richie, who had his eyes closed.

"Good." Richie breathed out a cloud of smoke, "Might be getting frostbite on my ass but I'll survive."

"Sorry..." Eddie trailed off, flushing pink as he looked at them both, "Really sorry."

"For what? For making us worry when we found you in the snow or for getting railed in the snow and letting us hear it and watch it?" Bev snickered at Stanley's words.

"C. All of the above." Eddie cleared his throat as he tried not to move too much in Richie's still-rigid knot. He looked at Stan again with an apologetic glance, "Especially you."

"Don't be..." Stan shrugged, "It's all instinctual. Nothing you do in your cycles can be helped."

"You're lucky. Betas don't get cycles and don't have to be mated. You can just do as you please." Eddie scowled darkly and Richie raised an eyebrow as he ashed in the snow and exhaled a large cloud of blue smoke.

"Oh really now, omega? You don't want to breed and knot with me?" Richie asked in a teasing sneer, his voice thick with sexual undertones, "You don't like having to beg me to fill you up?"

"I...." Eddie trailed off and looked down before he slapped Richie hard on the chest, "Asshole. That's not fair."

"Since when does Trashmouth ever play fair?" Stan snorted in reply and Beverly let out a small chuckle as Richie grinned triumphantly.

"See? Stanny gets it." Richie reached up to pinch Eddie's cheek, "Lucky you're cute."

Eddie nipped at Richie's hand, trying to bite it stubbornly. Richie ran his fingers through Eddie's hair and watched him melt, losing his first edge almost instantly as he submitted to the alpha and sat there, impaled on his length with his insides still completely flooded with alpha come. The thought of it all had him squirm slightly.

"You do realize you're only on day two of this?" Beverly commented as Richie took in another lungful of smoke, "You have five days left."

"And we've been handling it like champs." Richie exhaled and stubbed the cigarette out in the snow, turning to look at her as he exhaled through his nose, "We've got it waxed, Marsh."

"Sure you do... When last has Eddie eaten anything?"

"Bill brought us breakfast." Richie stated simply and he earned a dubious glare, "He did."

"And did you eat it?" Beverly asked with a raised eyebrow when Eddie looked up in surprise.

"Bill was here?" He looked around the trees, "Where's he?"

"He's at home, Eds. He was here last night for his rotation." Beverly smiled at Eddie despite his forlorn expression, "He'll be back soon."

"He didn't say 'hello'." Eddie pouted, sniffing as he tried to push back tears, "Didn't want me near him. Bad omega."

"Oh God." Richie whispered quietly as he sat up and pulled Eddie into him, consoling and rubbing the omega, scenting him as he threw Beverly a withering scowl, "Eds. He came to see you. You were sleeping. He didn't want to wake you... You're not a bad omega. Don't be a dummy."

Eddie whimpered, tears dripping down onto Richie's chest. He buried himself into the alpha's chest as he blubbered quietly. Richie buried his head in Eddie's hair and took in a slow sniff. He frowned, sniffing him again.

He sat Eddie up and looked at him with a frown, examining his neck and his chest and arms. Eddie frowned, wiping his eyes with a free hand, "Rich, what are you doing?"

"Shush." Richie whispered as he pushed Eddie over into the snow, still attached, and hovered over him, scrutinizing him with narrowed eyes, "Eds..."

"Rich, what is it?" Beverly asked quietly as Richie began scenting his omega again, carefully sliding himself out of Eddie now that his knot was going down. He sat up, ignoring the sudden flood of warm fluid that rushed passed his knees. He stared at Eddie for a long moment as a different knot formed in his stomach.

"He smells different. Like... Different. Like him. Like honey." Richie sat up, "He smells like honey."

"Richie, babe." Beverly laughed, "He always smells like that."

"No." Stan got up on his knees as he sniffed the air and leaned in to Eddie, "I see what he means. Eddie's smell is back. It's not... His heat is gone."

Richie balked suddenly, the cold air around him had nothing to do with the cold mass in his chest that squeezed too tight. Eddie looked at Stan with a puzzled expression but Stan and Richie had locked eyes and shared an unspoken conversation.

"Get him inside." Stan whispered, "Bev and I will cover tracks."

Richie instantly scooped the omega in his arms in the blanket and carried him away from the two betas. Eddie looked over Richie's shoulder and watched as Beverly and Stan began a furiously whispered conversation that had Bev going pale. Her blue eyes stole a gaze at Eddie and for the first time in his life, Eddie found himself unable to meet her gaze.

He could hear them fussing about in the snow as Richie took him into the clubhouse and closed the door with a free arm. He put Eddie down in the nest and picked up the plate of discarded sandwiches, forcing one out to Eddie.

"Eat."

"What is it?" Eddie pushed the sandwich from his face and looked at Richie's almost frenzied eyes despite his calm face, "Rich-"

"Your heat is over, Eddie." Richie commented, his voice seemed clipped and overly placid.

"That's ridiculous. I still have-" Eddie froze, pausing as he had begun counting on his fingers. His eyes widened as he looked up at Richie and a shaky breath left him, "It's gone?"

"Gone." Richie whispered quietly, "Eddie, you-"

Eddie looked down at his stomach for a long second, looking back up at Richie, and then back down. His expression hardened slightly, "That's impossible. It's way too early to tell something like that. I'm in a lull, the scent could wane a little and come back."

"You've had heats for a year now. Has that ever happened?" Richie asked with genuine curiosity as he went onto his knees in front of Eddie.

The omega thought back through what he could remember, a heavy frown knitting his brows ever closer. He shook his head slightly and looked at Richie, "No. Solid heat scent for a whole eleven days."

"And now..." Richie prefaced as his hands itched for another cigarette, "Now we've been together for two days, I've knotted you about four times, breed you about eight times or more and... And it's gone."

"It's gone." Eddie whispered, "I didn't think it would be so instant."

"I didn't think." Richie whispered more to himself than to anyone else and he pushed the thought aside, "How do you feel, Eds?"

Eddie stared at his stomach again and looked up, a bright grin on his face that seemed to somehow glow with its own ethereal perfection. He flipped back onto the pillows of his nest with his hands on his stomach and then curled up, the smile on his face never faltering.

"So happy, alpha." Eddie gleamed serenely as he closed his eyes and snuggled his face into the pillows of his nest, nuzzling the smell of his alpha.

"Good." Richie breathed out. His inner alpha wolf was practically doing triumphantly elaborate cartwheels, preening and howling at the fact that he had successfully bred such a perfect omega. Richie, however, was about to pass out.

His body was trembling and his heart was beating so fast he was so sure it was just going to give out entirely. He could barely breathe and the small clubhouse that they were in, it seemed to be encroaching on him.

"Eddie." Richie croaked before clearing his throat, "Please eat for me." He pushed the plate towards Eddie, who sat up and began eating obediently, one hand still on his stomach, "Do you mind if I go and make sure Stan and Bev have gotten things sorted? I'll be right outside."

Eddie looked up, chewing a mouthful of bread, and he nodded wordlessly. He smiled as he swallowed and began eating another

half.

Richie shrugged on a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt before he climbed up the ladder and out into the world. He saw Bev and Stan standing nearby with expressionless faces. Richie closed the trapdoor and walked over to them, looking at them both.

"Ruh-Richie..."

Richie turned to see Bill standing there as well, his expression seemingly calm despite the raging storm in his eyes. Richie let out a yelp and rushed his best friend, pulling his pack leader into a bone-crushing hug as he let out a sob. His knees caved as he cried into Bill's shoulder. He could feel Stan and Bev come into the hug and hold him from behind, the three of them encasing the alpha in a warm circle of consoling scents.

"It's gonna be fine, Rich. You've got all of us here." Beverly whispered silently as Richie buried his head deeper into Bill's neck as though it were going to help him go back in time, "You won't be alone."

"I-I knew..." Richie whispered as he turned his head to look at her sad gaze, "The moment I did it the first time, part of me wanted to stop it. I couldn't. I couldn't stop myself. Every time, I was taken over by something so strong."

"We told you how dangerous it is, Rich." Stanley whispered, "You can't undo it now."

Richie sobbed softly and heard Bev give Stanley a kick to the shin that had him yelp and grunt, "Stanley Uris, that is beyond unhelpful."

"It's true." Stan seethed unhappily as he reached down to rub his leg, "Fuck."

Richie let out a small peel of laughter as he looked at Stan, sniffing and wiping his nose on his hand. He looked at Bev, "Thanks, Bevvie."

"Anything for you, Trashmouth."

Richie sucked in a breath as he looked up at his pack leader, "What the fuck do I do now? He can't go home like this."

"Wuh-Well," Bill cleared his throat, "You're nuh-not expected huh-huh-home for five muh-muh-more days. We can tuh-think of s-s-suh-something. I think a kuh-club meeting is in order."

"Rally the troops." Richie muttered weakly and looked at Bill, "Clubhouse meeting?"

"Everyone will meet in the clubhouse as soon as possible. Go and make sure Eddie's okay." Beverly urged, elbowing Richie in the ribs.

"He seems so happy." Richie whispered as Stan and Bev ran off to call the other two losers. Bill and Richie walked towards the clubhouse, "When he figured it out, I- I expected him to flip shit and rip my throat out for doing that to him."

"Eh-Eddie may nuh-not have been ruh-ready for a litter but..." Bill stopped Richie and put his hands on his shoulders, "H-He's an oh-oh-omega. His buh-body is doing what it was muh-muh-meant for. He kuh-can't not be huh-happy when he's fuh-fulfilled his most buh-basic urge."

"Oh..." Richie breathed out, "I didn't think of that."

"Aren't you a luh-luh-little proud of wuh-what you'd duh-done?" Bill queried with a raised eyebrow and a small smile played at Richie's lips at the very idea of having bred his omega, "Attaboy, Tuh-Trashmouth."

30. Chapter 30

Bill climbed into the clubhouse as Eddie was tidying up. He looked up from where he was busy piling blankets, his eyes widening in surprise.

"Bill!" He shrieked happily and jumped on the alpha, wrapping himself around Bill to hold him tightly. Richie scowled slightly as he watched his omega be friendly with another alpha. Bill carried the omega in his arms and set him down in his lap on the sofa, smiling up at Eddie happily.

"You suh-smell guh-great, Eds." Bill praised lightly and Eddie gasped, looking at Richie with wide eyes, "Like a well-bred omega."

"You hear that, Richie!" Eddie cried, bouncing happily, "I smell like a new-bred!"

"You sure do, Eds." Richie smiled as he sat down beside Bill and Eddie, putting a hand on Eddie's thigh, "You may want to get dressed before everyone gets here."

Eddie looked down and went pink, giggling as he climbed from Bill's lap and went to get some clothing, "Forgot about that."

"It's oh-okay." Bill looked at Richie as Eddie got dressed, "Nuh-Nuh-Nothing I haven't suh-seen."

"He does smell good." Richie sighed as he watched Eddie climb into a pair of shorts. Eddie pulled on Richie's spare t-shirt before he climbed into his alpha's lap and sat with his head in Richie's neck, scenting him. Richie wrapped his arms around Eddie and held him close, smelling the honey scent that seemed so weird, so much sweeter as though someone had dunked him in fresh vanilla.

"Yuh-You already suh-smell p-p-pregnant." Bill commented as he looked at Eddie, "It suh-suh-suits you."

Eddie preened at the comment and buried his nose against Richie's neck, scenting him as the trapdoor opened. Richie and Bill looked up

to see Beverly and Ben climbing in. Ben helped Bev down into the clubhouse and they shook the snow from their heads, looking up at the three on the sofa.

"Oh shit..." Ben muttered as he looked at Eddie, his eyes growing wide, "Whoa. I was gone for six hours."

"It's recent." Beverly commented as they went to sit on the floor nearby, waiting patiently for Stan and Mike.

"How are you, Eddie?" Ben asked softly as he wrapped his arms around Beverly and leaned in to put his head on her shoulder.

"Never been better, Haystack." Eddie smiled serenely as he looked at Richie and lay his head back down on Richie's shoulder, fingers toying with his shirt.

"Good. I'm glad." Ben whispered before they all fell into silence. There were soft whispers every now and again as they waited for the last two members of the pack to show.

Bill glanced at his watch about fifteen minutes later, his eyes concerned and filled with worry despite how relaxed his façade seemed. Richie knew that it was because he still deeply cared about Stan and he knew that Bill was overly protective of his mate even if their relationship was seemingly over.

Bill looked at Richie and gave him a smile when he noticed the other alpha watching him intently. He leaned in and put his head on Richie's shoulder, smiling up at Eddie who was playing with Richie's fingers idly.

The trapdoor opened only a few minutes later and revealed a very windswept Mike and a rather grumpy Stanley.

"And now, Stan the Man?" Richie asked as he watched Stanley shake snow from his shoulders and adjust his turtleneck sweater.

"God damn kids." Stanley snarled as he looked at the group and then composed himself, "Sorry to keep you waiting. We were sidetracked by some vandals along the way."

"Are you okay?" Bev asked, knowing full-well to ask for Bill because it was clear that he wanted to know but couldn't bring himself to ask.

"We're fine." Stanley smiled as he sat himself on the ladder with his long legs out and his ankles crossed. Mike stood at his side with his muscular arms folded and everyone turned to look at Bill expectantly.

"So..." Bill exhaled, "Duh-Does eh-everyone know wuh-why we're here?"

"We can certainly smell it." Mike chuckled as he looked at Eddie with a wide and gentle smile, "Congrats, Eddie."

"Hey." Richie sat up and looked at Mike with a scowl, "What am I, Homeschool? Chopped liver? I fucking helped, too."

"Oh, yeah. I thought I knew you from somewhere." Mike grinned at the alpha, "Congrats on being so fertile, Trashmouth. Knew you had it in you."

Richie grumbled a small thanks as he sat back on the sofa and a blush coloured his cheeks as he heard the group laughing at his expense. He busied himself with Eddie, scenting the serene omega in his lap slowly and patiently.

"So Eh-Eddie may be ruh-really happy but... It's stuh-still duh-dangerous for him in Duh-Derry. We have fuh-five days to kuh-come up with a puh-puh-plan."

"Oh shit..." Ben muttered, "Yeah, that's right. His mom is going to keel over. Didn't think of that."

"Not just Sonia." Stanley looked at Ben with a grave expression, "The whole town of Derry is going to have a heart attack. Eddie's an omega. A boy omega. Who is pregnant with another boy's litter. And he's unmated."

Eddie shuddered as he put himself over Richie's lap completely and buried his face to hide himself, a fearful scent emanating off him.

"Oh, well done, Stan. Two for two today." Beverly commented as everyone looked at Eddie and how he was trying to hide from them,

"You ruined his mood."

"I was being realistic." Stan snarled back at her, "If he wants to have Richie's litter, he has to realize how difficult it's going to be. He's going to be in a lot of danger."

"Richie, I'm scared..." Eddie whispered, his voice a soft whine of despair. Richie nuzzled the omega and began stroking his hair. He got up from the sofa as Eddie's legs wrapped around him, and he walked through the group.

He lay Eddie down in his nest and sat beside him, brushing curls from his face slowly. He looked down into Eddie's big, brown eyes with a small smile.

"So proud of you." Richie whispered as he leaned in to kiss Eddie tenderly. Eddie seemed to relax in his nest, his body still curled to protect his stomach.

Richie pulled away slowly and gave Eddie's cheek a brush with his finger before he turned and stood up, standing by the omega nest to guard it now that it was being used by the omega. His omega.

He gave Bill a nod to continue with the meeting but he remained resolute by his post, leaning against one of the support beams.

"Any suh-suggestions?"

"I just know that he can't stay here." Beverly commented, "Even if it seems perfect. It's not equipped and safe enough for a pregnant omega. Especially as he gets further along, the smell will travel."

"Yeah. He needs to be somewhere safer than a kids clubhouse." Ben agreed.

"He needs to be away from Sonia Kaspbrak." Richie snarled heatedly, "She may have relented to her son being an omega, but she will actually flip her top if she finds out what happened. I'll never see him again."

"Relax, Rich..." Beverly reached out and touched his leg gently, "That won't happen."

"Maybe he can stay with us..." Mike offered, "We're outside of town and, to be fair, my uncle don't care about wolf status or who's with who. He'll be safe in a house full of betas."

"Would they be okay with that?" Richie looked at Mike earnestly and Mike gave him a lopsided shrug.

"No harm in asking."

"Oh-Okay." Bill stated firmly, "That's puh-plan A. Anyone guh-got a puh-plan B?"

Silence rang out in the clubhouse as Eddie's soft snores filled the emptiness. Richie turned to look into the nest and saw the omega sleeping, clutching one of Richie's shirts in his arms. He smiled, his heart clenching as his stomach exploded with butterflies.

"You really like him, don't you?" Ben asked softly and Richie jumped in fright, being pulled from his daydreaming. He looked at Ben with a frown, "Eddie. You really like him."

"I... Well, yeah. He's an okay kid." Richie shrugged nonchalantly as he leaned back against the post and looked around to see five pairs of dubious eyes on him, "What?"

"He seems a little more than 'okay' in your books to me, Trashmouth." Bev chided playfully, her words had Richie wince and his cheeks flush lightly as his hands began to shake and itch for a cigarette.

"He's..." Richie cleared his throat and looked up at his packmates, "He's perfect. He's amazing. He's my best friend in the whole world, and he's a giant pain in my ass."

"So... What you're saying is... You love him?" Beverly asked with a slight tilt to her head as Richie looked at Eddie once more, his tense body posture softening.

"With all of my heart, Bevvie." He whispered, his voice barely audible, "He's my soulmate."

The sound of a loud bang had everyone jump, pulling Eddie from his sleep with a very confused yelp. They looked around to see that they

were minus a curly-haired beta and that the trapdoor had slammed closed. Bill let out a sigh and looked at them all apologetically as he touched his mate mark.

"Bill, this is ridiculous. He can't even be in the same room as people who love each other without having a meltdown. Go and talk to him." Beverly urged as she got up.

"Yeah, Big Bill. It's clear that he's struggling. And now Eddie's pregnant, he's going to be miserable." Ben added in as he got up.

"You saw what happened to him out there the other day. He broke down." Mike sighed and Bill looked at them all with an increasing uncomfortable frown. He looked at Richie, who pointed to the trapdoor, and he let out a groan and got up. He ducked down in the bunker as he stood and looked at them all.

"Wuh-Would you kuh-come with?"

"And miss this fight where you get your ass kicked? Not a chance." Beverly grinned as she climbed out behind Bill. Everyone got up to follow Bill out into the snow, even Eddie had pulled on boots and a coat over his shorts.

They all stood away from Bill and Stanley, standing in the treeline. Stan was staring down at the frozen river a few yards out and Bill hadn't moved from his spot by the door. Ben carefully reached out with his arm and gave Bill a shove forward.

Bill glared darkly over his shoulder at them before he began walking towards Stan, who bristled at the proximity of the alpha.

"You come any closer to me, Denbrough, and I will personally tear you a new asshole." Stan snarled darkly and Bill froze in his tracks instantly.

"Whoa..." Richie snickered, "Guess who wears the tweed pants in that relationship."

"Beep beep." Beverly shushed him despite the grin on her face. Richie wrapped his arms around Eddie and held him close as Bill stood in the freezing wind only two metres from his mate.

"Stan-" Bill called out and the beta almost submitted, his head tilted but his posture remained tense, "Stanley."

Stan finally turned around to look at Bill, his usually hazel eyes were a bright beta blue, flashing quickly before they returned to normal. He looked at Bill with no expression on his face, "What, William?"

"I..." Bill looked down at the snow and sucked in a breath, "I duh-don't know wuh-what to say to muh-make it better."

"There's nothing you haven't already said." Stan shrugged coolly as he put his hands in his pockets, "Nothing you haven't already done. Or tried. Just face it," Stan looked down at the snowy riverbank beneath his shoes, "There's nothing we can do."

"B-But..." Bill croaked out and took a step forward, "Stanley, duh-don't be like this. Don't fucking do this to me. It fucking kills me that I can't reach out to hold you and make it better. All I fucking want is to fucking hold you and keep you safe. All I want is to love you. You're all that's kept me sane for the past year and I'm losing myself without you. You took a part of me that I can't ever get back and wuh-without you... I'm nuh-nothing."

Stan looked up with wide eyes, his lips parting with a soft whimper, "I am?"

"How can someone so smart be so dense?" Bill asked quietly and Stan's eyes narrowed. Richie let out a small hiss and covered Eddie's eyes as a wave of anger poured from Stanley's skin.

"Bad move, Big Bill." Richie whispered quietly as Stan reached out, pushing Bill over with a rough shove. Bill yelped as he fell back into the snow.

"I'm not dense!" Stan shrieked angrily, "How dare you!"

"I duh-didn't..." Bill shook his head furiously and Stan stood over him, glaring, "Stan-"

"You don't think I don't know any of that?! You don't think I feel it too?" He snarled with fury, "I'm so fucking in love with your stupid alpha ass and I have been since I was twelve, William!" He kicked

Bill's leg angrily, "If anyone knows how much it fucking hurts, it's me! I've pined after you for seven whole years only to have my heart pulled out of my nostrils because of this godforsaken town!"

"Stuh-Stan-"

"No!" Stan whirled around and away from him to plop into the snow dejectedly, his shoulders slumped, "You have no idea..."

Bill sat up to look at him with a frown, "Stanley, tell me what happened."

Stan looked up at Bill, seemingly completely unaware of the body losers only a couple feet away. He went onto his knees in front of Bill and pulled one of his sleeves up to show him the thin white gauze that was wrapped around his wrist before he unveiled his other wrist in the same condition.

"You have no idea... How much pain I am in. No idea how I tried to take it away. If I couldn't be with the man I loved, it wasn't a life worth living."

The air around all seven of the wolves was thin and icy, a thousand degrees colder than the frozen land around them. The pain and anguish in Stan's eyes was immeasurable, the expression on Bill's face unreadable. No one seemed to be able to breathe, no one could even start to comprehend that Stan had tried something so dark,.

Bill reached up, taking Stan's forearm in his large fingers. He brushed his fingertips over the bandages for a long second before Stan ripped his arm away and pulled his sleeves back down with agitation.

"It's not like I chose this. I didn't choose to leave you. I didn't choose to be ripped from my mate." Stanley put his hands on his knees as he looked down from Bill's questioning gaze, "The world is against me and it always has been. It pushes me from every corner. It tries me at every turn and I always thought I was strong enough to push back. And then I grew up, and I realized that being strong isn't enough anymore."

"Wuh-When did you duh-do this?"

"Which time?" Stan asked quietly. The question had Bill stiffening instantly, the reaction seemed so simple but there was something about it that made Richie feel guilty.

"Stuh-Stan..."

"I don't want to keep doing this." Stan looked up and held Bill's face in his gentle hand, his long and elegant fingers bright pink from the snow, "Y'know... I don't regret any of my decisions with you, even if it was a mistake."

"Duh-Don't do this..." Bill begged weakly, his voice cracking. Richie didn't like how raw and exposed his pack leader had been stripped. It wasn't right to see someone so powerful becoming so futile.

"William Denbrough, I love you. With all my heart. And nothing can ever stop me, not even myself. But..." Stan bit on his lip, a frown on his brows, "Sometimes, in this life, things happen beyond our control. Things break. They are often irreparable. Like fragile glass."

"No..." Bill shook his head quickly, his teeth gritted as angry tears rolled down his cheeks, "No."

"You can't fix glass." Stan continued on, using a delicate thumb to wipe Bill's tears, "But you can accept that it's broken. You can-"

"No."

"Bill..."

"No." Bill put his hands on Stanley's own, holding them on his face as he nuzzled, revelling in the touch as he sniffed weakly, "You can't."

"It's not about me, Bill." Stan slowly pulled his hands away, "It's not just about me. It's not in our control anymore. We can't fix it. Every time we pick up the pieces, this town comes along to throw it back down on the ground and shatter it even more. And all we get are cuts and pain. There's only so many times you can try to fix something before it's beyond repair."

"N-No-" Bill sobbed, pulling Stan by the middle, holding him, sobbing against the beta's stomach, "No-"

Stan didn't reply, he merely remained on his knees in the snow, an eerily calm look on his face as he stared off into the trees. He still seemed unaware of his friends nearby. Unaware that Bev and Eddie were both crying and being consoled by their partners.

"I-I... Y-Y-" Bill was sobbing so hard that his stuttering had made him almost unintelligible. He clenched his teeth, unable to speak as waves of pain and desolation rolled off him one after the other.

"Don't. You're only going to make yourself more upset." Stan whispered before he went down to Bill's height, looking him in the eye, "You need someone else. Someone for an alpha. Someone who can give you things I can't. Like... Richie and Eddie. Eddie's giving him babies. And it only made me realize that... That's what alphas and omegas are for. You're meant for someone else and I'm standing in the way. I couldn't give you a litter if I tried. Hell, I can't even give you my body in the way you need it."

Bill let out another sob, his body jerking and knacking in the snow as he scrambled to hold onto any part of Stan that he could, "B-But I-I... I d- I-I... Duh-Don't-..."

Stan's face shifted into a sympathetic purse of his lips, his eyes softening, "I know. I know you've told me a thousand times. You don't want a litter. You don't want an omega. Your words and your eyes say different things. I saw how you looked at Richie and Eddie. I saw how much pain you're in. It's why I left. I could feel the ache." Stanley put a hand on his mate mark, "The longing..."

Bill shook his head furiously as he held Stan close, "No. N-No. You d-don't... Yuh-You... Stuh-Stan- No. No. No, I-"

"Fuck," Richie whispered, "He's going to combust."

"I haven't seen him this bad since Georgie died." Eddie muttered quietly as he held Bev close, keeping her against him with Richie on his other side, "He needs help."

"No one interrupt them. They need to talk." Beverly scowled and Richie eyed her with a raised eyebrow.

"Yeah they do. But Bill can't fucking talk right now, can he?" Richie unlooped himself from Eddie's arms and walked across the snow. He went down onto his knees beside Bill and looked at Stan, "He's having a hard time with his words."

Bill looked at Richie with a pathetic grimace and looked back down at his lap, nodding weakly.

"Is Stan right?" Richie asked softly, "The things he said about you wanting what I have? Is he right?"

"But-"

"Staniel, let him try." Richie admonished, watching Stanley submit and sit down on Bill's outstretched legs, "Bill?"

Bill shook his head, panting lightly, "Nuh-No."

"Did he get your feelings wrong?" Richie asked next and Bill glanced up at Stan, nodding quietly, "Do you think you can tell him what you're feeling?"

"I..." Bill paused and shook his head, "Huh-He... He's r-r-ruh-wrong."

"Why?" Richie asked as he put a hand on Bill's shoulder, giving him a reassuring squeeze, "Why is Stan wrong?"

"Thuh-Thuh-Th..." Bill closed his eyes and tried to calm himself despite their fact that Richie could smell the anxiety in him and hear his heart pounding at a dangerously fast rate, "The... Luh-Luh... The loh-longing."

"What about it?" Stan asked softly, "You were longing for their relationship?"

Bill shook his head furiously, looking at Richie for help.

"Alright. We're playing charades." Richie sat down properly in the snow next to Bill, "Stan said he felt your longing in the mate mark. Is he right?"

Bill nodded.

"Okay." Richie sucked in a breath, "Was it because Eddie and I are having a litter?"

Bill shook his head.

"Was it because of Eddie and I at all?"

Bill nodded again.

"Is it... Because I love him?"

Bill nodded, looking at Stanley with earnest, putting a hand on Stan's heart. Stanley's eyes widened as his own hand touched his mate mark.

"Was the longing for Stanley and for love instead of being for an omega?"

Bill nodded again, a slow and deliberate nod.

"You were longing for your mate." Richie stated, not a question this time. His eyes never wavering from Stan.

Stanley leaned down, kissing Bill softly, their lips entwining in the most gentle kiss that Richie had ever seen in his life. He grinned brightly and looked over to see Eddie sobbing uncontrollably and Bev holding him despite her own tears. Richie sat back in the snow, leaning on his arms, as a small swirl of pride spun around in his stomach.

Richie got up, dusting himself off, when a hand wrapped itself around his calf. He paused and looked down to see Stanley's hand on him. Stan pulled away from Bill and looked up at Richie with a solemn expression.

"You're a better friend than anyone could ask for." Stan whispered softly and Richie went pink.

He cleared his throat, rubbing the back of his neck, "Aw, well shit, Stan. Thanks. I mean..." He looked at his friends for help but they were all quiet, "I just... I was there the first time this happened to him and we developed a system. When in doubt, play charades."

"I'll keep that in mind." Stanley almost smiled as he patted Richie's thigh and looked back at Bill, "I just... What do we do?"

Bill swallowed, "Wuh-We... We get vuh-very guh-good at huh-hiding."

Stan buried his head in his mate's neck, almost audibly purring as they both radiated scent around them, their usual smells seemingly so much stronger and more potent than usual. Richie backed up in the snow and turned when he heard feet. He yelped, catching Eddie as the omega jumped him happily.

"You did it! You fixed it!" Eddie squealed happily as Richie held him up, cradling the omega on his hip as his face was lavished with kisses.

"Jesus- Ah! Eds! Knock it off!" He grumbled despite the grin on his face, "I can't- Eddie!" He laughed, his head sandwiched between Eddie's hands, "Fuck!"

Eddie pulled away, grinning brightly, "You fixed my family. Such a good alpha."

Richie beamed brightly and looked down to see Bill holding Stanley in his lap, the beta curled over Bill with his head in Bill's neck. Richie carefully lowered himself down to sit beside his pack leader, holding Eddie on his lap in the same way. He looked back to see Beverly, Ben and Mike still in the trees. He smiled at Bev and held his hand out for them.

They crossed the snow to come over to their pack and Beverly sat beside Richie, putting her head on his shoulder as Ben sat between her outstretched legs, his back against her. Mike went to sit on Bill's other side, content and happy that the alpha had his mate.

The entire pack seemed to radiate calm and peace, everyone was silent and enjoying the silence. Richie was so sure that Eddie had fallen asleep again.

That was until he reached out to hold Stan's free hand in his, caressing the beta's fingers with his thumb.

Richie gave Eddie's temple a gentle kiss, "Such a good omega."

31. Chapter 31

"Stan?" Eddie called out as he curled over from laying in front of the fire in Mike's house. The Hanlon's were out in Bangor for the day to visit family, taking Mike with them.

Eddie had lived there for about a week now. Stan had taken to visiting Eddie whenever he could, surrounding himself with the barely pregnant omega seemed to be some sort of catharsis for him. Eddie didn't mind at all, he seemed to be extra clingy lately and always wanted someone around him whenever possible.

"Yes?" Stan looked down from his perch on the old loveseat, his eyes tearing away from his book.

"I... I have a question." Eddie eyed the sleeping Richie on the armrest for a moment and then looked at Stan again, "If it's okay."

"What is it?"

"We're wolves." Eddie sat up and crossed his legs, "We heal really fast..." Eddie chewed on his cheek as his stomach tied in a small anxious knot, "Why do you still wear those?" He pointed to the bandages around Stan's wrists.

"At first..." Stan whispered as he set his book down, "I did it to ease my pain. And only twice did I do it because I felt had no other way out. Like a cry for help perhaps. I kept the bandages on because even if we heal from the wounds, we still have the scars. And I didn't want the scars to be seen. And... The bandages were to cover my skin so I wouldn't do it again. Take away temptation, so to speak."

"Are you still...?" Eddie shifted uncomfortably as he felt his heart sink and his eyes stung as though he were about to cry.

"Not for a week or so." Stan smiled, "I have no ache. No pain. I'm whole again."

"Because of Bill?" Eddie asked and Stanley nodded as he looked at the bandages. He had a short sleeve on today under his coat, his coat

laying beside him now that he was sitting by the fire. Eddie looked at Stanley's thin and graceful arms and his beautifully ornate fingers. Eddie could always see Stan being a dancer. He was so delicate in frame but still so strong. It astounded Eddie every time he looked at his beta friend. Eddie and Stan were there same size growing up and at one point, Stanley continued to grow where Eddie did not. Stan remained as lean and svelte as Eddie did and they could probably swap clothes any time. But Stanley was taller. He was almost the same height as Richie. Perhaps just a bit shy of six foot.

"I have my mate back. He's mine still." Stanley smiled as his voice pulled Eddie from his daydream, "It's still hard for us both, of course. But we're doing our best and that's all that matters."

"Stan?" Eddie shifted, carefully pulling his knees up to his chest as he got to his most probing question, "Are you- Are you mad at me?"

Stanley balked in surprise, looking appalled at the very idea, "Mad at you? For what?"

"Because I'm having babies." Eddie shrugged and hid his head down, peering up at Stan from behind his knees, "Because I can and you... Can't."

Stanley softened as he slid from the sofa onto his knees, placing his hands on Eddie's kneecaps and he leaned in close, "I could never be mad at you. Not for this. You're doing something extraordinary and you've chosen an amazing wolf with which to do it. Granted, he's a bit of an ass and sometimes I fantasize about strangling him with an electrical cord..." Stanley trailed off as they both glanced at the exceedingly tall alpha splayed over a poor armchair, his mouth open and head back with his gangly limbs dangling, "But nonetheless, I couldn't be happier."

Eddie smiled lightly, "Thanks."

"How are you feeling about all this?"

Eddie unfurled and put his head in Stan's awaiting lap, looking up at the beta as he put his hands on his flat stomach, "I don't know. I'm really happy. It's just wild to me. I'm only a week pregnant and it

doesn't feel like anything yet. And I have sixty-five days left."

Stanley eyed Eddie's stomach and looked back down at him with a smile, "Lucky it's not like an elephant. They carry their offspring for twenty two months."

"I only have mine for ten weeks and it seems like a long time." Eddie snorted, "It's so weird to me. I should be freaking out."

"No, you shouldn't. That's bad for them." Stanley tutted his tongue sternly, making Eddie giggle and hide his mouth behind his hand.

"Them?" Eddie asked, his voice taking on a dreamlike quality, "Wonder how many I have. My alpha's so strong and perfect, probably got a hundred in me."

"Jesus." Stanley snorted, "He knotted you real well, didn't he?"

Eddie smiled lazily, his mind flitting back to the past week and how well his alpha had taken care of him and how full he felt, "Such a good alpha."

"Hard to think about Trashmouth Tozier in that way. Only... I have seen it." Stanley grimaced, his nose and cheeks flushing a slight pink, "He did, uh, he did know what he was doing. Good for him."

"Wouldn't be carrying his litter if he didn't." Eddie beamed brightly as he lay his hand on his stomach, "Wonder how big they are."

"Eds..." Stanley frowned slightly, "How much do you actually know about omega pregnancy?"

"Not much." He admitted as he sat up, sitting in front of Stan to fiddle with one of the laces of Stanley's sneaker, "Mom made me skip a lot of this stuff in school. Biology was fine until it was about mating and reproduction. Only reason I know about heats and ruts is because of Bill."

"Oh..." Stan's mouth dipped in the corners, "Do you want me to tell you some stuff? Feel a bit more prepared?"

"Yes please." Eddie grabbed a pillow from the sofa and sat on it by

the fire with Stanley. He looked at him eagerly, "What do you know?"

"As werewolves, even if we have a human form, most of our biology traits still lay with those of an actual wolf. So an omega is pregnant for up to seventy-five days. Sometimes less."

"Okay."

"Omega's always give birth alone." Stan commented simply, watching Eddie tense up at the prospect, "Relax. It's a natural process. All omegas end up giving birth by themselves than with their partner."

"What else?"

"Omegas feed their young with their own milk for the first month and then they switch to something else. Some omegas choose to do it long or not at all. Personal choice." Stanley smiled as Eddie lay his head on the beta's shoulder for comfort, small waves of anxiety rolling off of the omega as he listened to everything with every ounce of his unbridled attention. He was determined to learn everything he could to make his alpha proud.

"And?"

"Like with wolves, it's the responsibility of the whole pack to help raise the pups. Not just the parents. Which is why you won't be alone." Stanley smiled serenely, "All of us are going to be like parents."

"Lucky puppies." Eddie snorted, "Seven parents."

"In the first one to three weeks, it's not much." Stan reassured, "It's just cells dividing up to make your pups. During days seventeen to twenty-one, your pups will attach to you."

"No..." Eddie whined, "Tell me week by week. Everything. All of it."

"Fuck, okay." Stanley snorted, "I'm not an expert, you know."

"Of course you are." Eddie waved a hand to dismiss his friend's comment as though it were ludicrous, "Stan Uris knows everything."

"You tell Bill that next time you see him." Stanley chirped before he frowned, thinking hard, "Week one is impregnation. Fertilization."

"Yes."

"Week two-

"Where we are now." Eddie preened happily and leaned in intently, his big brown eyes trained on Stanley to listen in on what was currently happening inside of his body.

"Week two." Stan started again, smirking, "All the eggs are implanted to your body to grow. This is when you'll actually start to see signs of pregnancy. Behavioral changes in the omega. Like overloading on affection... Or being moody."

"Oh." Eddie blushed brightly, "What's next?"

"Week three," Stan wracked his brain to remember, "Mood swings, changes in appetite... Breasts."

Eddie yelped in surprise, his eyes widening, "I'm sorry?"

"Oh yes." Stanley grinned wickedly, "You have to feed your babies, Eddie. You're gonna grow."

Eddie went bright red and glanced at his sleeping alpha, scowling, "He's gonna take the shit out of me."

"Maybe..." Stanley shrugged, "Or he's going to adore the fact that you're changing to have his litter."

Eddie's blush grew even brighter, "What else?"

"That's about day fifteen to twenty. After that, from about twenty-one to twenty-eight, you can start feeling them. And they can be seen on an ultrasound. They have spinal cords and start growing facial features. They'll be around the size of a crab apple or so."

"Wow..." Eddie whispered and looked down, "Spinal cords."

"Week five," Stanley pressed on, "They develop sex organs. And they

start also growing fingers and toes. This is when your appetite goes down because you have less space in your body."

"Toes." Eddie grinned at the thought, "Fingers and toes."

"Week six is when they start developing pigmentation and, like wolves, they have eyes but they won't open until ten days after birth." Stanley shrugged, "Always is. Also around week six is when you start getting pretty uncomfortable. And you start leaking slick again."

"What!?" Eddie yelped in fright, "What, why?"

"Week six is high sexual activity for a pregnant omega. Their hormones get thrown for a loop and they kind of have a mini heat cycle situation. But not for mating, just for knotting."

"Oh God..." Eddie groaned and buried his head in his arms, "Fucking awesome."

"Week seven, your litter is almost full size. About the size of a cantaloupe. Also when you can start to feel them moving." Stanley snickered, "Your boobs will also be in and you'll start having your first milk."

"Nooo." Eddie groaned out for a long second, hiding his beet red face in his hands, "No. No fucking way am I getting tits."

"You can't choose the boob life, Eddie. It chose you when you got pregnant." Stanley smiled, "Leaking colostrum everywhere-" Stan caught Eddie's frown and added, "That's the first milk."

"Fuck sake."

"You'll also hit a huge lag here and be excessively tired. You'll start nesting really badly." Stan shrugged, "You'll nest before then too, but... Week seven will have everyone crazy."

"I am not enjoying the sound of any of this."

"Week eight is when your litter start to grow hair. And it's really crowded in there so there will be a lot of activity." Stanley shrugged, "Week nine... Oh, week nine. Pups are resting for their descent into

the world. You start getting restless and feverish around your birth. And then when your temperature hits a certain point and stays there, you're going to go into labor."

"And..." Eddie swallowed, "I'm a boy so... So I get cut open, right?"

"Right." Stanley put a hand on Eddie's arm when he sensed Eddie's discomfort rolling from his skin like a soured cream, "But it's worth it."

"So..." Eddie looked down at his stomach, "Right now they're just... How big?"

"Four and a half millimetres." Stan held up two fingers with a tiny gap between them, "Almost the width of a pencil."

"Wow..." Eddie marvelled at the small size, mimicking with his fingers, "Stan, you should be a doctor."

Stanley gasped softly, "A Jewish doctor? Wherever did you get that unique and original idea, Edward?"

"Fuck off. It's true." Eddie urged as he sat up on his knees to look Stan in the eye, "You'd be so good at it."

"Maybe." Stanley smiled, "I could go and study in the city."

"You and Bill." Eddie smiled, "Could study together."

Stan's smile dropped as he stared at Eddie, his forehead creasing with thought. He scrambled to get up, making Eddie yelp in fright and watch. Stan ran into the kitchen and Eddie's could hear him dialling on Mike's home phone.

Eddie looked up to see Richie looking at him, his cheek resting on his fist and his eyes still hazy from his nap. Eddie went pink, "Hi."

"Hi yourself."

"How... How long have you been awake?"

"Long enough to hear my boyfriend is gonna grow a pair of fantastic

tits." Richie grinned brightly as Eddie got up, the words had the omega falter and stop. Eddie's face flushed with color as he stared at the alpha with wide eyes, "Aww, is someone embarrassed about their boobies?"

"Richie, I swear to God-"

"What you gonna do, squirt milk at me?" Richie snorted before he began giggling wildly, watching Eddie fume in the middle of the living room.

Loud footsteps cut them off and Stanley reappeared in the living room with a frenzied look on his face. He grabbed Eddie, spinning him around as he kissed his face over and over.

"You bright man." Stanley hugged Eddie tightly before setting him down and giving him a kiss on the lips, "You brilliant- brilliant boy!"

"Whoa there, Stan the Man." Richie sat up, "Before you start making out with my omega, I gotta know why."

"He's a genius." Stanley grinned as he fluffed Eddie's out-grown hair and looked at Richie, "He mentioned Bill and I studying together in the city. We could still be together."

"How?" Richie folded his legs as he pulled a cigarette from his shirt pocket. He watched Stan visibly thrumming with excitement on the spot as he lit his cigarette and took a drag.

"Well, I've been offered a scholarship at a university in Boston and with Bill being... Well, Bill. He could get into any university he wants. Even if it isn't mine, we could still see each other!"

Eddie stared at Stan with a smile, "I'm..." He cleared his throat, "I'm glad I could help. You deserve to be together."

"I..." Stan looked positively giddy as he picked up his books and his coat, "I have so much research to do, I-" He paused and looked down at Eddie, "I owe you everything I have, Edward Kaspbrak."

Eddie smiled at Stanley, receiving a kiss on the cheek before Stan ran out of the house and disappeared into the cold afternoon. Richie

stared at Eddie with wide eyes.

"I didn't even get a goodbye. Dickhead." Richie snorted as he looked out the window and then turned to see Eddie crying on the sofa, tears running down to his chin as he cradled his stomach, "Spaghetti?"

"They're gonna leave." Eddie whispered shakily, his voice cracking with despondency, "I- I want them to be happy together without hiding but... If they leave... I broke up the pack. They're gone away."

"Eds, don't do this to yourself." Richie got up from the chair and went to sit down beside Eddie, putting an arm around him as he scented him, "They would never just leave us. We're a family."

"But..."

"Eddie." Richie's voice dropped into an alpha gravitas and Eddie submitted with a whine, his head dropping, "Good omega." Richie softened as he held Eddie's hand, "They won't leave their family behind. Family's stick together."

"Promise." Richie stated simply as he squeezed the omega's hand, "Stan would never leave without us or his babies."

Eddie smiled, sniffing, and looked up at Richie, his eyelashes wet with tears and his cheeks blotchy, "I guess."

"Good." Richie chuckled, "You just relax your growing boobs."

Eddie let out a snarl, slapping Richie on the thigh and eliciting a yelp from him in return, "Don't be such a fucking knothed."

"Yeah yeah... Says the one who likes my knot so much he was hanging off it for two days straight."

"You keep using that as your go-to line." Eddie snorted, tutting his tongue, "Your lines are getting sloppy, Trashmouth."

Richie rebuked in surprise, snarling at Eddie playfully, and he pushed him over onto the sofa. Eddie grinned devilishly at the alpha between his legs, "Mike will shit if we fuck on his sofa, Rich."

"Oh, I know..." Richie trailed off, waving a dismissive hand, his cigarette long forgotten, "I wasn't planning on fucking you on the sofa."

"Oh."

"I was planning on fucking you on the floor."

"Richie!"

32. Chapter 32

Later that day, Eddie had fallen asleep by the fireplace, wrapped up in his alpha's arms after they had made love on the floor. Richie had treated Eddie like a precious diamond the entire time, cradled him and brought him to his peak before he spilled into him- and then had him come again right after.

They spent ages laying entwined like one body, with Richie praising Eddie over and over. Eddie had fallen asleep listening to every word and even then, he dreamt about it.

Richie lay awake, his head propped up on his hand, arm leaning on his elbow, and trailed his fingers over Eddie's tanned skin. He smiled, taking in the sweet scent of Eddie that was still so overly sweetened by his pregnancy.

Richie stomach whirled up into a tight knot as he leaned down to kiss Eddie on the forehead. He couldn't get over how different it had been for them.

"Shut up, dingbat." Richie whispered as he kissed down Eddie's chest, hearing him mewl softly, "I know no one's home but they could come home any minute."

Eddie let out another whine, his stomach clenching as Richie's mouth lay the sloppiest kisses to his skin. Richie's long fingers curled into the waistband of Eddie's shorts, smiling as Eddie's hips automatically lifted for him. He pulled the navy shorts from Eddie's hips and down over his legs to cast them aside into the same pile as Eddie's shirt, fanny pack and socks.

Richie leaned down, his teeth grazing over Eddie's hipbones, moaning softly as he heard the soft gasps leaving his boyfriend. He pressed his forehead to Eddie's lower stomach, his body radiating sheer alpha pride and happiness. He lay a small kiss to Eddie's stomach and glanced up to see Eddie looking at him with his soft brown eyes hooded and filled with love.

"Alpha." Eddie whispered under his breath as one arm reached down to caress Richie's dark hair. Richie tilted into the touch, closing his eyes as he

steadied his elbows on either side of Eddie's hips and splayed his fingers over his omega's belly. He lay between Eddie's legs, listening to his pitchy breaths and revelled in the tender moment they shared.

"So good to me." Richie breathed out as he kissed Eddie's skin, smelling the slow release of Eddie's arousal as it began to unravel from every pore, "So perfect."

Richie hiked Eddie's hips up once he had shed his pants and underwear, his shirt had been the first thing on the floor with Eddie's restless hands. Richie brought Eddie's hand to his face and nuzzled into his palm, his teeth nipping at Eddie's fingers as he looked up at him with lusting.

Richie let out a small laugh as he sat up on his knees between Eddie's thighs and took Eddie's wrist, taking off his stupid wristwatch.

"Shut up. I wear it for my meds." Eddie scowled as Richie dropped the watch and nestled himself back down over Eddie's small frame, grinning wickedly as he pressed his dick against Eddie, his strong alpha muscles rolling under his skin, his shoulders tense as he held himself up.

"Hey, Eds?" Richie whispered softly as he bit his lip, feeling Eddie reciprocate his motions, rolling his hips up against the alpha slowly, "Stupid question for you?"

"As opposed to your usual genius questions?" Eddie asked with a snort, "Go on then. Ask away, Alex Trebek."

"Okay..." Richie pursed his lips, "I dunno if I wanna talk about sex with the bald guy from Jeopardy in my head."

"Oh, did I make this awkward?" Eddie drawled sarcastically, "Was it me and my mention of Alex Trebek or was it you laughing at my watch in the first place, asshole?"

"I'm calling bullshit." Richie ran his large hands up and down the inner of Eddie's thighs, getting so dangerously close before moving away. Eddie's body was trembling, "Don't think you can shift blame just because you've got me whipped."

"I have you whipped?" Eddie asked, his eyes suddenly alight, "Really?"

"Oh yeah, I just enjoy bending to your every whim, omega. I'm softer than fucking taffy around you, Spaghetti."

"Yeah..." Eddie lifted his hips up against Richie's erection, "Soft."

"Except that." Richie grinned wickedly, "The rest of me. I'm soft for you, Eds. Like... I don't beat blood for you. It's like... Thick syrup."

Eddie stared up at Richie with a deadpan expression, "You're real shit at words sometimes."

Richie went pink as he leaned down, attaching his lips to Eddie's neck, silencing him and turning him into a whimpering mess. Richie rocked his hips down slowly, feeling Eddie's warm hands skate over the pale planes of his back.

"Y'know..." Richie whispered as he sucked on Eddie's scent gland, "One thing I haven't done."

"What's that?" Eddie panted, his hips canting slowly against Richie, both wolves revelling in the friction between them.

Richie didn't reply, his mouth following the same trail as it had taken before, going down over Eddie's skin from his neck to his chest. He sucked gently on Eddie's nipples, grunting as the omega mewled and jerked beneath him, squirming weakly. Richie slid his lips down over Eddie's stomach, pausing again at his lower belly to caress it with his cheek. He shifted on his knees as he took Eddie's leaking length into his hand, stroking his dick with a deliberate slowness.

He gawked at his omega, watching the way his touch would send Eddie soaring through different emotions. Eddie was panting quickly, his hips lifted as his head tilted back, and he whimpered. Richie bit down on his lip as a thought crossed his mind, realizing just how much he enjoyed pleasing his boyfriend.

He bent down, taking Eddie into his mouth, sucking with hollowed cheeks. Eddie let out a surprised grunt, keening in the back of his throat as a hand instantly knotted in Richie's hair.

"Oh God- Fuck-" Eddie gasped, "Y-Yeah, ah!" His hips jerked up as Richie took him in all the way, his nose pressed against the soft curls of Eddie's

pubic hair. Richie swallowed around his omega's small length, tongue laying flat as his eyes closed. His body was so highly strung and so badly turned on, his brain could only focus on the taste in his mouth and the weight on his tongue.

He reached up, two fingers sliding into Eddie's slick hole, instantly pressing up with a flick of his wrist to grind his fingertips on Eddie's prostate.

Eddie's body shook after an intense pause that Richie was so sure Eddie wasn't breathing. He came with a sharp cry, shaking and trembling as he filled Richie's mouth with warm and sticky omega release. Richie mouth didn't stop bobbing up and down even then, no thanks to Eddie's tight grip in his hair.

Richie swallowed and pulled off, a thick spool of spit falling from his swollen lips that seemed to connect his mouth to Eddie's half-hard length. His hungry eyes stared at Eddie's flush heaving chest and to his parted lips. His fingers were pressed to base knuckle and soaking wet from Eddie's slick, his hand sticky and coated.

He pulled out slowly, wrapping that hand around himself to coat his length. Eddie glanced down between his trembling thighs and he gasped, groaning as he watched Richie stroking his dick.

Eddie's eyes widened, ogling and gazing in awe at the alpha who was jerking himself off slowly. Eddie's mouth watered as he watched Richie's fingers in a tight ring, watched the way Richie's muscles would pull taut and the way his dick would leak. Eddie wanted so badly feel the heavy length on his tongue, feel the stretch of his lips.

He surprised even himself, his eyes couldn't pull away, his body heaving and leaking so badly for his alpha to fill him. Even if Richie's dick wasn't as thick or as large as it was during his rut, Eddie still longed and lusted for what Richie held in his palm.

"Richie..." Eddie whispered softly, pulling the alpha from a self-pleasured haze. Richie glanced up, his eyes roving over Eddie's body.

"God," Richie groaned at the pleasure that rolled through his veins and made his stomach ache, "Gonna fill you up so good "

Eddie gasped as his body was pulled down across the floor, his hips hiked up as Richie slid his dick into him slowly. Eddie moaned, his body melting into a sheer puddle of shaking limbs and nerves, as he felt himself being filled.

"Wh- Ah!" Eddie cried out as Richie thrust in, sheathing himself with one powerful stroke. He sat back on his knees as Eddie's legs wrapped around him, clenching heavily. Richie yelped at the tight clench around his dick, snarling as a wave of pleasure pushed his hips forward.

Richie took Eddie's hands and pulled him up, sitting back as he tugged the omega into his lap. Eddie gasped at the change in angle, the way Richie's dick filled him completely.

Richie buried his head in Eddie's neck, kissing him with short and chaste touches of his lips as Eddie heaved out breaths.

"S-So full..." He whined out, "So full, alpha."

"So full of my litter, Eds." Richie whispered as his hands explored and embraced Eddie's back and hips. Eddie let out a small purr at the praise, his hips stirring in slow and sensuous circles as they took their time to climb to release.

"Alpha..." Eddie whispered quietly as he slid himself up and down on Richie, "Big alpha. My alpha. So strong." Eddie huffed, "Filled me so much. Bred me so good."

"Breed you over and over if I could, Eds." Richie groaned, leaning back on his hands to look up at his blissed out boyfriend, "Look how well you take me."

Eddie went pink, his bottom lip curled into his teeth as he lifted his hips and slid back down, his body rolling with exquisite pleasure.

"Fill me up." Eddie breathed out desperately, "All of it. Just like before."

Richie nodded, helping Eddie lift himself up and down, a long arm wrapped around his small waist. Eddie picked up a rhythm almost instantly, it wasn't fast and heavy like it had been the weeks prior when they were both at the mercy of their instincts. This was different. Neither of them were fucking to mate. They had already bred and now it was just

for them, now... Now it was something else. Richie was taking his mate because he could, because he wanted to. Not out of need. He was filling him up over and over again until he'd fill him his release.

Eddie could definitely feel Richie a lot more now. Even though his dick wasn't as thick or as big. But that also meant that Eddie wasn't as wet. He wasn't gushing slick like an open tap. He had just enough to ease the agonizing burn, not enough to take the stretched-out pain away completely.

Something about the raw and burning hot stretch had him wanting to cry. He felt like every slide on his alpha's length was just too much and that he was about to break in two. And yet every time he went down, he found himself pulling back up to repeat it. Richie held himself with one strong arm, the other holding Eddie in place, a grip on his hip that threatened to bruise. Eddie's body was flushed and pink in places, his skin clammy with sweat as he corded himself inside.

Richie eyes had closed, focusing on how wet and warm Eddie was as he rode in Richie's dick. Every slide had another tight knot coiling in Richie's stomach, tightening with white hot pleasure. Richie reached up, his finger tucked under Eddie's jaw to guide him down into a kiss.

Eddie moaned at the sudden affection, kissing Richie, laying into his mouth with every ounce of love he could possibly muster. His tongue danced and rubbed and caressed Richie's, exploring as much of his exquisitely warm mouth as he could despite the ashy taste. It was one of the few things about Richie that he detested, the taste of the smoke on his tongue. He couldn't understand why smoking was so attractive to people when it made them taste like an old fire pit.

He didn't care at the moment, however. If he and Richie were merely kissing like teenagers in a dark car, he'd make Richie suck on a mint or brush his teeth, even take a sip of soda to wash the taste out. But this wasn't just kissing, this was something that had Eddie's toes curling beneath him, his body bracketed and sweaty against Richie's warm alpha flesh. His hands were on Richie's shoulders, fingertips digging into firm muscle and sinew.

Richie reached between them, wrapping his hand around Eddie's hardened dick, stroking him slowly, watching the way each sinuous slide of his hand

had Eddie's thighs jerk with nerve reaction. Eddie's hips never ceased their slow and steady pace, his mouth coming down to Richie's for a messy kiss every few minutes to bring himself back down to Earth.

Richie whole body was tense, his climax growing with every wet push into Eddie, and yet it wasn't enough. He adored the way Eddie was moving, he could watch the omega bring himself so close to ecstasy for hours. But Richie couldn't take the agonizing torture. His orgasm was so close to revving but nothing was ticking over, it wasn't enough.

His procumbent fingers were culled over Eddie's back, holding him close to his body as he sat up on his knees and lay Eddie down onto the floor. Not once breaking their bodily connection. He pressed himself against his omega, thrusting into him roughly, a hand on Eddie's thigh to keep his legs open.

Richie chased his orgasm once he was back in control. He let out a grunt, taking Eddie's lips with his own again in a rough kiss, moaning suddenly as Eddie's nails raked over his shoulders.

"Alpha, yes-" Eddie whimpered, "So good. Faster, Alpha- g'na come. G'na-ah!" Eddie was cut off when Richie fucked into him, stroking Eddie with a tight fist, "Yesyesyes- Oh!" Eddie cried out at the wonderful heat that began to coil in his stomach, tears welling in his eyes as they all but rolled back into his head.

Richie came with a shaky moan, his body spasming with glorious shocks of pleasure and heat, his hips canting quickly as Eddie pulled him down to meet for a spit-smeared kiss. Richie languished in the kiss, spilling into his omega, coming heavily as Eddie clenched around him.

Richie's hips slowed as he propped Eddie up with a small smile, "Filled so good. Take your alpha so good, Eds. Filled with your alpha. Look at you."

Eddie smiled dreamily at the praise, nuzzling Richie's face against his own, "So big and strong." He whispered, his voice thick, his body still tense and still filled with Richie.

"Hey Eds..." Richie whispered as he trailed his fingers down to palm over Eddie's hardened dick, "What can I do to fix this? You tell me. Alpha wants to make you feel good."

Eddie gasped at the touch and looked up at Richie, he wrapped his legs around Richie even tighter, rocking himself up against him in a glorious friction. Richie smiled, his softening dick sliding out of Eddie with a jerk of his hips.

Eddie yelped at the empty feeling, whining and frowning at the feeling of his alpha's come leaking from his body. Despite already being bred and pregnant, there was a disconcerting feeling that Richie's strong fluid was being wasted.

Richie wasn't even fertile right now and couldn't possibly breed Eddie if he tried.

Eddie came with a loud series of short moans, his body twitching as he rocked his hips up, riding himself out against Richie. Richie sucked in Eddie's scent gland, rocking slowly, feeling the warmth of Eddie's release against his skin. He smiled wickedly, their torsos sliding against one another as Eddie's body fell lax against the floor.

Richie licked on the mark he had left and sat up to look down at his boyfriend, "I love you."

Richie was pulled from his daydream when Eddie rolled over on the floor, still wrapped up in Richie's arms. Richie brushed Eddie's hair from his face with his fingers, his eyes almost practically heart-shaped as he stared at the omega.

"I love you, Eddie." He whispered as he leaned down to lay his forehead on Eddie's temple, inhaling his scent, listening to his calm heart beat, "More than I could ever love anyone. Even myself. So beautiful." He put his hand on Eddie's lower belly, trying to curb the explosion of butterflies in his stomach, "All mine."

33. Chapter 33

Summary for the Chapter:

Trigger warning

Eddie was at three weeks now and he was absolutely delighted. He was flitting about Mike's house in his baggy shorts and a t-shirt that once upon a time belonged to Richie. He had spent the entire morning cleaning the Hanlon home and then had devoured a breakfast that made Richie jealous. It was copious amounts of egg and toast and so much tea that Eddie had spent half an hour peeing afterwards.

Eddie was now outside, sitting happily in the snow, with his legs outstretched and his hands resting on the small bump of his lower stomach.

He was sitting on a snow-frosted bench just outside of the Hanlon orchard and despite the snow, he was toasty warm in his coat thanks to his wolfish DNA. He closed his eyes, listening to the stark silence of the world around him.

Mike's family had gone back out to Bangor to see Mike's sick aunt because it wasn't looking good and she had been put in the hospital. And also given the fact that it was Christmas day and Mike's uncle said that nothing would stop him from spending the holidays with his sister.

Stanley and Bill were somewhere in secret, making their plans to leave for the city. They would start in the second semester if they were lucky, running off like lovers to pursue careers.

From what Eddie had been told, Stanley was genuinely interested in studying medicine and Bill was going to be doing a degree in English to start his passionate career in writing. Eddie was so happy for them and when he saw how in love they were, he couldn't help but feel his sadness vanish. It was beautiful to be surrounded by such pure infatuation, it was intoxicating.

Richie had been helping his mother in town, drumming up some pocket money for the week as he helped her at the office with paperwork. Turns out that besides being good at acting and at being funny, Richie was a genius at accounting. Although, Eddie knew that. Richie got straight A's in Math class every single semester. It didn't surprise him in the slightest that he would start putting that intelligent brain of his to good use.

Eddie knew that any moment now, he would see Richie biking up the snowy path towards him. Eddie had been sitting alone in that big farm house that was covered in decorations. He knew that his pack was spending time with their families and that it was almost impossible to get away.

Although, Richie and Stan didn't celebrate Christmas, they were still spending every night of Hanukkah with their families. And they still had a few nights left in the eight day fest.

Eddie knew that once Richie had done everything to help set up, he would be right over before the festivities of the night began. Eddie was still saddened that he wasn't able to visit any friends and family for the holidays but he did get promised that tomorrow, everyone would open their presents with him instead. They would all wait and keep them until the next day and everyone would come over and cook food with him.

Like a pack.

Like a family.

He smiled happily as he closed his eyes, driving into a light sleep as his body finally succumbed to the exhaustion of carrying a litter.

A few moments later and he heard crunching in the snow. His eyes opened to see a tall, dark haired figure. He blinked, expecting Richie, but when his eyes opened and adjusted to the bright light, Richie was not the one nearby.

Eddie felt all of the color and warmth drain from his body as a sharp shot of fear raced up his spine. The familiar scent of earthy mulch hit his nose and he stared across the orchard at Henry Bowers. The

second scent hit him like a ton of bricks, a wildly clove smell that burnt his nostrils. Patrick Hockstetter was somewhere within range.

Eddie felt the terrifying alpha's eyes on him and he froze, his body trembling uncontrollably. He glanced at the gate to the farm and back at Bowers, watching him advance slowly.

He was about to get up from his spot on the bench when a hand curled around his throat from behind, the sickeningly sharp smell of clove had him gasping as he stared up into Patrick's hungry eyes.

"Hey, preggers. Whatcha doin' out here all alone?" He crooned as his grip tightened around Eddie's throat, "That's not very wise of your alpha, is it?"

"Oh, now this is fun." Henry whispered as he came within earshot of the catatonic omega, "We were just going to go and leave these niggers a Christmas surprise in the barn. Maybe some freshly slaughtered meat but this..." Bowers clicked his tongue softly as Patrick grinned down at Eddie with malice, "So much better. Like a Christmas gift for us, isn't that right Patrick?"

"Too right, you are." Patrick sneered, his stringy black hair falling in front of his eyes as he looked down at Eddie, eyeing him up and down like a prized hog, "Still sad that I didn't get to fuck you on that bridge. I owe your alpha for that one."

"Leave him... Alone." Eddie snarled breathlessly and whimpered when the hand around his throat tightened even more, cutting off his oxygen. Patrick's hand lifted Eddie up, having him stagger up onto his feet when Henry crouched down and put his calloused hands on Eddie's stomach.

"Oh, look at this..." Henry grinned up at Eddie, "Someone's been very well bred."

"Get off!" Eddie squirmed away, feeling positively nauseated from the touch. Henry smiled up at Eddie, his eyes darkening.

"Looks like this omega hasn't been broken yet. His alpha's soft." Henry stood up, leaning in to croon at Eddie, "We can fix that. Show this

little bitch what a real alpha is."

"Don't fucking touch me!" Eddie spat through his teeth as he tried to pull himself from Patrick's grip. A strong arm wrapped itself around his middle before he was hoisted up. He let out a scream and began to kick, his heart racing in his chest, his mind trying to think of any possibility for escape.

He couldn't even think straight, his chest heaving with little oxygen hitting his lungs. His head felt light, his limbs like lead. He had never felt such terror in his entire life. It made his skin prickle and his mouth fill with saliva.

He was lifted up and carried off into the orchard by the strong beta, all the while being purposefully sneered at by an alpha behind him. He was pushed down into the snow and he stared up at them both, whimpering quietly.

"Please... Don't do this." He begged quietly as tears filled his eyes, "Please."

"No manners." Bowers spat, "You bitch!" His heavy steel-toed boot came down to connect with Eddie's ribs and the omega let out a scream of agony, "Didn't your retard alpha teach you any fucking respect!?"

Eddie sobbed quietly, holding onto his throbbing ribcage, glancing up at Bowers and Patrick through a teary haze. He held his tongue, keeping his retort back to himself.

"That's what I fucking thought." Henry went down into a crouch as he pointed his sheathed switchblade at Eddie's face, "Now you're gonna lay still or I'm gonna gut you like a fucking fish and scatter your precious litter across this field for you to watch. Do you fucking understand me, knotslut?"

Eddie whimpered, his head jerking back as his hands covered his stomach instinctively. He nodded fervently as he looked between Henry and Patrick with wide eyes.

"I'll... I'll do whatever you want just- just don't hurt them." Eddie

begged quietly, his eyes pleading to whatever tiny shred of compassion lay buried in the two savages above him.

Patrick let out a sneered laugh as he practically drooled over Eddie, his eyes dark and almost black. Eddie looked back in the direction of the house as he held his stomach, his insides screaming for him to try and make a run for it.

And he did.

He threw the nearest rock at Henry and scrambled in the snow, running through the orchard as fast as he could. He looked back to see Patrick gaining on him despite how Henry was doubled over and seemed to be spitting blood.

"Come back here, you little bitch!" Patrick snarled through his teeth as Eddie took off between the apple trees, zigzagging between them as he tried to escape the surprisingly fast beta.

He turned the corner and almost made it to the front of the house when he was tackled over in the snow. He let out a bloodcurdling scream as he was thrown into the snow by a body on top of his. He began to sob uncontrollably as the clove scent hit him in waves, the ghastly smell only made worse by the hot anger that was mixed within its tendrils.

"Not this time." Patrick snarled, "You're not getting away from me again."

"I'm sorry." Eddie sobbed, keeping his eyes closed, unable to look up at Patrick, "I'm sorry-"

"Shut up." Patrick lifted Eddie up by his collar and had him yelp in fright, their faces only mere inches apart. Eddie could feel his hot breath on his skin and it made him nauseous. It smelled like rotten meat and blood. It smelled like a hunting wolf. Like death and danger, "I don't know why you're an omega. You're fucking useless. You should have stayed the unrepresented freak you used to be."

Eddie rebuked at the statement but didn't reply, his body shaking in the snow.

"Even if your spastic alpha could actually produce a proper litter, you don't deserve it. You don't deserve to be bred by an alpha. I don't even want to touch you." Patrick took his hands off of Eddie and wiped them on his shirt with a disgusted sneer to his lips, "You probably won't even be able to carry that mutant offspring anyway. Like fucking poison."

"Fucking bitch." Henry sputtered as he came into view, holding a torn part of his shirt up to his mouth to absorb the blood, "I'm gonna fucking kill him."

"Now hang on," Patrick turned to look at Henry as he put one boot-clad foot on Eddie's lower belly to keep him from moving, "Why kill him? He's made us suffer..."

"Oh, that's interesting." Henry looked down at Eddie and smiled, his teeth and lips and jaw smeared with blood, "Make him suffer."

"Oh fuck-" Eddie howled out and tried to scrambled backwards when Patrick's foot pressed down as though it were the gas pedal of his car. The pain shot through Eddie like a kick to the balls and he gasped, screaming out and jerking, his body lurching as though he were going to vomit.

"That's better." Patrick snickered, "Listen, Henry. I was tellin' this runt that he doesn't deserve to have an alpha breed him. He shouldn't have any litter in that body of his. No matter which alpha it is."

"I wouldn't breed him with a nigger knot." Henry spat heinously, dribbles of saliva and blood splattered on Eddie's face and chest and he whimpered in fear, the smell mingling in bursts with his scent. He knew they could smell it on him, he knew it was only feeding the frenzy like bloodthirsty sharks in chum-filled waters.

Patrick let out a guffaw at Henry's venomous statement and looked down at Eddie with narrowed eyes, "Bet he'd like it, too. Bet he wishes that nigger he hangs with was an alpha. Bet he wishes his retard alpha was a fat, stupid nigger."

Eddie's jaw clenched as a wave of anger filled him, "Shut the fuck up! Leave them out of this!"

"Oh-ho..." Henry laughed and looked down at Eddie as he pulled out his knife and brandished it in Eddie's face. The usual steel blade was coated in dried and speckled blood that seemed somewhat fresh, "Someone got brave. Don't like it when we talk about your loser friends?"

"Fuck you." Eddie's spat a fat ball of saliva, hawking it right into Bowers's face. He snarled heatedly as he watched the white foam run down Henry's cheekbone.

Henry's mulch scent was suddenly radiating fury, his body visibly shaking with pure alpha rage. He let out a snarl, baring his teeth as he looked at Patrick with homicidal eyes.

"G'na fucking kill him." Henry seethed as he glared down at Eddie, "You should never have done that."

"Go fuck yourself." Eddie hissed as he tried to get up. He tried to pull Patrick's foot from his stomach with a shove and a grunt.

The pain hit Eddie before he could comprehend what had happened. The sheer white-hot agony shot through his entire body like a tidal wave. His brain couldn't even process the entire moment until it was too late. He screamed out, his pained howl piercing the serene silence. He stared down at the blade that had pierced through his stomach and he began to hyperventilate as blood began to seep into his shirt in thick spools.

He heaved out a whimper, his body shaking with ropes of agony that seemed to emanate through the rest of him. He reached out to grab the handle of the knife when his hands were pushed down at his sides by Patrick, who had moved to kneel above him. He screamed and tried to pull himself free, trying to ignore the agony as tears fell from his eyes and into his hair.

The knife suddenly pulled sideways and he screamed again, the sound cracking off in gurgled gasps as his body slackened weakly in the bloodied snow. Henry snarled as the knife cut through Eddie like he was butter. Eddie's entire system flooded with adrenaline, his lungs wheezing to try and keep up with his gained attempts to breathe.

He could only glance down behind a haze of tears and all he saw was red. Everything was red from his yellow sweater to his snow and his exposed skin. Henry was snarling and growling and Eddie suddenly felt a hand inside him. He gasped and tried to move away, the heavily invasive tug of a physical hand in his organs.

Patrick was drooling down on Eddie's face, thick and goopy tendrils of spit falling from his gritted teeth as his eyes switched from Eddie's heaving body to his agonized face.

"Hey!" A voice roared suddenly, pulling Eddie from his hazy prayer. He felt his arms free from their tight vices and he heard the sounds of snarls and howls. He sat up, his head suddenly felt too light as a white light filled his eyes and he fell back into the snow.

He was vaguely aware of arms around him, vaguely aware of his body being lifted from the snow and the comforting scent of lavender in his nose that pushed the clove and lunch from his surroundings. He couldn't bring himself to open his eyes, every part of him far too weak to try despite the anxiety in his head screaming for him to go and help whoever was out there.

~

Richie was peddling down Witcham street as fast as he was able to in the ice and snow. He stood up on his bike as he carefully went around the bend that turned onto the sidewinder. He grinned happily as he caught sight of the dirt path.

He knew that Stanley and Bev weren't far behind. He had gone to fetch them after he had finished helping his mom. Stan wasn't busy because his family were all hurrying to cook and to prepare for night number five. And Beverly's father wasn't even at home to celebrate her Christmas, she had gone to spend the day with Ben. Now that Christmas was dwindling, she had found Richie at his house and they had gone to get Stan.

He was only a few minutes away from seeing Eddie, a few moments from being able to hold his omega. He climbed off of his bicycle when it began to wobble on the dirt road. He pushed his bike towards the gate of the farm, humming to himself as he drummed his

fingers on the handlebars.

He looked down the road to see his two friends behind him on Stan's bike, the two betas fitting easily with Bev holding onto Stan from behind. He smiled happily and walked through the snow.

He lifted a leg and climbed over the gate with ease. It was with genial ease that he lifted his bicycle over when he heard it, a horrific scream that had his blood freeze in his veins and his entire body turn to stone. He knew that scream far too well.

He dropped his bike and his bag and took off down the dirt road towards the Hanlon farm. He ran at lightning speed, his alpha adrenaline spiking through his body to push him even faster. He vaulted over the dip in the road and turned on the corner, skidding on his foot as he came face to face with something from a nightmare.

He froze on the spot as Stan and Bev came up behind him. He was staring at the three wolves in the snow. Henry had both his hands buried to the wrists inside of Eddie's stomach and Patrick was holding Eddie down and leering over him like a maniac.

Richie felt something inside him snap, some part of him breaking off from his psyche that had him roar with fury and surge forward. He and Henry collided in the snow, their bodies rolling through the thicket of white as they fought like animals. He snapped his teeth at Henry as he kicked him square in the chest and launched the shorter alpha backwards.

Henry hit a tree and collapsed with a large plume of snow. Richie turned to see Beverly fighting with Patrick in a vicious brawl and he saw Stan running into the house with his omega. He clenched his teeth as he turned to Bowers, his body heaving as dominant waves of unbridled rage coursed through him.

His eyes sparked a brilliant green as he sprinted forward, his arm pile-driving Henry into the ground. He aimed a kick to Henry's head, the strike of his shoe connecting with Henry's temple.

He brought his foot down as hard as he could, stomping down on Bowers' face. He screamed at him, a loud and gut-wrenching cry of

rage as he dropped to his knees and brought his fist down in a lethal blow. It hit Henry in the throat, shattering his windpipe with a muffled and disgusting crunch.

He hit the alpha numerous times, his brain only spurred on by pure instinct. Somewhere in his environment, he could hear Eddie screaming and calling for him, he could hear agony and desperation and it only made him angrier.

He was about to bare down and sink his teeth into Henry's throat when he was hurled back. He pushed the wolf off of him and spun around to see Beverly in a defensive position, crouching slightly as her eyes darted between a crazed Richie and an unconscious Henry.

"Don't do this." She whispered, "You won't see him ever again. He needs you."

The mention of his soulmate had Richie take off towards the house in a rapid sprint. He didn't care about Patrick or Henry as they lay in the snow. He hurtled into the house and followed the frantic honey scent and the smears of blood on the floor.

He snarled as he threw himself into the dining room and saw Eddie sobbing as he was sprawled over the table. Richie's legs caved instantly as he looked at his omega.

Eddie had been torn open from hip to hip, his body fleshed like an animal. He had been culled down against the table by what looked like belts. Stan was sitting nearby, his shirt sleeves rolled up with his bloodied hands in his hair. Eddie's body heaved as it seemed to be healing itself from its immense trauma.

Richie couldn't move.

He couldn't find the control or the sheer willpower to unroot himself from the spot in the doorway.

His mind flashed back to the scene outside and the heavy spots of red in the snow. His brain tried to focus on what those red spots were and why they looked so different from blood. He clenched his teeth and looked down, a shaky breath leaving his body.

He felt Beverly behind him and he turned to look at her, "He did it."

"What?" She whispered softly and Richie forcibly pulled himself from the doorway, "Rich?"

"Adrian..." Richie whispered as he wrapped his arms around himself. He was about to say something else when he suddenly vomited unceremoniously in the hallway, throwing up his lunch through his mouth and nose. He felt a hand rubbing his back as he threw up a second time, his eyes stinging as his throat was cut raw by his stomach acid.

He keeled against the wall, his eyes closing, and tried to remember how to breathe.

"What about Adrian?"

"Adrian..." Richie whispered, "He was an omega. He was pregnant, too. When... When they found his body washed up, he was knifed open and his litter wasn't ever found."

Beverly stiffened beside Richie as he pressed his forehead against the wall, trying to ignore the flashing images of what had been there to greet him.

"Bowers did that?"

"Willing to..." Richie opened his eyes and straightened up, "Put money on it."

"Eddie isn't ever going to recover from this." She whispered softly as Richie slowly made his way back to the dining room, standing in the doorway. He wanted so badly to run and hold him but at the same time, he didn't know if he could.

He had never felt like such a failure in his entire life. He had broken the one promise he had made to his omega. He had promised that no one would ever hurt him. Richie had left his pregnant mate alone in the middle of nowhere. He had no way of ever being able to look Eddie in the eye again. He could barely look at him now.

"He needs you." Beverly nudged Richie, who rocked in his heels and

tried to push himself back out of the room as tears filled his eyes, "Richie, go!"

Richie stumbled into the dining room and Stan looked up at him. Stan had been crying, that much was evident. He and Richie looked at each other for a long moment before Richie looked down at Eddie. His body was pale under the shocking crimson that seemed to cover most of his skin. His clothes were ripped in places and he was soaking wet from the snow.

He seemed unconscious or asleep and he looked so peaceful. Richie's knees shook violently and threatened to buckle beneath him. He reached out with a shaky hand to touch Eddie's face but stopped an inch away, unable to bring himself to do it.

"I'm so sorry, Eds." He whispered as the betrayed tears ran down his face, stinging his cold skin, "It's all my fault..."

"He's gonna be okay." Stanley whispered softly as he lay his hands on the table. Richie shook his head as he looked at Eddie, taking one of the omega's hands in his.

"No. No, he'll never be okay, Stan. Not after this..." Richie sniffed as he looked at the beta, "Nothing will ever be the same."

34. Chapter 34

Summary for the Chapter:

Thank you so much for the 6.5k lovelies!! Glad you're liking the story as much as I am!

Trigger warning

Richie sat diligently at Eddie's side as Beverly and Stanley rushed around him to clean. He had offered to help them, of course, because it was his mess and his fault, but Beverly had forced him into one of the dining chairs at Eddie's side and told him not to move.

He had his head down on the hardwood table and Eddie had been untied but his body was still healing and he was still unconscious.

The front door opened and Richie was hit by the campfire smell of his pack leader. He jumped up, scrambling into the living room, when he saw Bill in the doorway looking absolutely lethal.

"What happened?" Bill snarled as he looked outside to see Patrick and Henry unconscious under a far away tree, "Stan-"

"They attacked Eddie." Beverly whispered softly and let out a yelp of fright when Bill suddenly threw his fist into the door. It cracked and splintered loudly and everyone but Stan faltered at the sound. Bill was heaving with anger, the waves falling from him were deadly with angry scent.

"They did the same thing to Eddie that they did to Adrian." Stanley whispered softly and Bill froze, the air knocking out of his body when he realized the gravity of his mate's words. He turned to look at Richie with somber melancholy in his eyes.

"I'm s-suh-sorry, Richie." Bill whispered softly as he crossed the living room to pull his pack alpha into an all-encasing hug, "I'm s-so sorry."

Richie didn't say anything. He had nothing left to say. No amount of jokes or skits or impressions could make anyone feel better. Nothing that came to mind would fill the chasm of numbness in his chest. He

hugged his pack leader tightly, taking in the comforting scent before whispering, "He's in the dining room. He's still not awake."

"He won't be for some time." Stanley commented quietly from his post by the door, "He has to heal."

"I'm sorry to interrupt but..." Beverly caught everyone's attention, "What the fuck are we going to do about this God awful situation?"

"How so?" Richie frowned as he looked at her from over Bill's shoulder.

"We have two known shitheads in the yard who tried to kill our omega- which is a serious crime. We attacked them in self defence but..." She looked out of the window, "They're gonna be out for blood when they wake up. This isn't safe."

"Call the police." Stan whispered, "Put them where they belong."

"He's right." Bill's eyes locked onto his mate and Stan glimmered with pride at the praise, "We can't hide what's happened. We aren't in the wrong."

Beverly nodded silently and passed them, walking into the kitchen to get the phone. Richie could hear her dialling. He looked at Bill uncomfortably.

"What do I do?" Richie whispered weakly, "When he wakes up. He's gonna know what happened and... Bill, it's all on me, man. This is my fault. I left him alone and I left him unmated. This is my fault."

"You aren't the only one who left him unattended. We're all at fault here. We didn't think of the consequences of having him so close to Henry's farm next door." Bill sighed and Richie looked at him with a frown.

"Hey man, where's your stutter?"

"Wuh-What?" Bill looked up with a frown as Richie internally slapped himself on the head, "What uh-about it?"

"Nothing..." Richie eyed Stan pointedly in the corner as Bill went to

go and check on Eddie. He walked over to Stan, "What the hell, dinner bell?"

"His stutter vanishes when he's angry or concentrating on something important. You brought his mind back to it and it came back." Stanley sighed with a resigned shrug as he looked out the window, his lips pursing.

"Oh shit!" Richie suddenly yelled out, "Fuck!"

"What?" Stanley jumped beside Richie, "What?!"

"If we being the police here, they'll know Eddie was pregnant! They'll know we mated! Oh- Oh fuck! They'll tell Sonia!" Richie began to hyperventilate as sheer panic flooded through him and he began to spin in circles, trying to find his bearings, "They're gonna take him from me- I-"

His mind raced with every single impending scenario. He could see Sonia pulling Eddie away from him. He could see the police telling her what happened. Richie didn't want to think of the worst outcomes but he knew Sonia. He knew what she would do to keep Eddie safe. To keep him away from his friends. He tried to breathe, his surroundings spinning like an all-encompassing carousel that spun way too fast. The walls were closing in on him and his pack seemed to be slipping from his grasp. No amount of oxygen that entered his body was enough.

He let out a croaked whimper, staggering on the spot as Stanley helped him remain upright. He could feel more bile in his throat, he could hear ringing in his ears. Nothing in his immediate surroundings were within reach, his limbs too heavy to try and touch. He couldn't speak, he couldn't find words.

His eyes welled with tears at the sheer thought of losing Eddie, the thought of this abomination of a town swallowing him up to spit out his bones.

"Richie!" Bill snapped suddenly, making Richie scream out in fright, his anxious bubble expanding out to pull Bill into his peripheral, "Enough."

Richie balked and looked down at his feet, submitting to the pack alpha. He was quivering with loaded anxiety, his brain racing. He felt faint.

He could feel Stanley's soothing lavender scent curling around him, trying to comfort him back down to Earth.

"Eddie is an adult. He's nineteen." Stanley consoled, "Sure, they'll have to inform Sonia but legally, she can't take him from you. She's not his legal guardian anymore. He can make his own decisions."

"What if he decides to go with her?" Richie whispered quietly as he glanced at Stan.

"Then... Then there's nothing you can do." Stanley replied with a solemn tone to his voice, his eyes resigned and sad, "You may be an alpha but you can't force him to stay. Not after this."

"After this..." Bill spoke quietly, "If he still wants to be with you, you both need to get out of Derry."

"How?" Richie snorted, "How are we supposed to do something like that?"

"Come with us." Stan offered suddenly as he looked at Bill, "We... We were going to leave in two days for university."

"I'm listening."

"Take the train with us." Stan looked at Richie with genuine urgency, "Mike was going to drive us into Bangor and we were going to take trains through to Boston. You should come. You and Eddie."

"We don't... Or, I mean. I don't have much cash on me, Stan." Richie scratched his head awkwardly, "I couldn't provide for him."

"This bird has a nest egg stashed away and he's willing to share it with his family." Stanley replied jokingly, watching the comment edge a smile onto Richie's lips, "You don't have to study. You can stay with me or Bill until you can find your way and get on your feet."

"I..." Richie glanced at Bill, who seemed unfazed by the sudden adage

of two people, and was casually biting on a hangnail.

"It's the only chance you both have to make it." Stanley whispered in a serious tone, "He'll die here, Richie. Once the word gets out about what happened. This town will eat him alive and take you with it. Come with us."

Richie nodded silently, looking at the doorway to the dining room where Eddie slept as the sound of sirens began to grow ever closer. Richie began to shake like a leaf. His heart seizing and clenching in his chest.

"We did nothing wrong." Bill stated firmly as he came to put a hand on Richie's shoulder, "They attacked your mate and you defended him. And your pack defended you. They..." Bill sucked in a breath, "They tried to kill Eddie and they killed your litter, Rich. You have to make this right."

Richie stared out of the window at the approaching police car, his resolve steeling solid as he straightened himself up. He watched as two policemen climbed out and came up to the front of the house, peering in to see them.

One of the officers was tall and his black hair thinning, his brown eyes looked firm but Richie could tell he was a father. He was an alpha and smelled so distinctly of sandalwood. Beside him was a shorter, portly police officer with a buzz cut of ginger hair and a handlebar moustache. He was a beta who smelled like some sort of plant that Richie didn't recognize.

"Hello boys. Bill." The taller officer looked at Bill with a resolute pride in his eye, "What happened here?"

"Richie..." Bill looked at his best friend and gave him another squeeze on the shoulder, "Tell him."

"I was out with..." Richie sucked in a breath, "I was out with my family for the holiday and when I came back I heard a scream. I was with Beverly and Stanley," Richie gestured to his two betas, "We came running to the farmhouse and saw those two," He pointed out of the house to the two who were still under the tree, "They had my

mate pinned down and..."

"Your mate?" One of the officers- the ginger one- frowned, "Where is she?"

"He..." Richie corrected, "He's asleep. But they had him pinned in the snow and they... They had him cut open and they destroyed my litter."

Both officers paled, looking up from their notebooks at Richie and then at Bill, who nodded.

"Your mate was pregnant." One of the policemen cleared his throat, "How far?"

"Three weeks. Twenty two days." Richie stated simply, "He was out here to stay with the Hanlon family for a while to rest." Richie added, "The Hanlon's are out of town and we were going to stay here to look after him."

"And your mate is...?"

Richie went pink in the face, "Edward Kaspbrak."

"So, Patrick Hockstetter and Henry Bowers attacked Edward Kaspbrak and kaffed him?" The police officer looked up, "Removed his litter, I mean."

"Yes, sir."

"And then?"

"And then I attacked them." Richie tried to keep himself calm, "I defended my mate and Beverly helped me defend my pack from them."

"And this is... Beverly Marsh?"

"Yes, sir." She called out from her perch on the armchair, "Hello, Officer Stewart."

"Miss Marsh." The tall and balding officer smiled slightly, his

expression strained, "What did you do then?"

"Stanley took Eddie inside and away from everything to heal and Beverly helped him clean up." Richie shrugged, "There was a lot of blood in the snow. Amongst other things."

"I see." The two officers looked at each other and then at the group of Losers in the living room before they marched out towards Henry and Patrick. Richie walked out onto the porch to see that an ambulance had arrived. Patrick and Henry were handcuffed to two gurneys by the officers before they were loaded into the back of the ambulance.

Richie snarled under his breath at the idea of Henry and Patrick surviving after this moment, his hair standing up on his neck.

"Rich...?"

Richie turned around to see Beverly standing in the dining room doorway. She gestured with a nod of her head and he walked into the house. She stepped aside as Richie peered in and saw Eddie stirring from his unconscious state.

Richie rushed to his side and shrugged his shirt from his body to ball it up and lay it under Eddie's head.

"I'm here." Richie whispered softly as he took Eddie's hand in his, "Eds, I'm here."

"Shuddup." Eddie croaked softly, his eyes closed and eyebrows knitted, "Y'know... Ihateitwhen... You call... That."

"Sorry." Richie whispered, brushing Eddie's hair from his face, "Such a strong omega."

"What happened?" Eddie opened his eyes, locking his weak gaze on Richie, "Bowers and..."

"I know, omega. I know. It's over now." Richie crooned quietly, "Listen to me, okay? It's over. They're gone and won't ever come back."

Eddie's eyes widened suddenly and he shot up, yelping in terror as

Richie held him up. Eddie's hands went down to his stomach and he froze. Richie winced harshly, waiting for Eddie to lose control and collapse again.

Eddie was still and unmoving, his hands laying across his flat abdomen that now had nothing but a scar to show for the entire traumatic experience. He let out a small breath and turned, climbing off of the table. He shrugged Richie's hand off of him and slowly made his way out into the living room on shaky legs.

Richie remained on the spot, his hands frozen cold from the rejected touch. He reached up into his pocket to take out a cigarette, lighting it and taking a much needed drag.

He had finished an entire pack of Marlboro Red in the past hour or so, chain smoking consistently through his stress. He could hear Eddie now talking to the police officers as he slumped into one of the dining room chairs. He was alone, completely alone now, everyone else was busying themselves with what had happened.

Bill was talking with Stan to one of the officers that Richie now realized was Officer Martin, Beverly was showing Officer Stewart where everything had taken place with Eddie diligently at her side to corroborate the story.

Richie had said his part, had told his story. He had lost everything in the process. The empty chasm in his chest only chipped and grew wider, threatening to completely swallow him.

He took in a deep lungful of smoke, ashing into a coffee mug on the floor, and ran a free hand through his hair. His brain wouldn't shut off. It hadn't been able to slow down since he had seen Eddie in the snow. He couldn't stop thinking about Eddie's body kicking and writhing in pain, he couldn't stop thinking about how Bowers had literally cut him open to remove their offspring. He couldn't stop thinking about the amount of blood in the snow and...

Richie's brain flashed with images of small round things that had lay in the snow. No bigger than ping pong balls. He subconsciously counted five of them if he included the one in Bowers' hand that he had thrown when they fought. Richie winced, panting harshly, forcing his

brain elsewhere.

He couldn't bring himself to come to terms with what he had seen.

He got up and walked out into the living room, spying his friends as they were talking to the police. He remained nearby, listening intently.

The police officers brought everyone inside and looked at their notepads before Officer Stewart pocketed his pen, "Everything seems to check out. Unfortunately, we have to bring everyone down to the station for statements. After that, you're free to go."

35. Chapter 35

Summary for the Chapter:

Trigger warning

"He's my son!"

"He's my boyfriend!"

"He's my flesh and blood!"

"He's in my pack!"

"I'm his mother!"

"I'm his alpha!"

"You're not even mated yet! He belongs to me!"

"He's an adult! He can do whatever he wants!"

"And look what happened to him!"

Richie let out a frustrated snarl in the police station front room, both hands running through his hair as he closed his eyes and looked away from Sonia. All six of the Losers were sitting in a row of chairs against the wall, watching the fiasco go down. Eddie was watching from between his fingers, horrified at the fight and yet unable to look away.

"He's coming with me!"

"What, so you can lock him away like fucking Rapunzel?!" Richie yelled, "I think the fuck not!"

"I can keep him safe!"

"There's safe and then there's kidnapped and held against his will!"

"He almost died!"

"But he didn't!"

"He could have!"

"But he didn't!"

"You stay away from him, Richard!"

"I saved his life, Sonia!"

"His life didn't need saving until you came along!"

"He needed saving ever since he came out of you! He needed to be saved from you and your meaty claws!"

"How dare you talk to me like that, you filthy monster!"

"Well, how dare you make your son do anything against his will?!"

"Because I know what's best!"

"Yeah, you clearly know what's the best side for food is- Oh, more food!"

"How dare-"

"You make it so easy!"

"Should we stop this...?" Bev asked as she leaned in to Bill beside her. His eyes were wide and unmoving from the two of them. He shook his head and leaned in to continue watching Richie bicker heatedly.

"He's coming with me and you can't stop him!"

"You're going to run off and get him hurt again! I won't let you hurt my Eddie-kins!"

"Your 'eddie-kins' is a fucking adult, you fat cow!" Richie snarled in exasperation as he pinched the bridge of his nose and gestured to Eddie with a wave of his free hand, "The man has had sex more times than a Russian whore and I'm sure as shit not the only man he's had inside him! He shaves on his own, he dresses himself and, oh my God call the church elders, he can use the fucking kettle without burning

himself! He does my dad's taxes, for God's sake!"

"That doesn't mean-"

"Oh my god, I'm about to have a stroke." Richie put a hand to his chest as he took in a breath as he wobbled, "I actually smell eggs. Or is that you? Being a fucking chicken."

"I will not stand here and let you talk to me this way!"

"Well, then pull up a fucking chair, Sonia. I can go all day."

"He probably fucking will, too." Eddie whispered under his breath, his cheeks flush with embarrassment.

"Aren't you going to do something?" Beverly asked him quietly and he glanced at her in horror.

"If I go in there now they'll start physically fighting over me. I'll end up stretched like taffy or ripped in half." Eddie vehemently shook his head, "I choose life."

"Good choice." Stan whispered as he kept his eyes on the fight.

"If you don't stand aside-"

"You're gonna what? Sit on me or smother me in your tracksuit like you shed a skin?" Richie snapped and Bill let out a soft gasp, his eyebrows raised, "You gotta fucking catch me first."

"He's. Not. Going." Sonia spat through her teeth when Richie snarled and stepped up to her, baring his teeth as he towered over her. Every single one of the Loser's sat up in their chairs at Richie's alpha pheromones that pulsated through the room.

"Don't. Don't threaten me, Sonia." Richie whispered with a low growl rumbling in his chest, "Don't start a fight you can't finish. You saw what I did to Henry Bowers. He hurt your son and I hurt him in return. I protect my omega and right now, you're a potential threat."

"Someone call him down before he tackles her..." Mike whispered for the first time since he arrived at the station. Bill let out a sigh and

stood up, stuffing his hands in his pockets. Richie stared down at the short woman who was literally chest high for him. She was clearly fighting against her omega instincts to submit to the perilous alpha that was snarling down at her.

"Richie." Bill called out, watching Richie snarl down at Sonia. Bill let out a warning growl that had the betas sink in their chairs, "Richard."

Richie groused at the pack leader and tore his bright green eyes from Sonia. He looked at Bill venomously.

"Stuh-Step down, Richie. Thuh-That's enough." Bill warned, his voice still soft but the alpha command rang out as though he had screamed it. Everyone that hadn't been looking at the awkward fight was now staring at Bill in awe.

Richie obeyed despite the sour expression and the tight line of his lips. He gave Sonia one last deep and gravelly growl before he walked away from her. He came to a stop in front of Bill and looked at him with a blank expression despite the rage in his eyes.

"Yes?" Richie asked simply.

"That's ee-enough." Bill repeated, "N-Nuh-Nothing is getting suh-solved. It duh-doesn't m-m-muh-matter what you both want. The duh-decision lies with Eh-Eddie."

Everyone turned to look at Eddie as his name was mentioned. Eddie's eyes widened as he looked at Richie and Bill and then at his barrel of a mother who was bright red in the face and clutching her small pearl handbag to her chest.

"Uh... Um." Eddie swallowed when Stan got up and put a hand on Eddie's shoulder. He turned to crouch in front of Eddie to look him in the eye.

"Don't make a decision based on the person. Don't be afraid to hurt feelings to do what's best for you. You need to do what you feel is right for yourself, Eddie. No one else." Stan whispered, squeezing Eddie's shoulders lightly, "There's no right or wrong answer here."

"Eddie-bear..." Sonia called as she held her hand out, her sausage-like

fingers adorned with way too many rings and clunky bracelets. Eddie looked up as he was called. Her beady, piggy eyes squinting at him as she curled her lip into her mouth, "Come to mommy, Eddie. Let's go home. We can have alphabet soup and watch Jeopardy."

Richie snorted lightly, earning a warning growl from Bill that had him hang his head and look down at his shoes with feigned interest.

"Don't look at them." Stanley stated firmly, "Look at me, Eddie."

Eddie looked at Stan with helplessness in his wide eyes, "Stan, help me..."

"Don't focus on them. Focus on you. Where is your gut telling you to go? Go home to where you know and have been, or to go out into the new and unexpected?"

Eddie whimpered, gnawing on his bottom lip as he began to jitter and fidget in his plastic chair. He stared into Stan's hazel eyes for a long moment as his brain screamed at him.

"Eddie." Sonia called again when Beverly let out a snarl at her, surprising everyone around them.

"Let him decide." Beverly snapped, "He's his own person, not your puppet."

Sonia turned to look at the befuddled and frazzled beta woman behind the desk of the police station's reception, "Isn't there anything you can do? He's my son!"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Kaspbrak, they're right. He's not under your supervision anymore. The moment he turned eighteen or presented, he became an adult in the legal right. He can do whatever he wants to. He's unmated so even if he has a partner, the alpha has no biological hold over him. If they were mated, Mr. Tozier could make the call for Eddie, but that's not the case here."

"I..." Eddie swallowed audibly, "I want to go... With..." He let out a shaky breath as he looked between Richie and his mother, feeling as though he were on the brink of fainting, "I want to go with Stan."

"What?!" Richie and Sonia both sputtered in unison, eyes wide in shock as they looked at Eddie in genuine astonishment.

Eddie looked at Stan with pleading eyes. Stan nodded as he took his coat off to wrap it around Eddie's shoulders, helping Eddie from his chair. Richie flinched as he looked at the torn and ripped clothing that Eddie was still dressed in. Stan looked at Bill.

"Let's go. I should take him home."

"Eddie, should I fetch you at Stanley's house?" Sonia called as Eddie turned to leave. He froze on the spot with Stanley's arms around him. Richie could smell the anger roll from Eddie and he bristled in response.

Eddie turned to look at her, "Mom. I love you. I really do. But if you ever come near me or my friends unless I physically tell you to, I will call the police." Eddie looked at the receptionist, "You're my witness. I don't want her near me. I... I need to be my own person. If I'm wrong and I go back, then I go back. But I need to make my own mistakes first."

"Eddie-"

Richie walked out after the rest of the Loser's and turned to face Sonia as he stood in the doorway, he flipped her off with both middle fingers extended, "Blow me, you cu-"

Richie yelped as he was pulled from the doorway by his ear, grunting in pain as Beverly dragged him towards Mike's truck that was parked on the other end of the lot. The pack walked towards the red truck in a tense silence. Richie walked with Beverly and Ben, his eyes never leaving Eddie up ahead, the omega walking between Bill and Stanley.

Mike climbed into the driver's seat with Eddie sandwiched between him and Stanley.

Bill climbed into the snow-flecked flatbed with Ben and Beverly as Richie sat down with Mike. Richie pulled his knees up to his chest as he grabbed a cigarette and set it between his lips.

The truck clicked into ignition with a loud rumble and a lot of

juddering. Richie curled closer to Bill as a cold wind whipped at their exposed skin. His cigarette instantly went out and he scowled, realizing it would be useless to try again.

They drove off from the police station and into town as Richie glanced at the back of Eddie's head, a large welt of sadness crawling through his chest and stomach, eating at his insides like a cancer.

"He hates me."

"Don't do that." Bev commented over the loud sounds around them, "Don't start that bullshit. Eddie's had the worst day of his life and he's probably so fucking stressed and sad. The last thing he needs is a depressed alpha pining after him out of guilt. Be a man and show him that he can count on you. He may be strong right now, he may be a pillar as always, but we all know that sooner or later he's going to collapse."

"Bev's right." Ben nodded, "He's trying to save face in front of us. He's the only omega in the group, he never wants to be seen as weak no matter the situation. He's going to need you soon."

"Yeah, okay." Richie whispered softly and after a long pause, he instantly said what was on his mind without a second thought, "He wanted Stan. Not me."

"Oh, God. Here we go." Beverly groaned as they turned into Witcham Street.

"Hey. I let you flounce around in skirts. Let me sulk."

"Oh yeah, because they're the same." Beverly snapped back at him with a scowl as Ben laughed lightly.

"Hey. They're the same." Richie argued back.

"You 'let' me?" Beverly queried, "Really? What are you trying to say?"

"Careful now, Trashmouth." Ben warned with a loving smile at his girlfriend, "Don't start a fight you can't finish."

"Double standards..." Richie whispered as he folded his arms tightly

over his chest, watching the thick rows of trees go passed them as they drove through the snow towards the farm.

"Too right, double standards." Bev added with a scowl, "And not because I'm a girl. But because you're an alpha. And don't you even dare tell me I'm wrong."

Richie put both hands up, "Who am I to argue with the woman who kicked Patrick Hockstetter's teeth into next year."

"There we go." Beverly replied coolly as they stopped at the gate to Hanlon farm, the truck pausing as Bill jumped off to go and open the gate for Mike.

Richie watched Bill walk off and then looked at Eddie, "I can't believe he's going back here."

"He has nowhere else." Ben whispered softly, "He can't go to anyone else's house. The word is going to spread like wildfire. The sooner he leaves, the better."

Bill hopped back up into the truck after he closed the gate behind the idling truck. He stood on the flatbed as Mike drove down the winding road, his hands holding onto the roof of the cab, his eyes cast forward and darting around to spy for any danger.

The truck came to a stop under the canopy garage next to the farm house. All of the Loser's climbed out of the truck and made their way through the snow toward the house. Eddie made no move to get any closer to Richie, pushing himself against Stanley as he wrapped himself up tighter in the beige coat. Bill held Stan's hand on the other side and Richie stared at them with a hard grip of sadness on his chest.

Bev took his hand, tugging him along toward the house, her blue eyes softened with sympathy.

"C'mon. We can go and make some coffee or something." Beverly smiled as she looked at Richie. He nodded, staring at Eddie as they all went onto the porch.

"Where's your family, Mike?"

"I drove down with the truck." Mike unlocked the front door, "When Ben phoned me, I told my uncle and he said he'd deal with it after..."

"After...?" Ben pried curiously as he walked into the house and began shrugging out of his coat.

"After they come back in three days. They're staying for the... The funeral."

"My god, what a shit Christmas." Richie groaned aloud, earning a hard slap to the gut by Stan. He grunted at the shock to his system and glanced at the beta with a scowl.

"Beep beep, Richie. Sense the tone." Stanley whispered quietly and put a hand on Mike's shoulder, "Sorry for your loss, Mike."

"I've come to terms with it. She was going to leave us soon anyway." Mike whispered as he looked up, "Bigger problems here."

"Yeah..." Richie looked around, realizing that Eddie was not with them in the front room. He looked outside to see Eddie standing in front of the house in the snow.

"Let him be by himself." Stan whispered instantly, clearly knowing that Richie was wanting to go to Eddie, "He needs some space to come to terms with what happened. Don't crowd him, you'll push him away."

Richie nodded in agreement. He wouldn't leave Eddie unsupervised but he would still give him space. Richie sat himself down on the sofa by the window, resting his chin on the backrest to look at Eddie, taking first guard of the omega.

"Rich," Bev called gently, "Coffee?"

"If it's got whiskey, yeah." Richie replied with a mumble, "Or crack."

"Sorry, I'm fresh out." Bev snarked quietly, earning a snort from Bill as he hung his coat by the door, "Regular coffee okay?"

"Black, three sugars." Richie sighed quietly as he stared out at his boyfriend, who had sat himself down in the red-smattered snow.

Richie's ears were tuned into Bill and Mike by the front door, hearing them talk about the repairs they were going to make to the punch-hole Bill had caused to the door.

Richie sat motionless as the world moved around him. His eyes never leaving his boyfriend through the window. Even after five long minutes, his position remained unchanged and diligent.

Richie looked at Bill and Mike, and then at Eddie with pursed lips. Eddie was sitting there with his legs under him and his head cast forward, his face expressionless.

Beverly sat down beside Richie on the sofa gently, handing him a mug of coffee with a small lift to one corner of her mouth.

"I'm sorry this happened, Rich." She whispered as she put her hand on his thigh.

"How many were there?" Richie asked her as he took a sip of his coffee, flinching at the scalding heat but his eyes remained trained on his omega, "You and Stan cleaned up for me. How many did you... Find?"

Beverly let out a small sigh, "Don't do that to yourself, Richie. You don't need that."

"I'll ask Stan then." Richie finally looked at her, watching the pain flash in her eyes when she realized he was serious.

"I... I can't give you a whole number because I don't know if Bowers threw them all out or... If he did anything else with your litter. But I can tell you I found five fetuses in the snow."

"That's what I figured." Richie whispered as he took another sip and looked back at Eddie, "I remember five."

"You remember...?" Bev frowned and Richie realized that everyone in the room had stopped their activities to look at him.

"I keep thinking back to when I saw them in the snow. Bowers and Patrick over him. I keep... I see... Fuck-" Richie shakily lifted his mug up to his face and took a sip, ignoring the scalding burn on his

tongue, "Why are words so hard?"

"You've barely given yourself time to process, I'm surprised you're this lucid." Stan commented as he sat himself down on the armrest by the almost extinguished fire, tugging at his turtleneck slightly, "Words shouldn't be easy to find when you're describing how your mate was kaffed by two murderous animals."

Richie looked out to see Eddie and the fact that the small omega still hadn't moved. He looked at Bev, "I saw five small little... Fuck me- They were so small, like... Like..." Richie trailed off and looked down at the palm of his hand, imagining the size.

"Like little strawberries." Bev whispered softly. Richie frowned at the mental image, his eyes blurring with tears. He sniffed, looking down as Bev took his coffee mug, "Sorry Rich."

"I'm fine. I'm fine." Richie insisted, wiping his eye with the sleeve of his shirt, "That was just... Accurate. I didn't even think about the size until then. That's just... Small."

"He's not fine. He's just being a proud dick." Mike whispered, earning a laugh from said alpha.

"Shut up, Homeschool." Richie sighed as he fiddled with his tear-stained sleeve, "I'll be okay."

"Suh-Someone's not." Bill's voice dropped into the softest whisper and Richie's head shot up to look at Eddie, seeing his boyfriend's head buried in his arms, his body trembling and jerking.

"I don't know what he needs." Richie frowned, his stomach aching to see his soulmate in pain, "I... I don't know what to do?"

"What does your alpha say?" Bill looked at Richie sternly, "Don't tell me what you'd do because it's be an inappropriate comment or something stupid. I don't want Richie to step up, I want my pack alpha to step up."

"But..." Richie whined anxiously when Bill snarled.

"Alpha." He warned, "Look after your mate."

36. Chapter 36

Summary for the Chapter:

Second update of the day because I love you guys.

Richie got up from the sofa instantly, blushing brightly at the way he submitted to the pack leader. He skulked out of the living room and passed Bill, his head tilted in submission as he went out into the cold.

Richie stood there as he looked at Eddie's curled body. He stepped off of the porch, his boots sinking into the fresh snow. He walked closer to Eddie, taking his time to make sure that Eddie was aware of him.

He sat down beside Eddie in the snow, resting his arms on his raised knees. Eddie sat up, his face red and wet and puffy, tears still rolling down to his lips and chin. His usually brown eyes were vibrant lilac with sorrow, his inner omega mourning relentlessly.

"They're gone." Eddie whispered, his voice barely audible and filled with cracks. Richie didn't reply. How could he? What could he possibly say to make it better? He shifted as he and Eddie both looked out across the orchard, "I barely got to have them to myself... And they were taken from me."

"I should have been here, omega." Richie admonished himself, "I should never have left you."

"You had to." Eddie sniffed, his gloved hands covering his eyes, "You had no other choice. I should have stayed inside."

"Shifting blame helps no one." Richie shrugged, "It won't bring them back."

"Where are they?" Eddie whispered quietly as his big eyes looked up at Richie, "Where did you put them? Did you just throw them away? Richie-"

Richie got up, holding his hand down for Eddie. Eddie looked at his hand before taking it, grimacing at the pain in his stomach as he was eased up into a standing position.

Richie sighed gently and scooped Eddie up before he slung the omega onto his back with way too much repose. Eddie weighed nothing for the alpha. Eddie clung on, his face pressed into Richie's neck as Richie walked across the snow.

He walked away from the Hanlon farmhouse and towards the barn. Eddie tightened his grip around Richie's neck as Richie hiked him up a bit to readjust.

He walked away from the barn, trekking past the enormous building that they both knew so well. Richie went into the orchard and through the apple trees. He put Eddie down when he reached one of the old and gnarled trees.

Richie looked at Eddie and took a step back as Eddie frowned, looking between Richie and the tree. Richie took Eddie's hand and turned him to a specific spot. Eddie's knees shook heavily.

"When did you do this?"

"I honestly didn't" Richie whispered, "I don't think I'd have the strength to do it. It was Bev."

Eddie looked at the cleared snow around the tree. The trees thick roots had started growing up above ground to create beautiful twists and entwinings. Right where their feet were planted, two tree knots had spun together and out to create a deep almond shape. Richie knew the reason why the earth was upturned in that small burrow, he knew what had been so lovingly buried there.

"Like a safe nest." Richie looked at Eddie, squeezing his hand, "I did this though." He put a hand on the tree above where his litter had been buried. Eddie sniffed, wiping his eyes, and looked at what Richie was gesturing to. Eddie stared at the carving of their initials in the tree and looked up at Richie, his bottom lip trembling.

Eddie let out a broken sob, his knees collapsing beneath him. Richie caught Eddie instantly, holding the omega up against his chest, letting him cry. Richie couldn't help the tears that rolled down his cheeks, pulling Eddie closer as he sobbed brokenly. The sounds of the crying alpha only had Eddie crying even more, jagged and emotion-

filled sobs wracked his throat. Richie buried his face in Eddie's hair, spit and tears soaking into Eddie's curls.

"I'm sorry." Richie cried, clenching his teeth as his fingertips dug into Eddie's sides, "I'm so sorry, Eds."

Eddie didn't reply, his body overtaken with emotion, unable to comprehend any words. He shook his head furiously, clutching Richie's shirt desperately.

Richie felt his whole body ache as though weighted beneath the ground, his lungs couldn't catch air, his head cramped and throbbed as he cried. His cheeks stung with the intense temperature between hot tears and icy cold chill around them.

He stared through the blur at the muddy sludge of the ground where it met the snow and he closed his eyes, taking in the smell of his distraught boyfriend. Eddie's honey scent smelled sour, it didn't smell as sweet and citrus-y as normal. It smelled tainted. It smelled like someone had fermented honey and mixed it in with rotten fruit. It was still Eddie's smell but it wasn't right.

Richie tried to force his own scent out for the omega, hoping that it didn't also have the same sad tinge to it. He wanted to be strong and comfort his partner, be the strong pillar and the comfort he could lean on. He didn't want Eddie to bottle up his feelings because he was afraid that Richie couldn't handle it.

Eddie sniffled heavily, the hiccup in his chest seized like a brutal gut punch. Richie blanched at the sound and reached down without looking, wiping the exposed side of Eddie's face gently. He took in a shaky breath before fishing into his pocket. He held out the spare inhaler to Eddie, who let out the barest, most bleak-sounding laugh that Richie had ever heard.

"Dumb ass." Eddie croaked quietly as he took the inhaler from Richie to puff on it with quick succession. Richie felt better knowing Eddie could at least breathe. He relaxed only a notch as he kept his arms around Eddie. His eyes were fixated on a bare knot in the tree, afraid that if he looked at Eddie or anything else on the tree, he would break again.

"How well you know me, Eds." Richie whispered weakly, listening to Eddie exhale with short jitters as out his head back in Richie's neck.

"Such a good alpha." Eddie whispered quietly and Richie's entire face twisted in anguish, souring as though he had licked battery acid. The words from his soulmate's lips were a brazen lie. He knew it. There was no way that he, the weak alpha who left his pregnant mate alone to die, was anywhere near good. Not even a fraction. A single semblance. Richie didn't voice this. He kept his mouth shut as he let Eddie praise him with empty words.

"Do you want to come in? I can..." Richie scrambled to think of something that comforted Eddie, "I... Uh... I can make you some tea."

Eddie nodded solemnly as he stepped away from Richie, looking back down at the tree, "In a minute. Do you- Can I... Can I have a minute alone?"

"Eddie, I- I can't leave you alone." Richie begged, the idea of leaving Eddie unattended was a fate worse than death for Richie, his stomach twisting.

"Wait at the orchard gate for me." Eddie looked at Richie, "I just need a minute."

Richie eyed Eddie for a long second before he conceded silently, letting go of the omega to walk away from him. Every step through the crunch snow was painful. His brain was screaming at him to turn around and take Eddie with him but he pushed forward. He pushed on towards the open maw of the orchard. He turned around to look at Eddie as he walked backwards, watching as the omega carefully and gingerly went down slowly onto his knees.

Richie could tell that even though Eddie was healed of his extensive injury, it was clear that he still had pain. Richie didn't blame him, either. Eddie sat on his knees in the snow in front of the small grave and from what Richie could tell, he seemed to be talking.

Richie looked away, giving his omega a moment of privacy. He put his hands behind him, leaning against one of the barren apple trees. He could see Beverly looking at him from the living room window

and he raised a hand in greeting. She repeated the action back at him, putting her dainty hand against the glass.

"Rich?"

Richie looked over to the omega in the snow when he heard his name. Eddie looked pained and uncomfortable.

"What?" Richie called back loudly.

"Help." Eddie called back, "Can't get up."

Richie wanted to smile at how embarrassed Eddie seemed but he knew that the only reason Eddie was unable to get back up was because the bending pulled at his stomach and at his insides. Richie jogged back down to the large tree, kicking up snow as he bound in large steps.

He didn't help Eddie up but instead he bent down and put Eddie's arm around his neck, tucking his own arm under Eddie's legs and against his back to scoop him up.

"How's that?" Richie asked softly as he cradled Eddie in his arms with as much compassion and consideration as he possibly could. Eddie seemed to relax in Richie's arms, his legs dangling as they walked, dainty feet pointed inward.

"Better than walking." Eddie muttered quietly and looked up at Richie, "Alpha?"

"Yes, omega?"

"How many did I have?" Eddie asked in a small voice. Richie stopped in the snow, staring up at the nearby farmhouse as a cold wind whipped at his hair and chilled him right down to the bone, his eyes widening, "Alpha?"

"Just the one, Eds." Richie whispered as he refused to look at Eddie, walking back towards the house, "Just one."

"Oh." Eddie looked up at the house as he got up onto the porch, "Can I go to bed?"

"You'd better. Do you want to sleep in your bed or on the sofa?"

"Where are you going to be?" Eddie asked as Richie shouldered the front door open.

"Hey, Eddie." Stan and Bill greeted in unison from their tangle on the armchair. Eddie smiled at them as he nuzzled Richie's neck. Stan looked at Richie, "Did you tell him?"

"Tell me what?" Eddie looked up as Richie lowered him down onto the sofa by the fireplace. Richie pulled a blanket near for Eddie and then looked at Stan with a frown.

"About what, exactly?"

"Our trip..." Stan explained and then looked at Eddie, "Bill and I are leaving in two days for university-"

"What?!" Eddie shrieked so loudly that everyone flinched at the sudden volume, his face panic-stricken and rife with horror, "You're leaving?!"

"You're coming with us." Stanley added when Bill elbowed him.

"You should have led with that, pidge." Bill smiled jokingly and looked at Eddie, "We want you and Richie to come with us. To live with us in Boston. If... If you still want to be with Richie and be a part of our pack."

Eddie went quiet, pulling the blanket up to his face with shaky hands. He stared at every single one of the six faces that stared back before asking, "What about Bev and Ben and Mikey?"

"We can't come just yet." Beverly got up from the sofa by the window and crouched down by Eddie, "Ben and I will visit but we have to save up first before we can move. And Mike has to help on the farm while his family get things sorted. He can come with us when we go. But..." She looked at Ben and Mike, "We don't want you to stay just for us. You won't be leaving us behind, we just won't be leaving at the same time. Your journey starts before ours but it's still the same path."

"So..." Eddie breathed shakily as he looked at Richie, "You and me and Stanny and Big Bill?"

Richie nodded, "You bet."

"Leaving Derry?"

Bill nodded then as he chose to respond, "Uh-huh."

"To live far away in Boston?"

Richie smiled at Eddie's genuine curiosity on the subject and hoped that it was a good sign, "Yes, Spaghetti."

"Who would we live with?"

"Well," Bill cleared his throat, "Stan has accepted a scholarship so he's living in a dorm on the campus but I'll be living in an apartment down the street. It belongs to my aunt but she's living in a house in Chicago so it's sitting empty. There's a spare bedroom."

"And... You'll be studying. Both of you?" Eddie looked at them as they both nodded. He looked at Richie, "And us?"

"Well, we don't have money to study. But I can get a job for us." Richie smiled, "This big brain of mine might come in handy."

"I..." Eddie pursed his lips, his big eyes darting around in front of him rapidly as he took in every single shred of information, "Okay. I wanna go."

"Are you gonna be okay to travel, Eddie?" Mike asked as he handed Eddie a glass of water and stood nearby, brushing Eddie's hair from his face as he took a small sip, "You're still weak."

"I'll be fine." Eddie waved a hand shakily, his eyes drooping as sleep seemed to be steadily on its way towards him, "Just gotta rest."

"He does." Richie nodded and then looked at the rest of the gang, "It's still fucking Christmas. Look, if you guys have somewhere to be-"

Stanley looked uncomfortable in his chair and he looked at Bill, "I

don't want my folks getting suspicious."

"Go, Stan." Richie urged gently, "Enjoy your holiday. Or at least pretend to."

Stanley got up and came over, kissing Eddie tenderly, cupping his face, "I'll be back in the morning, okay?"

Eddie nodded as he curled up on the couch, mumbling a goodbye to Stanley as he collected his things. Stan clipped his yarmulke onto the crown of his head before he leaned down to kiss Bill tenderly, whispering a tender goodbye to his mate before he waved goodbye and walked out to get his bicycle.

"Anyone else?" Richie queried as he looked at his friends.

"I have to be back before ten." Ben shrugged, "But I can stay until then."

"I have to go soon," Bill shrugged, "Mom gets antsy on Christmas because of..." He trailed off, unable to mention his late brother's name. He looked away at the fireplace that had gone out some time ago, "Should go."

"My dad's gone to Brewer for the week so..." Beverly shrugged, "I can stay."

"Rich..." Eddie called out as he looked at the alpha, "Richie?"

"Eds."

"This..." Eddie trailed off, "What happened today. I don't- I don't want you to think I hate you. Or that it's gonna stop me."

"Stop you?" Richie frowned deeply as Eddie went pink in the face, "Stop you from what?"

"Being your omega." Eddie set his cup down on the floor with a pained grimace, "These past three weeks have been the best I've ever felt. I've never been so proud to be an omega as I have been when I was carrying your- our- litter. Henry fucking Bowers isn't going to stop me from being your omega. The sooner we leave, the better."

Richie stared at Eddie incredulously, eyes wide, "You... You want a litter? After today?"

"I wanted everything with you." Eddie replied quietly as he looked down at his hands and at the blanket he was clutching nervously, "I know it seems... Like I don't care about what happened. I do. I-" Eddie's voice cracked, displaying the ragged emotion beneath, "I just... It wasn't the right time."

Richie reached out to put a hand on Eddie's, stroking with his thumb, "Sleep, Eds. There's no rush for anything. You rest."

"I love you..." Eddie urged, "My alpha."

"More than the stars, Spaghetti." Richie replied as he squeezed Eddie's hand and watched him get comfortable, his eyes closing.

They sat in silence for the longest time, listening to Eddie as he fell asleep. His breaths slowing and drawing out in his usual quiet wheezing. Richie stared ahead of him at the Christmas snow globe that sat on the mantel, his eyes out of focus.

An eternity of overthinking later, Richie finally spoke. He looked at Eddie and then at Beverly, "He said I was good."

"Hmm?"

"Eddie." Richie clarified, "In the orchard when I tried to comfort him. He told me I was a good alpha."

"And you're upset because...?" Bill got up as he put his jacket on.

"Because it's a lie." Richie stole a cigarette from Beverly as he sat himself on the edge seat of Eddie's sofa and put Eddie's legs in his lap, gently pulling Eddie's boots off of his feet. The cigarette hung between Richie's pouted lips so naturally that it looked just right. He undid the laces and set Eddie's boots on the floor next to the sofa. He tucked Eddie's feet back under the blanket on his lap before taking the lighter from Bev.

"How is it a lie?" Mike asked as he came to sit on the floor by the fireplace to start a new fire.

Richie lit his cigarette with a strike of his thumb and a spark. He inhaled on his cigarette, taking in a deep lungful, and exhaled before he decided to speak. He looked up at the ceiling, "If I were a good alpha, I wouldn't have accidentally gotten him pregnant. If I was a good alpha, I would have had control. If I was a good alpha, I would have mated him. If I was a good alpha, I would never have left him alone. If I was a good alpha-"

"Richie..." Bev stopped him in his tracks as he took in another long drag, "Shut up."

"It's because I'm right." Richie snorted, "You guys are pussies. It's the truth."

"No, you're just reaching." Beverly snorted indignantly, "Lots of alpha's have gotten their partners pregnant, doesn't make them bad. Lots of alpha's lose control. Look at Bill. Lots of alpha's take their time to mate their partners. Lots of alpha's make mistakes with their first mates."

"Alright." Richie ashed in the ashtray on the armrest and looked Bev in the eye, "How many of those alpha's have done all of those things in one month? No, scratch that. How many of those alpha's have done literally all of those things. How many of them, do you think, are still with their mates because of their mistakes?"

Beverly was quiet and she turned to look at Bill for help. Bill pursed his lips and came over, leaning over to put his forehead against Richie, kissing him gently.

"We love you. Eddie loves you." Bill whispered quietly, "We've all made mistakes. And just because you made those mistakes, doesn't mean that they were your fault. Making a mistake and being at fault are two different things. I didn't make a mistake mating Stanley, but it is my fault if I hurt him." Bill stood up and looked down at Richie with alpha command lilting his voice, "You have made mistakes, but they weren't your fault. And that... That is what defines you as a good alpha."

"How...?" Richie begged quietly, pleading for advice from the pack leader, "How is it not my fault?"

"Eddie chose to be knotted and knew what the outcome would be. He knew he could fall pregnant and it didn't matter to him because it was with you. So it's not your fault that he got pregnant. You lost control because you're an alpha, it happens to every single one of us and your circumstances were shoddy at best. You're clearly not ready to mate and neither is Eddie, and with the town you live in, he would have been killed. Mating Eddie is not a mistake and it's the town's fault that you couldn't. And as far as leaving him alone, you had other obligations to see to that kept him safe. Staying with him would have raised suspicions. The only mistake we made was that we didn't keep him inside." Bill stated down at Richie solemnly, "And no, it's not shifting blame from yourself to others to feel better, it's the truth. Extenuating circumstances that were out of your control."

Richie stared up at Bill with wide eyes, cigarette hanging between his lips, "Really?"

"If I were in your position," Bill's voice dropped to a soft cadence, "It probably would have gone the same way."

"No way." Richie snorted, "No way you could ever do something like this, Big Bill."

"Oh yeah, no. I just almost disembowel my mate and push him away when he needs me. I make him bleed every time we have sex and it took me over six years to realize he actually liked me." Bill waved a hand, his voice dripping with sarcasm, "Don't put me on a pedestal just because I'm a pack leader."

Richie let out a small sigh and looked at Eddie beside him, "I just can't wait to leave this place behind. For him."

37. Chapter 37

"Eds..." Richie sighed, stroking his fingers through his boyfriend's hair slowly, "We're leaving tomorrow. You need to pack."

"Packing means going home." Eddie whined out, a small whiff of terror etching into his honey scent, "Going home means..."

"I won't let her hurt you." Richie promised sternly, his eyes darkening a shade or two as a snarl bubbled in his chest, "But you need to pack. It's not like a sleepover where you can go back and get something. Eddie, we're leaving forever."

Eddie stared at Richie as they sat in his bedroom in the Hanlon house. Richie could smell Mike and Beverly cooking breakfast downstairs.

"Would you and Bill come with me?"

"The whole pack will come with if you want." Richie promised again, all seriousness shading his voice, taking on a defined alpha baritone.

"What time do we leave tomorrow?"

"We leave for the station at eight." Richie smiled, "Nice and early."

"To the big city..." Eddie smiled. The mention of the city had Richie suddenly anxious, and judging from the frown that knitted Eddie's brows, his anxiety had shone through, "Alpha?"

"Speaking of..." Richie cleared his throat, "After what happened yesterday. I don't want anything or anyone to hurt you. I want to be with you at all times. I want us to be connected, Eddie. I don't want us apart."

"What..." Eddie trailed off, "What are you saying?"

"Mate with me, Eds." Richie leaned in, taking Eddie's hands in earnest, "I want you to be totally mine when we get to the city. No one else's."

Eddie's eyes were wide and Richie could hear that the omega had stopped breathing entirely. His astonished gaze completely zeroed in on Richie.

"You-You still want..." Eddie swallowed, bewildered, "You still want to mate with me?"

Richie rebuked, his head jerking back, "What kinda fuckin' question is that, Spaghetti? Who else am I mating with?"

"No, I mean..." Eddie frowned and looked down, "I thought- After what happened, I'm such a bad omega and I couldn't protect our family. I thought you'd reject me. It's why I..." Eddie frowned, "Why I picked Stan. I didn't want to force myself into your life."

Richie let out a groan of relief, "Oh, that's why. Fucking hell, Eds. When you said Stan's name, I just about keeled over."

"Rich..." Eddie cooed quietly as Richie wrapped himself gently around the omega, holding him close, "This is a fucking mess."

"When have our lives ever not been a mess, Spaghetti?" Richie countered quickly as he turned Eddie around on the bed, gently pulling the omega's back against his chest, scenting his neck.

"There's a problem." Eddie groaned quietly, "Bill told me about mating. You have to be connected with your mate to be able to bite them or there won't be a bond."

"Hmm?"

"Richie, I don't think I'll be able to..." Eddie trailed off, his face flooding with color, "My body hurts so fucking badly. The last thing on my mind is sex."

"What if we-" Richie let out a grunt as he rolled Eddie onto his back. He hovered over the omega to look him in the eye, "No sex. What if I'm just in you for the bite? Then nothing. We can cuddle up a storm."

Eddie frowned, "You may be right. I don't have to deal with your knot, you're not in a rut. That may be okay. It's not like my asshole is tender, I could easily take you. It's more, just... The intensity. The

movement. And, to be fair, my insides have been jostled around way too much for my liking."

Richie blanched at the last sentence, his mind playing out the scene of Henry's hands buried in Eddie. He shook his head, wiping the thought like an Etch-a-Sketch.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Richie was hit with a wave of anxiety, "This is all just because I'm being a stupid alpha who just wants you safe. I don't want to be like Sonia, I don't want to make you do things for my benefit."

Eddie reached up to put a hand on Richie's face, "I'd be honored."

The words had Richie taken by surprise. He stared down at Eddie, the words echoing in his head. Eddie would be honored to be his mate. Honored. As though it were a privilege. Richie inner wolf puffed out its chest with pride, howling with exceeding prospect.

Richie let out a whimper, his brows furrowed, "Just wish this was more... Romantic, I guess? Like, I pictured me asking you and it's be something so much... More. I wanted this to be special for you. Not just something quick with my pants around my knees."

"It's for a good reason." Eddie justified as he sat up, flinching at the tender pain in his lower belly, "I want us close, Rich. I want that bond. I see how Bill and Stan are and- Even though they have their fights, it still makes me ache to see them. They move in sync, they share feelings and emotions and they flow together like water. I want that."

"With me, right?" Richie asked carefully, watching the scowl on Eddie's face form. Richie grinned brightly at how mad Eddie looked about the simple question, "Just checking."

"Mate me, alpha." Eddie purred quietly, baring his neck in submission. Richie stared down at Eddie's untainted neck and his teeth physically itched to sink into the flesh. Richie sat up for a moment beside Eddie before he climbed off of the bed and saw Eddie's face drop, "Alpha?"

"Just..." Richie's knees shook, "You wait here, okay? I'll be right back." Richie saw Eddie's alarmed expression and he added, "I really will, Eds. You get comfortable and I'll be back in a sec."

Eddie nodded as Richie raced out of the bedroom. He clamored down the stairs two at a time before launching himself into the kitchen. Bev startled at the sudden appearance of the alpha, her coffee launching backwards onto her sleep shirt. She scowled at him as he grabbed the phone and dialed the number he knew by heart.

"Denbrough residential?"

"Hey, Mrs. D." Richie greeted shakily, "It's Richie. Is Bill there?"

"Bill!" Mrs. Denbrough called out into their house, "Richie's calling!"

Richie turned to see Beverly wiping the front of her shirt with a damp rag as Mike stood diligently by the stove, cooking an enormous pile of eggs.

"Huh-Hello?"

"Big Bill." Richie breathed out in relief, "Thank God."

"Wuh-What is it? Is it Eh-Eddie?" Bill's voice was suddenly coated in worry and Richie shook his head despite realizing the alpha couldn't see him.

"Nah, he's okay. I just..." Richie eyed Bev across from him and turned a little away from her probing gaze, "I need help. Advice."

"W-With?"

"I-" Richie closed his eyes, his heart hammering in his chest, "I wanna mate with Eddie. I just- I'm not sure of the process. Help a man out."

Bill took a long pause on the other end of the line. So long of a pause that Richie pulled the receiver from his ear to look at it and make sure it was working. Bill finally answered, his voice lower in tone, "Is that a g-guh-good idea?"

"I want him mated before we leave for Boston. I'm not leaving him

unclaimed in a huge town I don't know. I need to protect him and be his alpha."

"D-Duh-Does he nuh-nuh-know?"

"I've spoken to him." Richie eyed Bev, who was looking extremely happy and was beaming up at him, "He wants it, too."

"Rich," Bill sighed, "You k-kuh-could huh-hurt him."

"We aren't gonna fuck. I'm just gonna... Be connected with him. We talked about it. He's not ready for sex just yet." Richie urged, "I wouldn't hurt him like that."

"I g-guess that's oh-okay." Bill sighed, "W-What do you nuh-need to nuh-know?"

"The process... As far as I know, I bite his neck. That's the extent of my knowledge. They don't really teach us this in school."

"Y-Yes, they do." Bill sighed, "H-Huh-How did you guh-go to the suh-same school as muh-me?"

Richie frowned and looked at Beverly, "They taught this to us?"

"Junior year." She clarified, "Biology studies."

"Fuck." Richie sighed, "So is there a certain place? What do I do?"

"You buh-bite down on the luh-left side. You buh-bite on the juh-juh-juh-junction between n-nuh-neck and shuh-shoulder. You bite huh-hard until you buh-break skin with all of your t-tuh-teeth and keep going until you feel a wuh-weird shift. You'll nuh-know what I muh-mean. And then you suh-s-suck on it for a bit. Then he nuh-needs to do the suh-same to you on the ruh-ruh-right side. Or the ruh-wrist. That's a p-personal choice."

"And we gotta be connected the whole time."

"It's like kuh-k-creating an electrical suh-circuit, all p-points have to tuh-touch for the eh-eh-electricity to flow thruh-through." Bill replied, "Just be kuh-careful."

"Thanks, Big Bill."

"I'll suh-see you guys luh-l-later. Stuh-Stan and I are guh-gonna drop by."

"Oh! That reminds me!" Richie suddenly yelped, "Eddie needs to go and pack. He wants us to go with him."

"I'll be there around two." Bill's voice turned razor sharp, his brain obviously flooded with images of Sonia. Bill hung up the phone with a small snarl and Richie's eyes went wide. He set the phone back on the hook and turned to look at the two betas that were grinning at him.

"Can I fucking help you with something?" Richie snapped sarcastically and looked at them as Beverly idly sipped her coffee.

"No, no." She waved him off, "Go do your thing."

Richie stalked out of the kitchen, hearing Beverly and Mike giggle excitedly like schoolgirls. He muttered under his breath as he climbed the stairs. He got to Eddie's room and pushed the door open, stopping him in his tracks as every last breath of oxygen was forced from his lungs.

Eddie was laying on the bed, his naked body glowing in the early morning sunlight that was coming in from the open window. He had his head propped up against the wall, his ankles crossed and his half hard length curled toward his lower belly. Richie swallowed the saliva in his mouth, slow gaze roving over the omega.

"Is this okay?" Eddie asked in a whisper, "I wanted to feel you. Skin on skin."

Richie closed the door behind him as he stepped into the room. He shed his t-shirt and his jeans in swift motions, knowing that Eddie was watching him, "You look beautiful, omega."

"Gonna look even more beautiful with a mark, alpha." Eddie crooned as Richie climbed onto the bed between Eddie's thighs, "Everyone'll know I'm yours. So proud."

Richie leaned himself down over Eddie, kissing him tenderly, licking into his mouth. The action was reciprocated instantly, Eddie's body melted into the mattress as his hands curled into Richie's hair to keep his face close.

Richie used a hand to reach down, stroking his own length. He could feel himself hardening in his hand, he could feel the way his skin tingled with anticipation and he could hear his heart in his ears.

He moaned into Eddie's mouth, sucking on his bottom lip as Eddie's hips slowly lifted up toward him. Richie pulled his mouth away and began scenting at Eddie's neck, groaning at the aroused honey citrus that infiltrated his nose.

He reached down to run a finger over Eddie's rim, hissing out as his finger was coated in slick. He sat up, seeing Eddie's cheeks flush with embarrassment.

"So wet for me already, omega?"

"Want you in me alpha. Wanna be yours." Eddie crooned in the softest voice imaginable, "All yours."

Richie bridled at the words, lifting Eddie's hips up to lean his dick against Eddie's dripping rim. There was a sudden wave of anxiety that hit Richie's nose and he paused, barely halfway with the head of his dick. He looked down at Eddie to see his eyes wide and, again, he had stopped breathing.

"Omega." Richie put a hand on Eddie's jaw, "Look at me here." Richie voice pulled Eddie from a seemingly startling daydream, "I lost you there. Come back to me, Eds."

Eddie let out a whimper, his eyes still unsure. Richie lifted Eddie's hips up to rest them on his thighs as he pressed himself against Eddie's hole. He put his hand on Eddie's jaw and held him firmly, "Look at me. It's me. I'm here, Eddie. I'm gonna make it right. Stay with me, omega. I won't let it hurt."

Richie pushed in slowly, watching the way that the stretch had Eddie's eyes cloud over into a daze. He whined out, a small and soft

'yes' tumbling from his lips.

Richie pushed himself further in, Eddie's body sucking him in as though he were meant to be there. He let out a moan, his one free fist balling into the sheets in a genuine iron attempt to stop himself from thrusting in all the way.

"Look at me, Eds." Richie crooned, "My beautiful omega. Such a good boy. Gonna be all mine, right?"

"P-Please." Eddie begged quietly, his eyes filling with tears as he lifted his hips. It was clear that the gravity of the situation had hit Eddie full force and the deep-seated instincts inside him were desperate. He wanted to be mated more than anything.

Richie pushed in slowly, burying himself to the hilt, his body flush with the trembling omega. He stroked Eddie's jaw and looked him in the eye, "Eddie. I'm here. Look at your alpha."

Eddie's eyes drifted from the ceiling to lock on Richie's gaze again, his pupils dilated, "Alpha."

"Yeah, I'm here. Tell me what you want. I wanna hear it, Eds." Richie's body was trembling, his stomach curled into infinite knots of need. His alpha was snarling at him to breed Eddie and fuck him into a melted and submissive pile. Richie held off. His gaze bore down at Eddie, wanting to hear the words.

"Yours." Eddie whined, "Mate me. Mark me." Eddie turned his head in the pillow, exposing his neck out wide for Richie.

He leaned in, his teeth bared, and began to suck on Eddie's neck. Eddie's hips stirred at the contact, his knees buckling. Richie bit down tentatively, feeling a gush of slick around his length in response.

He moaned out, pushing his teeth down with more force. Eddie screamed out in pain, his body lurching. Richie's hips tilted, grinding down in slow pushes to distract Eddie from the totalling agony. Richie tasted copper in his mouth, the taste of blood mingled with Eddie's honey-sweet. He sucked on Eddie's neck, hearing him gasp, when he felt his entire body surge.

The sudden wave took him over, weird colors and brilliant flashes of images he couldn't understand. He could feel a pain in his neck akin to his own bite and he could feel a sheer knifing agony in his lower stomach. His jaw shifted with a weird click, his body snapping forward.

He heard Eddie moaning and grunting, his body rolling and trembling. He pulled away, licking at the wound to watch it heal into a brilliantly purple bruise. He knew it would fade over time and look pale white in color, like Stan's. Or a soft pink like like Bill's.

Eddie's body trembled and Richie felt the slick between them, his eyes widening when he realized that not only was Eddie crying unabashedly, but he had hit an orgasm in the moment.

Richie whined out, whimpering as he put his arms around the pliant omega to lift him up. Richie sat on his knees with Eddie in his lap and held him close, still buried inside him, feeling Eddie's body clench.

He put a hand on Eddie's head as he exposed his neck, helping the afterglow-riddled omega into his own bite.

Eddie purred quietly, his mouth on Richie's neck. He licked and sucked, each small action riling Richie up even more. His entire body was tense.

Eddie bit down on Richie's neck cautiously, a small dull spark of pain had Richie stilling.

"Can't..." Eddie whined, "Can't." He repeated, squirming in Richie's neck, "I'm not strong enough."

Richie lifted his hips up and rocked them, hearing Eddie moan quietly. He took Eddie's mouth into kiss, kissing him tenderly. Eddie melted into the touch as Richie unfurled his legs with Eddie on top of him, giving him control.

Eddie didn't move like he usually did when he was on top of Richie like this. Most of the time he bounced and rutted like a heedless teenager, like desperation was his only fuel source. Eddie now,

however, was the total opposite. He was quiet and submissive, his body curling almost.

Richie knew it was Eddie's body submitting to the alpha, he knew Eddie would shift when he was mated. Richie sat Eddie up on him slightly, moving him carefully.

"You know I love you, omega." Richie breathed, "You know I want this. I want you. And I have you." He reached up to brush Eddie's fresh mate mark. Eddie froze, moaning at the sudden touch that sent a wave of warmth through him, "Do you want me, too?"

"Yes." Eddie nodded, "Yes, yes, yes. My alpha."

Richie smiled up at Eddie's sudden change of behaviour. He bent down, sucking on Richie's neck with an exuberant fervor. Richie grunted, fingers clawing into the sheets, hearing them rip under his nails. His stomach was a wall of tense muscle as he pushed himself down and not up into the omega that was still sat on his length.

"Fuck- Eds, oh." Richie moaned, feeling Eddie still sucking on his neck, sucking a dark bruise on his scent gland. Richie snarled, his mind clouding with lust as his head was thrown back on the mattress, "Please, Eddie, shit-"

Richie was cut off, a snarl ripping through his chest as Eddie's teeth sank into the right side of his neck. He gasped, the pain shooting through his veins like a surge of electricity. He held Eddie down against him in a vice, panting and pushing the omega into his neck, feeling the overwhelming emotions tip him over the edge.

He came with a low cry, his body shuddering with exquisite trembles from absolutely zero stimulation. It was an extraordinary feeling that washed over his entire synaptic transmission. He canted his hips a fraction, moaning at the feel of Eddie milking him dry.

He fell back, the overstimulation of Eddie's soft tongue on his white-hot neck had him cringe. He didn't move away, he couldn't bear to do it. It was wholly necessary for Eddie to seal the fresh wound with his saliva.

Richie pulled out of Eddie slowly, softening as the minutes went by. Eddie's face was still buried in his neck, his body dripping with unexpected release.

"You're anxious." Eddie commented as he sat up on Richie's lap, hands on his chest to keep himself upright, "I can feel it. Somewhere."

"I am." Richie noted, "Of course I am."

Eddie balked and looked down, his bottom lip curled into his teeth, "Are you regretting this already?"

Richie snarled in warning, rolling them onto their sides as he lay a hand on Eddie's hip, looking down at him, "No. I'm anxious because I can feel your pain. You're still hurt."

Eddie went pink and let out a small 'oh'. He resolved his placid expression and looked at the alpha, "You didn't hurt me, alpha. Wasn't you."

"You promise?" Richie crooned, his stomach aching with genuine worry, "I was trying not to. I-It was hard."

Eddie preened as he pulled Richie closer, "Did so well, alpha. So kind and gentle and thoughtful. And all mine. All mine now."

"God, that's gonna suck when you finally realize what you're stuck with." Richie exhaled heavily, "Stuck with me now, Spaghetti. We're married."

Eddie let out the tiniest giggle as a smile contorted his features, the first genuine smile in days.

38. Chapter 38

"Eds?" Richie touched Eddie's arm, shaking him gently, "Eddie wake up. Bill and Stan are here."

Eddie let out a groan and turned to face Richie, opening a bleary eye, "...Time is it?"

"It's about two in the afternoon, Spaghetti." Richie smiled gently, "Want me to carry you?"

Eddie nodded, lifting his arms up despite the fact that they felt like lead. Eddie hadn't been down all day. After he and Richie had mated, he had fallen asleep. Richie knew he was probably ravenous.

He slung Eddie onto his back, smiling at the way his mate clung to him. He walked out and down the stairs slowly, not going too fast for the anxious omega on his back.

He went into the lounge and crouched down onto his haunches to let Eddie off.

"Well, look at you." Stan beamed as he went in to hug Eddie, "Congrats, omega. You smell mated."

"I do?" Eddie lifted an arm to smell his armpit and then looked at Richie, "Do I?"

"It's sort of the same as your usual smell." Richie shrugged, "It just has a heavy undertone. Like a warning scent."

"Oh." Eddie seemed relieved, "Good." He looked at Bill and Stanley in front of him, "Why are you here?"

"Well, fuck. I'll go then." Stan chided sarcastically as he went to get his coat. Eddie snarled at Stanley, his eyes narrowing, "Alright, relax. Richie, call off your mate."

Richie snickered, "Oh, no. You angered it. You call him down."

Stan looked at Eddie and softened his posture, stepping away from

the coat rack, "I'll stay."

Eddie looked at Bill sheepishly, realizing that he had been snarling at his pack leader's mate, "Sorry, Big Bill."

"Stuh-Stan can l-luh-look after hims-suh-self." Bill smiled, "But I'm huh-here for you. You and m-me and Ruh-Richie. We're g-guh-gonna go and get your stuh-stuff."

Eddie went pale, his entire body seizing up as though he had been flash frozen. His knees buckled and he let out a shaky wheeze. Richie rushed to him, pulling the inhaler from his pocket to give to Eddie.

Eddie sucked in two lungfuls of the inhaler as his legs gave in entirely. He flopped back into the sofa, the back of his hand over his mouth, his eyes wide. A stench of souring fear mingling with his scent.

"Nothing is going to happen." Richie reassured him, "Nothing. We're going to get your stuff and that's it."

"But-" Eddie whined out, looking exceptionally unsure and timid. The smell radiating off of him almost made him smell like a scared puppy, "But I don't... I just... Bill-"

"Ruh-Richie is right." Bill reassured, "In and ow-out. No one wuh-w-will t-touch you."

Stan wrapped his arm around Eddie, encasing him in his lavender scent. Eddie hugged him back, holding him tight when Bill joined, hugging Eddie from behind, his arms around his mate with Eddie sandwiched in the middle.

Richie smiled as he lit up a cigarette and took a drag, "So, what's the plan?"

"Bill and I were discussing it on the way here." Stan looked at Richie as he squeezed himself from the hug. Bill smiled and continued to hold Eddie. The sight should have made Richie mad, another alpha holding his mate, but he felt so secure about his bond with Eddie. Seeing his pack leader and his mate embracing sent a warm glow in Richie's chest.

Bill whispered reassurance in Eddie's ear as he held him tight, kissing him gently on the forehead. Eddie was gently released and Bill pushed him forward. Eddie went as he was instructed and climbed into Richie's open lap. He buried his face in Richie's neck as Richie took a drag of his cigarette. Richie could smell Bill's scent on his mate and he pursed his lips.

"As I was saying." Stan continued as Bill came to hold him from behind, scenting his mate. Richie watched them with a smile, noting how overly affectionate Bill was being. Was it because he was excited to leave this place behind? Or was it because Richie could smell Bill's scent from here. It was different.

"Seems like someone wants your attention." Richie snorted as he gestured to Bill with his cigarette. Bill let out an alpha purr, his campfire smell only had the faintest scent of arousal.

"Bill, we're with our family." Stanley chided sternly but Bill merely shrugged, his lips just slowly and tenderly kissing Stan's mate mark, "This is important."

"You're important." Bill whispered back, making Stanley flush instantly, his usually casual façade cracking.

"Oh, like this isn't anything we haven't seen before." Beverly snarked, "Don't you remember Halloween, Stan? You practically climbed him."

Stan's cheeks went a ruddy red color and he avoided the gaze of his pack as Bill casually put his hands on Stanley's hips to hold him, "Well, I mean-

"We're all animals here. No one cares about affection displays. Hell, he could knot you right there and I don't think anyone would bat an eye." Richie took a drag of his cigarette and ashed in the ashtray that Eddie was holding for him.

"Ben might." Eddie added in quietly. Everyone let out a chuckle of agreement at his remark before Stan tilted his head, clearly forgetting about his keen diligence or restraint.

"So." Stan continued his train of thought as Bill mouthed at his scent

mark, "Richie and Bill are taking Eddie to get his stuff. Mike's driving them. I'm going to be here finalizing plans with Beverly. And even though Ben isn't here physically, he said he was able to organize extra suitcases if anyone needs them."

"Yeah. I might." Richie piped up as he stubbed out his cigarette and adjusted Eddie in his lap, "I only have two bags and one case. My folks don't travel much so our house was sorely lacking in bags."

"I'll let him know." Beverly got up from her spot on the armrest of the sofa and then looked at Eddie, "Do you need more cases, Eds?"

"Maybe one." Eddie whispered quietly, looking at Bill and Stan. The alpha's hands were on Stanley's hips just barely under his shirt, his mouth sucking a patient purple spot over Stanley's mate mark.

"Would you like us to leave, horndog?" Richie called at Bill. The pack leader let a small snarl bubble from his chest at the words. Richie went silent, his body submitting to the sound of his leader telling him to stop. Richie held Eddie closer in his lap, trying to ignore the sounds that Stan made. Richie also continued to scent Eddie, replacing Bill's scent with his own.

"He's in pre-rut." Stan explained breathily, "His rut hits in three days."

"Ah." Richie nodded and looked at Bill, "That explains the behavior."

"And the smell." Eddie replied quietly, his body shuddering in Richie's grip.

"You okay?" Richie asked in a gentle whisper and Eddie shook his head, whining softly. Richie could smell how Bill's scent was affecting the omega. Even if they were mated, Eddie was still an omega and was still under the influence of his instincts.

Richie glanced down to see the erection in Eddie's lap and he nuzzled Eddie, scenting him as he lapped at Eddie's scent gland. Eddie let out a small whine, curling up against Richie as Bill continued to mark his mate.

"Bill, I fucking swear-" Stan warned quietly, "All of our friends-"

"Don't care." Bill crooned quietly, "You're mine."

"No one's gonna take me away." Stanley replied, "No one would dare. Strong alpha. My strong alpha, right?"

Richie watched how Stan brought Bill down from his dominant peak, easing him back down to earth with gentle whispers. Bill's entire body was shaking violently with surges of self control. Richie, too, was trying to control himself. The sudden rise of alpha scent in the room had his own inner alpha want to snarl. Bill's eyes were bright green, Stan's a cerulean blue. Richie saw everyone's eyes had turned their present shade. Even Eddie's eyes were bright lavender.

"You're okay, alpha." Stan reassured, "You're okay, see? Look at me, I'm here."

Bill nodded silently, his expression seemed strained and his eyes remained closed, "I'm okay."

"Do you think it's wise for him to go with you?" Beverly asked with concern, her eyes on Bill, "If he's so close to snapping, what happens if Sonia challenges him?"

"Whatever happens to Sonia, she deserves." Richie snarled heatedly as he pulled Eddie against his body, "Consequences be damned."

"You should get going." Beverly commented as she looked at the watch on her wrist, "I'll phone Ben to let him know you'll be fetching cases."

And with that she got up and crossed into the kitchen. Mike went to get his coat at the door and fetch the keys for the truck.

"Go get your coat, Eds." Richie smiled as he kissed Eddie's cheek, "Dress warmly."

"Yes, alpha." Eddie hopped from Richie's lap and scurried up the stairs. Richie looked to see that he had been left alone with Bill and Stan and almost felt intrusive of their moment.

Bill was still holding Stan against him, both of their eyes were closed and Bill had pushed Stan's turtleneck down again to kiss at his neck.

His strong arms were wrapped around the beta to keep him from toppling over.

"My beautiful pidge." Bill whispered against Stan's neck. Richie felt his cheeks wash with color and he cursed his keen hearing. He looked away and out of the living room window towards the snow.

"Strong alpha." Stanley replied, "So good to me."

"Can't wait to have you to myself." Bill groaned quietly as he pulled Stanley closer, "Three days, right?"

"Yes, alpha. You can wait three days, right?" Stan questioned quietly, "Can you wait for me?"

"Anything for you." Bill's voice seemed strained again. As though the idea of waiting was way too much and he had fought to push the words from his lips. Stan put both hands on Bill's on his hips and he sighed, "My mate."

Stan submitted entirely, turning his head to expose his neck. Richie sucked in a breath and looked out of a different window, too afraid to move or anything of the sort. He wasn't even sure that Bill and Stan were aware that he was still in the room.

"Such a good alpha." Stanley preened out a gentle praise, "Looking out for your pack. Keeping us all safe. So strong and brave."

Bill purred at the praise, nuzzling Stanley's scent gland, his fingertips practically digging into Stan's flesh to bruise him. Richie couldn't look away this time. Something about them was captivating and mesmerizing. Just like Eddie had said.

"Three days." Bill sighed, "Such a long time."

"But we'll be in our own place. New place. Just for us, remember? And you don't have to hide. We don't." Stanley sighed at the idea, "We can be us, Big Bill."

Bill let out a small and satisfied growl, "All mine. For everyone to see."

Richie heard Eddie come down the stairs and he felt his body visibly relax. He looked at his own mate with a smile and saw Eddie had a thick coat on over his clothing. And a beanie down over his head.

"Good omega." Richie got up from the sofa, crossing over to his mate. He smiled down at Eddie and gave him a tender kiss, "So happy you're mine."

"I'm happy to be yours, alpha. Although," Eddie snickered as he looked at Bill and Stan, "Don't think we'll ever be as happy as them."

"I dunno..." Richie sang as he nuzzled Eddie's neck, "I'm feelin' pretty good."

"Yeah but Stan's being dry humped and I don't think he's complaining very much." Eddie whispered with a small giggle leaving his lips. Richie looked up and into the living room from his spot by the stairs. They had a clear view of the couple. Eddie was right.

Bill had Stan up against the far wall of the living room. Richie could see Stan pinned to the faded white partition, a slender thigh between Stanley's legs, their bodies grinding in a fluid motion. Richie's eyes widened in surprise. Not in surprise that it was happening because he couldn't care less that Bill was practically ravishing his mate. But what surprised Richie was just how immensely in sync they seemed to be.

Stanley entire body fluxed as Bill moved against him, his back arching as the alpha's hands kneaded and pressed into his pale skin. The softest moans were leaving Stan's mouth, his eyes shut.

Richie genuinely wondered if those two were going to make it through three days of waiting. Then Richie wondered why they were waiting. He and Eddie didn't do that.

Richie looked at Eddie with a frown, "Question."

"Shoot."

"When you were with Bill and he had ruts," Richie scratched his head, "Did you also wait until he hit his rut to have sex or did you also fuck when he was in pre-rut?"

Eddie frowned, thinking back, "We had sex during pre-rut."

"Wonder why he and Stan wait it out then." Richie looked back to see the two kissing heatedly.

"Bill hurts Stan." Eddie whispered to Richie, "They wait until it's absolutely necessary for Bill to breed him. Because his knot is so big, Stan can't have sex as much as Bill needs or he'd bleed too much. Bill in a rut doesn't really care too much about prep. His instincts tell him that omegas don't need prep."

"But Stan isn't-"

"Exactly."

"Oh..." Richie breathed out as he looked at Stanley palming Bill slowly and he bit his lip, "That fucking sucks."

"They don't seem to mind too much." Eddie shrugged, "If they have a way of making it work then why stop them?"

"I guess." Richie looked at Stanley, a small pang of worry building in his stomach. His natural alpha instincts seemed to disagree with how nonchalant Eddie was to the beta being hurt, "I'm glad we'll be with them."

"We will?"

"Well, all four of us are going to be at Bill's apartment." Richie nodded his head, "In Boston. It'll be stupid for them to spend Bill's rut in Stan's dorm."

"Oh. True." Eddie whispered, "I'm sure they'll be fine."

"Well, we'll be there to help if they need it. Especially Stan." Richie looked at them again to see how pained Bill's face had become, his one hand curled into a fist on the wall as though he were fighting for control. Richie's lips pursed as he turned to Eddie, "Let's give them a minute of privacy. I know how Bill feels. It fucking hurts like shit."

"Talk to me about 'hurt' when you have heat cramps." Eddie snorted as he stuffed his hands into the pockets of his parka jacket. He and

Richie turned to walk out of the house and into the cold weather. Richie picked Eddie up and carried him down the porch steps.

They got to the truck where Mike was already sitting behind the wheel. He smiled at them and rolled the window down slightly, giving up halfway when the frost shut the window a few inches down.

"Where are you guys sitting?" Mike asked, "One of you can sit up front because I'm sure as hell not having Bill here with me. I'll suffocate or kill him."

Richie let out a snort, "He's not that bad."

"If he's away from Stan during pre-rut, he becomes impossible." Mike scoffed, "Those two are banished to the back."

"Well, Eds. Wanna sit with the lovebirds or with Mike?" Richie asked as he looked at his mate. Eddie leaned in to look at the cab.

"I doubt we can both fit in there. You and your long legs." Eddie eyed Richie's legs with something in his eye that definitely wasn't ridicule or sarcasm. Richie snickered in response to being looked up and down by his mate, "I think Ben can sit up front with Mike when we fetch him. Rich and I will keep a look out over the horny boys."

"I don't know why you two are making fun of them for being all over each other," Mike scratched his chin idly, "You two were way worse about three weeks ago."

Eddie went bright pink in the face and went to pull his beanie down, "Was not."

"He's got a point, Spaghetti. We were banished to the clubhouse and fucked in the snow."

"Hey." Eddie's resolve steeled with his signature stubbornness, "In my defence, I was in agony and Richie had what I needed."

"Oh, I have no doubt." Mike snorted, "We're all aware of what Richie has."

"I keep forgetting about that goddamn orgy." Eddie muttered under his breath as he walked away to the flatbed of the truck. Richie chuckled as he looked at Mike.

"Hey, Homeschool?"

"Trashmouth?"

"How come you aren't interested in mating?" Richie asked curiously and then turned to see Eddie trying and failing to climb into the truck, his face twisted in pain, "One sec." He walked away from Mike and went to Eddie, "Need a hand, omega?"

"No, I got it." Eddie grunted as he lowered the back gate of the flatbed and tried to sling his leg up onto it. He got about halfway before he doubled over, sounding winded, "Fuck."

"Eds-"

"I fucking got it, dickwad." Eddie snapped, "I'm not a baby."

Richie stepped back, looking at Mike to see the beta grinning at him in the side mirror. Richie flipped him off and then turned his attention back to his mate, "Eddie, I really think-"

"Yeah. You think on it. And keep, ah-" Eddie yelped as he tried to climb on again, "Keep it that way."

Richie folded his arms, watching Eddie's legs swing as he tried to lift himself up. Eventually he let out a sigh after a couple minutes and wrapped a single arm around Eddie's chest to hoist him up. Eddie's body froze up and his arms folded over his chest as Richie sat him on the bed of the truck. Eddie's glance was scathing, his face livid and akin to a petulant child.

"I would have grown a beard before you got in there by yourself." Richie grinned, "I didn't baby you. I gave you a hand. You're still a big strong man, Eds."

"You bet your ass." Eddie scooted across the flatbed to get comfy, "Don't you forget it, bub."

"I don't think I could if I tried." Richie added, "Or that you'd let me forget it."

Eddie slid to the very front of the truck and sat by the window to the cab, his hands clasped over his lower stomach. He looked pained but relaxed that he was finally still.

Richie walked back to Mike's window, "Where was I?"

"You asked me why I don't want to mate." Mike replied and Richie grinned, nodding, "I just... I'm a beta, I don't feel the same biological need to have babies."

"Not just babies, Homeschool." Richie shrugged, biting on a hangnail, "Having a girl or something. Someone for you."

"Richie..." Mike leaned in, "There's a lot I haven't said to you guys. And I just- I'm not ready to explain myself yet."

"Homeschool? Are you gay?"

"No."

"Straight?"

"Nope."

"Bi?"

"Nah."

"Then what the hell, Mike?"

"I'm me." Mike shrugged, "I'm Mike Hanlon. And I have no interest in men or women. I have barely an interest in sex. The only sex I've ever had was with Stanley because he wanted me to. And he needed it. He needed me. And that's it. I lied about losing my virginity. Rich," Mike sucked in a breath, "I don't like sex, I haven't ever really wanted to do it. It's not for me and I'm happy with myself for it."

"Whoa..." Richie's eyebrows rose, "You don't like sex?"

"It's not that it grosses me out or anything. It's not that I get overly uncomfortable about it." Mike shrugged, "I don't mind that you guys are all so open because my biology is okay with it. But I don't want a person or sex. I'm happy being a single man with no desire to fornicate."

"I'm proud of you, Mikey." Eddie leaned in through the cab window, a bright smile on his face.

"If you don't mind me asking, Mikey..." Richie cleared his throat, "If you're not homo or straight, then. What are you?"

"I actually tried to look it up but Derry has an unsurprisingly small amount of books on sexuality." Mike shrugged, "Maybe when you get to Boston, you can look for me."

"I will." Eddie smiled, "But you're still Mike."

"That I am." Mike grinned, "And I'm pretty happy being Mike." His smile then faltered, "What I'm not happy with is that I'm still waiting for Big Bill and his body pillow."

Richie let out a howl of laughter and turned to look at the house. He walked back towards the farmhouse, still chuckling to himself. He went up the steps and into the living room. It was empty.

He craned his neck, tuning his ears in for any noise. He could hear Beverly still on the phone, talking idly to Ben. He could also hear Bill and Stan somewhere upstairs and from what he could tell, someone was getting a blowjob.

A grin spread on Richie's mouth at the thought of Bill getting his knot sucked. Then he realized that Stanley Uris was one brave and adventurous motherfucker to take that insanely immense knot in his mouth.

"Go Stanley." Richie whispered to himself as he walked through the living room and into the kitchen. He wrapped his arms around Beverly, listening to her saying goodbyes to her boyfriend.

"I love you, too." She smiled as she hung up.

"Awww. Bevvie is in love." Richie crooned as he kissed her neck and held her, "How fucking sweet."

"Oh, suck a knot." She snorted and elbowed him in the ribs, eliciting a grunt that didn't seem to stop Richie, he barely felt the blow to his side, "Speaking of..."

"Oh, you can hear it too?" Richie snickered, "I didn't know Stan had it in him."

"I'm not even surprised." She snorted as he tilted her head to submit to the alpha that was casually nipping at her neck, "It's never the ones you expect."

"True." Richie sighed, "Little bird boy getting all the worms."

"God." Bev scoffed in disgust as she turned in his arms to look at him, "You're such a pig."

"At your cervix, ma'am."

"Beep beep, Richie." She chided, "You're not allowed at my cervix anymore, you're a mated wolf."

"Oh." Richie waved a hand, "Eddie would jump Bill in a second if he had a chance. A pack is a pack and we're all together."

"You're not fucking me in the kitchen, Richie." Beverly slapped him playfully on the shoulder, "You just got mated. Behave yourself."

Richie shrugged, smiling, "I'd never do that to Eddie anyway. As much of a looker as you are, Bevvie."

"Good." She eyed him, "I'm glad you have some bedside manner."

"Speaking of bedside manner." Richie looked at the clock on the wall, "I wish Bill would just blow a load and get done. We have to go."

"I think I'm gonna go with." Beverly added in, her face dropping into something that Richie recognized as a genuine discomfort, "With Bill needing Stan to go with him, I'll be here alone. And Ben is going with, too. Might as well join."

"Why don't you go and sit with Eds." Richie smiled as he looked down at her, kissing her chastely, "Go and keep my omega company, beta."

"Yes, alpha." Beverly batted her eyelashes as she slipped from Richie's grasp and sidled from the kitchen.

Alpha.

Richie liked the sound of that from her mouth. More than he cared to admit.

"If you don't want me in your pants then ditch the sexy talk, Marsh!" Richie called after her, hearing her giggle as she walked out of the front door.

Richie heard Bill moaning brokenly from upstairs and he nodded, leaning against the counter. He waited for them, making sure that they were both okay. His alpha hearing could pick up on every single pant, every breath, every slurp or grunt. His ears were growing warm and he couldn't ignore how the sounds were making his dick ache. He sat himself on the counter, fiddling with the bracelet around his wrist. He adjusted himself in his jeans and sat back against the wall, staring at the magnets on the fridge with unfocused eyes.

After a couple minutes he heard the door open upstairs and soft whispers as the couple descended the stairs.

"Back to normal, Billiam?"

Stan let out a yelp of fright and turned to the kitchen, eyes wide as he stared at Richie in horror. Bill also seemed surprised.

"What are you...?" Stan panted heatedly, a slender hand on his heart, "Richie-

"Made sure you two made it out alive." Richie snorted as he hopped off of the counter and slung an arm around Bill, "Mike's waiting."

"I-" Bill frowned and cleared his throat as Richie steered Bill to the door, "Thuh-Thanks."

Richie turned to look at Stan, "You good, Staniel?"

"Other than the embolism you gave me? I'm as pleasant as punch, Richard." Stanley walked passed Richie, who eyed him with a shit-eating grin.

"Oh, I'm sure you are, Stan the Man." Richie commented idly as he and Stan walked onto the porch. Stan looked at Richie.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means that you're a pro at giving head." Richie hopped from the porch and turned to look at Stan, who was frozen on the porch with one hand gripping the pillar. He looked like he was about to pass out, "Didn't know you could take it like that, Stanley. Well done. I should give you more credit."

"I- I don't... How did you- What-?" Stan whispered under his breath before he collected himself, straightening his posture. He threw Richie a withering look before sauntering passed him coolly, "I won't dignify that with an answer, Tozier."

"Oh, I bet."

39. Chapter 39

The entire group of Losers pulled up in Mike's truck outside of Eddie's house. They all stared up at the house but no one dared to move. Ben and Beverly were in front with Mike and the other four boys were in the back bed with the three suitcases.

"You ready?" Richie whispered quietly to his mate, who was visibly trembling, his body smelled of rotten fear, "You can do this, omega."

"What if she won't let me go?" Eddie whispered, tears welling in his eyes.

"Eds," Bill put a hand on Eddie's shoulder, "You're mated now. Your body won't want to submit to her like it used to. She has no hold over you. And Richie and I will be there."

"The whole time?" Eddie looked at the two alphas with wide eyes. They both nodded firmly, their shoulders set.

Richie jumped out of the back of the truck with Bill before he lifted Eddie out and into the snow. He held Eddie's hand with Bill on his flank and made their way to the door.

"Brave omega." Richie praised, "Doing so well."

Eddie nodded as he practically glued himself to Richie's side like a barnacle on a ship. Richie stopped at the front door and turned to Eddie, bending to look him in the eye.

"Hey. I love you, Eds. No one is gonna hurt you. I'm your alpha now, okay?" Richie took Eddie's hand and put it on his own mate mark, "Feel that? That's you and me. Can't you feel how much I love you? How proud I am?"

Eddie nodded quietly, his hand touching the bruised bite, "I can."

"You're gonna go in and get anything you want. Bill brought you a suitcase. And we're gonna keep that bitch away from you." Richie looked at Bill, "Right, Big Bill?"

"Of course." Bill smiled at Eddie. Eddie nodded and took a large puff of his inhaler, exhaling shakily before he turned to the front door. He opened the door quietly and stepped into the dark house.

"Eddie-kins, is that you?" Sonia called out and every single wolf in the doorway stiffened. Richie rushed Eddie, scooping him up to bolt up the stairs before Sonia could get her claws on him. Bill was right behind him, holding a black suitcase above his head as they launched themselves into Eddie's bedroom.

Richie set Eddie on his bed as Bill pressed himself against the door. Richie put the suitcase on the bed and unzipped it, opening the large case for Eddie.

"Hurry Eds. Take whatever you want." Richie smiled, "Anything you need."

Eddie went to his cupboard, opening the doors to grab a pile of clothing. He walked to his case and set the stack of shirts down when there was a knock on the door that had them all freeze.

"Eddie-bear, is that you? It's mommy." Sonia called through the door and Richie felt Eddie's genuine fear spike through his mate mark. Richie got up from the bed and went to the door.

"Eddie is here with Bill and I, Sonia." He called, "He's getting some stuff together."

"Stuff?" Sonia asked as the door handle began to jiggle suddenly, "Eddie, let mommy in."

"No." Eddie squealed as Bill pressed his weight against the door, "Go away!"

"Eddie, let me in this instant!" Sonia snarled as she pushed on the door. Bill was pushed slightly before he pushed back, shutting the door again. Richie let out a snarl and sat Eddie down on the bed. He began running around, throwing Eddie's clothing into his bag for him.

Eddie clambered off of the bed to shove other stuff into the bag like his medication and a few keepsakes.

"Edward Kaspbrak, you let me in right now! Tell that alpha to move!" Sonia shrieked as she continued to open the door. Bill's jaw was set as he shouldered the door closed.

Eddie froze and looked at the door, "I have stuff in the bathroom."

"Is it important?" Richie whispered quietly and Eddie nodded in reply, "Well, fuck. Bill let her in."

Richie steeled himself in front of Eddie, holding his mate behind his body as Bill opened the door. But he blocked Sonia from entering.

"What do you want?" Bill asked calmly, standing in the doorway, glaring down at Sonia with his usual blue eyes a brilliant alpha green.

"I demand you move. I want to see my son!" Sonia crowed with fury but Bill didn't move.

"Like hell." Richie snorted, "You don't deserve to see him."

"He's my son!"

"He's my mate!" Richie snarled back as Sonia pushed passed Bill. He stumbled back in surprise and instantly shot back to stand at her side, eyes glaring between her and his two pack members.

"Eddie, come to mommy."

"No." Eddie peered out, "I'm with Richie now."

"Don't be silly, Eddie." Sonia tried to reason, "Why are you packing? Where are you going?"

"None of your business, Sonia." Richie snarled, "Stand down. That's a fucking order."

Sonia submitted despite her best efforts. Bill wrapped a strong arm around her neck and pulled her aside as Richie helped Eddie out of his bedroom and into the bathroom. Richie could feel Eddie's anxiety rolling from him in waves. The anxiety was burning in Richie's mate mark.

Eddie went through everything in the bathroom, throwing as much as he could into the backpack in Richie's hands. Richie could hear Sonia fighting in Bill's grip. He glanced at Eddie nervously.

"Is that everything?"

"I don't-" Eddie looked around and then at his alpha, "I think so."

"What about your wallet and that stuff."

"Wallet is back at Mike's." Eddie nodded, "What do I need to get to..." He trailed off, avoiding the name of the city that they were going to.

"Nothing of importance." Richie opened the bathroom door. He heard Bill snarl angrily and a shuffle of grunting. He turned to see Sonia fly out of the bedroom and slam into the hallway wall. Richie ran into the bedroom to see Bill snarling and panting with fury, his arm flowing with blood, "What the fuck?!"

"Bitch bit me." Bill panted out as he spat on the carpet, "So I fly-kicked her into the wall."

Richie looked back to see the large barrel of a woman in her pink tracksuit. She was laying in a crumpled heap on the carpeted floor and seemed unconscious, "Nice one."

"She deserved it." Bill snarled as Eddie came into the bedroom looking green. He saw Bill's arm and let out a loud squawk. Eddie stumbled to Bill and held his arm up before he pulled a first aid kit from his bedside drawer. He opened the white box and began winding gauze bandage around Bill's forearm.

Richie could feel Eddie's fretting through the mate mark and almost smiled at how Eddie worried over the pack. Eddie wrapped Bill's arm in the bandage and clipped it closed before he stuffed the first aid kit into the suitcase.

He continued to pack as Richie helped him, stuffing shoes and jackets into the other suitcase that actually belonged to Eddie. Bill stood guard at the door, seething and glaring at Sonia's unmoving body with his arms folded over his broad chest.

Eddie stopped in the middle of his room and curled over slightly. Richie could feel that he was getting sore from being on his feet.

"Bill, help Eds to the truck. Put him by Stan." Richie began packing Eddie's shoes properly into the suitcase. He handed Eddie his pillow with a smile and gave Eddie's temple a kiss. Bill put an arm around Eddie and the two walked out.

Richie could hear Bill distracting Eddie from his pain as he eased the omega down the stairs. Richie glanced down at Sonia and pushed the anger back down. He turned and looked around, stuffing some socks and Eddie's underwear in the side compartment of the suitcase.

Richie packed in a few more of Eddie's trinkets before he zipped everything closed. He was suddenly hit by something solid and he stumbled to the side, clutching his head.

He snarled, spinning to see Sonia in the room, holding one of her shoes, the other lay on the floor by Richie.

"Did you just-" Richie rubbed his head, grimacing, "A fucking shoe?!"

"You will not... take my son... From me." Sonia seethed through heaving breaths, her squinting eyes burning holes into Richie.

Richie stalked up to her, "How are you planning to stop me, omega? Huh? He's my mate now. I call the shots."

Sonia's eyes flickered to the mark on Richie's neck and back up to his face, her small lips twisting into an angry grimace, "Well, you can't take him."

"Oh, me and five other wolves say otherwise." Richie snarled, "And I don't think Bill would approve of you tearing his pack apart." Richie looked up to see Bill leering in the doorway. His eyes were full of anger, "Especially if he's in pre-rut, isn't that right, Big Bill?"

Sonia whipped around to see Bill in the doorway of the room, his eyes flashed bright green as he looked at her, baring his teeth.

"You wouldn't hurt me." She spat, "You know you won't get away with it-"

Bill let out a vicious snarl that cut her off and made her whimper. He looked at Richie, "Got everything?"

"Seems like it." Richie went back to zip up the bags properly. He slung the backpack over both shoulders and took a suitcase in each hand. He turned to see Sonia blocking him, "I'm getting seriously tired of this."

"I refuse to let you take him away from me. I know what's best for him. I'm his mother-"

Richie dropped a case and wrapped his large fingers around her throat to silence her. He let out a snarl as he picked her up from the ground, his growl echoing through the room as anger rolled from him in waves. He bared his teeth as he lifted the small, fat woman up to his eyes.

"If you don't shut the fuck up, I will tear you apart." Richie snarled, his voice in a venomous whisper, "I am so sick of your abuse. I've never hated anyone more than you. And that includes the pig that killed my litter. You are far worse." Richie dropped her on the ground and placed a foot down on her throat as she struggled to move, "He may have destroyed my litter in a few seconds but you... You took your fucking time to break my mate. For his whole life. You're a fucking monster."

Richie pressed his foot down on her neck, a part of him wanted so badly to press until he could watch the life drain from her eyes. But a stronger part of him refused. He moved his foot as he handed the suitcases to Bill.

He crouched down to Sonia's heaving body on the floor and looked into her fearful eyes, "Don't you ever look for us. Don't you ever come into our lives again. Not me, not Eddie, not even Ben or Mike. None of my pack. Or I will hang you by your fat feet and make you squeal, little pig."

Richie straightened up as he grabbed Eddie's favorite blanket. He threw it over his shoulder and stepped over her. Sonia was whimpering and muttering incoherently. She made a pass at trying to grab Richie's feet but he kicked her hands aside.

He gave her one last snarl, watching her cower and cover her pudgy face. He slammed the door behind him and went down the hallway, his body surging angrily.

He walked down the stairs and out of the house. He threw the backpack onto the flatbed and climbed onto the truck in silence. He was seething with fury, his body trembling with rage.

The betas in the truck were curled away from him. Bill was being caressed by Stan as they pulled out of the driveway. Eddie came closer to Richie slowly and let out a curious whimper. Richie looked up at his mate and held up the blanket for him. Eddie came to sit beside Richie, letting the alpha wrap him up in the old quilt.

They stopped outside Richie's house down the street for him to get his cases. He stared at the driveway and saw that, at least, his father was out. He kissed Eddie on the cheek, "I'll be right back."

"Do you want me to come with?" Bill asked in a soft voice as Richie stood up and took one of the empty cases. He looked at his alpha with a smile and shook his head.

"Stay with your mate. You need him." Richie jumped from the bed of the truck and then stopped. He went around to the passenger side as Bev rolled down the window, "Would you come with, Bevvie?"

"Me? Why?" She asked as she opened the door. Of course, she would go when Richie asked her. She would do it without question, follow him anywhere. But she still wanted to know.

"Mom likes you." Richie shrugged as he took her hand and led her into the house. He stood with her in the hallway, "Follow my lead, yeah?"

"Yes, alpha." She whispered as Richie zipped his jacket up to his neck.

"Ma?" Richie called as he dragged Beverly into the kitchen where his mom was cooking, "You home?"

"Hi, Rich." Maggie turned from where she was chopping vegetables, she wiped her hands on her apron, "Oh, hello Beverly."

"Mrs. Tozier." Beverly greeted as Richie squeezed her hand tried to ignore the butterflies in his stomach.

"What is it, Rich? You smell tense."

"Ma..." Richie gestured to one of the kitchen chairs as he sat down with Beverly, sitting across from a very confused Maggie, "I- We- We need help."

"Help? With what?" Maggie looked between the two of them, "Richie, what did you do?"

"We're in love, Ma." Richie looked at Bev and lay his head on her shoulder, "I love Bev."

Maggie smiled, her smile seemed genuine but still very puzzled with a frown in her brows, "Why do you need help?"

"We... We want to leave Derry." Richie bit his lip, "Be together. Because this town doesn't want us together. I'm an alpha and she's a beta."

"Wait a second, Richard." Maggie held her hands up a bit, "I thought Beverly was dating the Hanscom boy?"

"Oh," Beverly breathed out, "A cover. Because he's also a beta. But he's just... He's my best friend."

"Oh." Maggie bit her lip, "I suppose that makes sense."

"We want to go to Bangor or something. Live together. I can get a job in the city and make a life there and she can come with me when she's ready to leave here."

"Why do you need help?" Maggie frowned and looked between the two of them, "You have the money I paid you. All your Hanukkah money and your job-"

"It's... It's not enough." Richie muttered and then leaned in, "She may be pregnant."

"Richie!" Beverly yelped suddenly and her wide eyes shot between

the two Toziers at the table. Richie looked at his mother's shocked face. She seemed surprised as she looked at Beverly and then slowly looked at her son again.

"May be?" Maggie tilted her head, "She doesn't smell..."

"Alpha nose." Richie tapped his large nose, "She didn't have a heat or anything and I guess I didn't think. We weren't safe. I know the chance is slim because she's not an omega but it does happen."

"Richie, stop..." Beverly begged quietly as she put a hand on his shoulder, "Don't do this."

Richie looked at Beverly with a sad smile, "Mom deserves to know. I mean she knows we had sex for my birthday," Richie turned to look at Maggie, "Right?"

"I try not to think about my son having sex." Maggie grimaced lightly and Richie grinned, looking chuffed as hell, "I just... Are you ready to have a family, Rich? A litter is a huge responsibility."

"Of course." Richie leaned in, "It doesn't matter who I mate with, if I have a litter with them, I'll be the best dad I can."

Richie a mind wasn't even thinking of Beverly and the story he had spun. His mind instantly thought back to his mate outside. His heart fluttered in his chest and he knew Eddie would feel the wave of emotion.

"I want to be an alpha and raise a family in a safe place. I want them to have a better life than Derry." Richie urged, "Mom, please. Don't I deserve this?"

Maggie stared at her son in silence as tears filled her eyes, "For you and your family?"

"Me and my family." Richie promised. It wasn't a lie. He was using the money for him and his family. That he could promise. His mom just didn't know who his family would be. He couldn't bear to tell her.

"Alright." She got up with a small sigh, "For your family, Richard."

Because I can see it on your face. I can see it."

She vanished up the stairs as Richie buried his face into his arms on the table and let out a groan of relief.

"I can't believe you." Beverly hissed, "What the hell?"

"I knew she'd want to give me something if I left. She had saved up for me having a family. But she won't give me squat if she finds out that my family is Eddie." Richie sat up and looked at Beverly with earnest, "Sorry, Bev."

Beverly vellicated, her nose scrunching up before she let out a sigh and put her hand on his to squeeze it. She smiled at him heedfully, "Fine. But a warning would be better next time."

"Next time?" Richie snorted, "Sure."

Maggie reappeared with a check in her hand, holding it out to him, "Do I get to know where you and Beverly are going?"

"Not until we're ready. I want to keep her safe." Richie leaned in and began scenting her, a hand on Beverly's stomach. He looked up at his mother and he could see her eyes softening at the affection of her son on his supposed mate, "You can understand that, right Ma?"

"Of course." Maggie gave the check to her son, who pocketed it, "Well then, cash that check before you leave. Otherwise, your father might trace it to wherever you are. Or the bank might phone here."

"Thank you." Richie got up and gave her a hug, "So much. I'm gonna raise the best family. For you. I promise."

"I know you will, Rich. I never doubted you." Maggie hugged her son, "I just hope you're ready."

"I didn't think I was..." Richie pulled back, "Until I could smell them." Richie thought back to the smell of his pregnant mate and his heart swelled again with pride, "I knew I could do it, Ma."

"Such a good boy." Maggie smiled as Richie looked back at Bev. He helped her from the chair and the two of them went up the stairs to

his room. He closed the door and saw his suitcase sitting in the corner, his room looked stark and empty despite still having a few decorations on the walls. He couldn't take anything that he didn't need.

"How much did she give you?" Beverly whispered, taking Richie's check from his shirt pocket to open it, "Sweet shit."

Richie leaned in to look at the number and let out a low whistle as he stuffed some clothing into the suitcase he had brought with him, "The woman was always good with numbers."

"That'll definitely help." Beverly smiled, and then looked at Richie as he haphazardly shoved pants and sneakers into the suitcase, "What the fuck do I do now that I'm staying? What if she sees me in a month or two and I'm not pregnant?"

"Just say you miscarried." Richie shrugged as he picked up his one suitcase and set it by the door, "Your body wasn't compatible with my litter."

Beverly blanched at the thought, "How can you be so blasé about that?"

Richie didn't respond right away. He knew Beverly was looking at him as he pushed the last few items of clothing that he owned into a suitcase and zipped it shut. He put his backpack on his shoulder and took his two suitcases.

She was still staring at him with hurt in her eyes. He looked at her with a small downturn of his lips, his chest aching, "I've had to deal with it, haven't I?"

Beverly looked down, a small flash of guilt on her face, "Oh."

"Let's go." Richie whispered as she opened the door, "I can feel Eddie getting antsy."

40. Chapter 40

Summary for the Chapter:

Here's 8.8k that I'm so fucking proud of. I know you're gonna like it.

Richie was sitting in Eddie's bedroom with him, his eyes cast down at the orange backpack between his feet. He was staring at the two small stacks of cash that lay on top of his clothing.

"Do you think she accidentally added an extra zero on the check?" Eddie whispered as he peered in to look at the money, "That seems like a lot."

"It is a lot, Eds." Richie replied quietly as he put his elbows on his knees and both hands clasped over his mouth. He stared at the money a little longer, "It's definitely enough to get us started."

"At- At least you don't have to have a job right away. We could live off of this for a couple-a months." Eddie urged as he squeezed Richie's knee, "We aren't paying rent or anything, are we?"

"Bill didn't say we had to but maybe I can talk to him about it." Richie shrugged and then looked at Eddie, "How are you feeling?"

"Can't you tell?" Eddie asked, his eyes flickering to Richie's neck and back.

"I can." Richie shrugged, "But I'm asking you."

"Not as much pain." Eddie smiled, "It's getting a lot better every hour. I'll probably be fine by tomorrow."

"Good." Richie leaned over to put his head on Eddie's shoulder, "I'm glad you're feeling better."

"I'm glad we're leaving." Eddie sighed, "This time tomorrow we'll be on a train."

"Yeah, we will." Richie smiled, "It's gonna be great, Eds. We can be a

family. We can actually be together."

Richie could feel Eddie's excitement flourish in his own mate mark. The feeling had him smile.

Richie leaned in to his mate and began scenting him. He paused and took another deep sniff.

"What?"

"You smell different again." Richie sighed, "You smell like you're gonna be in heat."

"In a week, yeah." Eddie sighed and looked down uncomfortably, "I'm gonna be hitting my pre-heat soon. Also means your pre-rut is on its way sometime, too."

"Oh..." Richie looked down, feeling Eddie's tension at the mere mention of the week of hell they were about to go through again. Richie decided that their last day in town was not going to be the night they discussed it. He got up and looked at Eddie, holding out his hands, "Let's go and spend time with our friends."

"Can't believe we aren't all going." Eddie pouted as Richie helped him up. Richie felt the sadness in Eddie and he let out a sigh.

"It won't be for long." Richie reassured, "Bev said her and Ben will probably just have to work things out and plan for it all. Maybe a month or so."

Eddie stopped in the doorway, "And Mike?"

"I don't know, Eds." Richie pulled him out of the bedroom gently, "Ask him when you see him."

Eddie walked down the stairs with Richie, they could hear everyone chatting and laughing in the living room. Richie could hear a fire crackling as well.

He and Eddie went into the living room and were greeted with small cheers and smiles. Bill and Stan were curled and entwined on the comfy armchair by the fire, the beta in Bill's lap as he conversed with

Mike.

Mike was sitting on the floor nearby, legs crossed and arms back to keep him up.

Beverly was curled up on the sofa by the window, her head on a pillow. Ben had gone home early for dinner with his aunt and uncle and said he would return afterwards to spend their last evening together.

"How you feelin', Eddie?" Mike asked cheerily, smiling at the omega as he went to sit on the sofa in front of the fire. Eddie looked at Mike with a smile.

"Pretty good." Eddie shrugged, fiddling with the bottom of his polo shirt. Richie sat down beside his mate and put an arm around him, holding him close, "I'm just gonna miss you guys."

"Aww, Eddie." Beverly smiled and sat up a bit to look at him, "We'll be there soon. Instead of thinking about us being here. Think about it like... Like you and Richie are going on a honeymoon."

Eddie looked up at that suddenly, his brow furrowed, "A honeymoon?"

"Think about it. You guys and Bill and Stan are both mated. That's like being married. And neither of you had a honeymoon. So now you're both going away for a while to be together as a couple. Spend time together." Beverly smiled at Ben and then looked at Eddie again, her eyes sparkling, "A honeymoon in Boston. All on your own. All the romance you want. No one to stop you."

"That... That does sound nice." Eddie admitted and Richie could feel Eddie's bubbling excitement in his mate mark.

"And then we'll all come and stay with you guys when your honeymoon is over. Instead of coming home after your honeymoon, home will be coming to you." Mike added on to Beverly's previous statement. Eddie looked at him with wide eyes and Richie could feel the rush of affection that Eddie felt in his mate mark. Richie smiled and gave Eddie a squeeze.

"Still gonna miss you guys." Richie looked at Mike on the floor and then at Mike, "The new kids, you and Ben."

"Two of the best, sir." Mike chortled.

"Ah say, ah say," Richie put on a Southern drawl, "Ah reckon those boys are the damn near finest cowpokes I ever done had. Two real fine gentlemen here, fellas."

Eddie snorted, rolling his eyes as a small smile played on his lips. He looked at Beverly, "Gonna miss you too, Bevvie."

"Don't make me cry, Eddie." Beverly smiled at him fondly, "God knows I'm gonna cry tomorrow."

Eddie looked down at his lap, "I wish our last time together was something special. Something... Where we all are together, y'know?"

"If Richie suggests another orgy, I'm gonna thump him." Mike retorted after a moment of silence. His comment had each of the Loser's burst into a small wave of genuine laughter. But they all looked at Richie for a response.

"What?" Richie rebuked, "Another orgy? Wasn't the last one enough for you?"

"To be fair, it's probably not a good idea." Stan cleared his throat, "Eddie's still sore, Bill's in his pre-rut and Mike doesn't even enjoy sex. Bill wouldn't let me sleep with anyone else. So it would be Richie and Bev."

"Hey, you boys can watch me give our beautiful Bevvie some good lovin'. Nothing like a circle jerk of group masturbation to warm your spirits and cream your undies."

The pack let out peels and groans of disgust at Richie's comment. Eddie even gave him backhand to the gut despite laughing and calling him an idiot. Beverly flipped Richie off as Mike looked out of the window with a blush on his cheeks.

"Don't tell me you guys wouldn't watch that." Richie snorted, "Liar liar. Except maybe Homeschool."

"If any sort of fornicating commences in this house, I'm going to go for a drive or something. Feed the chickens... Fling myself off the roof." Mike added the last one under his breath and Bill let out a laugh, chuckling fondly at his good friend's humor.

"I don't think another orgy is a good idea." Stan sighed as he lay his head back against Bill's neck, "But Eddie is right. This is our last night all together for a while."

"What should we do?" Richie looked at his pack slowly, all of their faces seemed to pucker or frown in thought.

Eddie completely detailed Richie's train of thought when a slow bubble of pain hit his mate mark. He looked at Eddie and saw that the omega beside him was crying silently. He had tears running down his face, his bottom lip trembling.

"Eds?" Richie sat up properly and leaned in to hold Eddie, "What's wrong, omega?"

"I miss Bev..." Eddie whispered brokenly, pulling his legs against his chest as he let out a sob. Beverly sat up with concern.

"What?" She shot off of the sofa and came to crouch beside Eddie against the arm rest, "Eddie-baby, I'm right here." She looked at Richie with a frown and he could only shrug. She ran soft circles on Eddie's back to comfort him as he cried.

"I don't wah-wanna lee-ee-ave Bev." Eddie wailed brokenly and he was unfurled by Beverly. She pulled him into a hug, shushing him quietly.

"Eddie, it's gonna be okay." She reassured, "You aren't leaving us. You're going on holiday, remember?"

Eddie whimpered as she pulled him off of the couch to hug him, holding him close in her arms as they stood in the middle of the living room. The rest of the Loser's looked on with somber expressions. Eddie buried his face into her neck as he held her tight, sniffing. Richie rubbed his mate mark, his lips turned down at the sheer devastation that he could feel from his mate.

He knew how broken Eddie was and the fact that he was just going into pre-heat meant his emotions were running haywire on top of everything.

"I'm sorry, Bev." Eddie sniffed, "It's so much. All of this."

"I know, Eds." She caressed him, her hand through his hair, "You're doing so well, though. Everything that's happened..." She swayed with him like a comforting mother would rock a small child when they scraped their knee.

Eddie pulled away for a second to wipe his tears away. He ran his hands over his face and then he put his hands on her hips, holding her close to him as his body shook with his unsteady breaths.

Beverly pursed her lips and looked at Richie, their eyes locking as they shared unsaid words. Richie knew how Eddie loved every single one of his friends. He knew it was breaking Eddie inside to be split from his family. Even before he could feel it in his mate mark, he could see it in Eddie's eyes.

Eddie sniffed, nodding to himself as he brought his inhaler up and took a heavy puff on the orange aspirator. He looked at Beverly as his flushed cheeks went beet red, "Sorry, Bev."

"Oh, Eddie." She smiled and pulled him into another hug, "Precious omega."

"Stupid hormones." Eddie sighed and held her close, "Hate being an omega sometimes."

"You're still the best omega ever, Eds." Beverly smiled as she brushed his curls from his face, "No one can take that title from you."

Eddie's cheeks went pink at the praise and his head tilted to submit to the beta. He leaned in, kissing her gently. Richie sat up in surprise. Eddie had never kissed Bev before, in all the years of them being friends, they had never had outward affection that stemmed any further than platonic.

Beverly kissed Eddie in return, their mouths moving in sync. Richie's eyes were wide with surprise, unable to look away. It was as though

they had all slipped into one of his fantasies. The two people he fawned after in his life were now licking into each other's mouths. He looked around to see if anyone else was seeing this and from the way the pack's faces were all staring in the same direction, it seemed to be happening.

Richie knew that Eddie was gay. Eddie had never seemed at all interested in any girl even as a young teenager. But Richie also knew that Bev was different. And pack mentality was different. Sexuality within the wolf pack sometimes blurred together. Like Mike not entirely being happy with sex and yet he still took part in the orgy. Or now.

Instincts sometimes overruled sexuality. Instincts sometimes overruled gender. Animal behavior won over on thought and body.

Eddie let out a moan as he pulled from Beverly's lips, his mouth sucking on her neck in the most tender fashion.

"G'na miss you, Bevvie." Eddie crooned softly, "G'na miss you."

Beverly didn't reply with words, her head was tilted for the omega, her eyes closed and her hands on his biceps. Richie was so puzzled by the action, so confused as to what and why. He was so sure the conversation about their group sex had been had and that they had agreed not to do it. Clearly, he had missed something.

Eddie uncovered his face from Beverly's neck and turned to look at Richie with lust-filled eyes, his pink lips swollen, "Does this make you happy, alpha?"

Beverly was panting lightly, her hands had slid up to Eddie's shoulders. Her eyes glanced aside to look at Richie as well, wide and dilated and seeking beta praise.

Richie's chest swelled with an alpha pride, suddenly realizing that this was indeed for his benefit. Eddie still wanted to please his alpha without hurting himself. Harmless foreplay could definitely work in his favor.

Richie nodded his head at the omega, eyes shifting bright green as

they danced from Eddie to Bev. He looked at Mike, who had somehow slipped away unnoticed to go and stand by the wall. He didn't look distinctly uncomfortable, just... Uninterested. Bill looked ready to explode, a fist curled into the arm of the sofa with Stan buried in his neck. Ben would have probably died by now.

"Don't stop on my accord, omega. Do what you want to," Richie's head tilted, "If Bev wants to."

Beverly kissed Eddie again, taking his lips with her own into a heavier kiss than before. She held him close, pressing her body to his. Eddie let out a moan, clearly able to feel Richie's intense arousal through his mate mark. Eddie looked at Beverly, his eyes timid with anxiety despite how clearly turned on he was.

"What if I never see you again, Bev?" Eddie whispered, "I love you too much."

Beverly smiled, leaning in to kiss his neck, scenting him to calm him from his nerves. Eddie's mouth trailed over her neck and down to her shoulder, kissing across her pale skin. Eddie's mouth travelled down over the exposed vee of her chest. His hands lifted and tugged at her t-shirt, exposing the soft skin of her stomach.

Eddie let out a gentle whimper as he lifted her shirt up to and off of her, dropping it to the ground. He seemed so tentative and unsure of how to do anything for Beverly, and yet he seemed so sure of where he wanted to be. Eddie's mouth went back down where it had been, sucking wet kisses down over the soft flesh of Beverly's chest, his tan hands cupping her breasts. Richie got up from being on the sofa and went behind Eddie, licking up over Eddie's neck. He kissed Beverly for a chaste moment as he took Eddie's hands in his and helped him.

Richie used Eddie's hands to tease and caress, stroking Eddie's thumbs over Beverly's nipples as Eddie sucked a dark red bruise onto one of her breasts. Richie's alpha gaze was on them both, watching his mate with keen hunger.

Eddie took Richie's lead, copying the motions that Richie was showing him. Richie trailed his hands down Beverly's hips, his large fingers went around to knead the plump flesh of her ass before they

slid away.

Richie ran his hand between Eddie and Beverly to run his fingers down over Eddie's pants, palming his mate's straining erection. Eddie mewled at the touch, gasping and rutting his hips against Richie's hand.

Richie sat himself back down on the sofa, palming himself through his jeans as he watched Eddie mouth and suck on Beverly's nipples, her bra discarded on the ground.

Richie could see Bill also watching. Of course he would be watching. Bill was also mated like Richie, Bill also loved his mate like Richie did. And both alpha's had had a crush on Beverly growing up. Bill's eyes were still on Beverly and seemed to be honed in on the omega as well. Another unsurprising fact considering Eddie and Bill had been lovers.

The only difference from moments before was Stan. Stan had clearly felt Bill's pain, had felt the ache in the near-rut alpha. Stan had dropped to his knees between Bill's legs and was now taking the alpha into his mouth. Bill had a large hand on the back of Stanley's head to guide him, fingers curled into his mousy tresses.

The room was filled with various smells, the two predominant scents were obviously that of the two aroused alpha's. The one that had vanished was Mike. He had leaned in to give Bill a kiss on the forehead before he walked out of the front door, humming to himself.

He clearly didn't seem to mind what was happening and had no problem going for a walk until his pack was calm and hormones had returned back to normal.

Eddie had crouched down a little, his mouth moving on to Bev's stomach, kissing her ribs and her soft flesh with his mouth. He went onto his knees, his head tilted to submit to the beta above him. He went to tuck his fingers into the top of her tights and then looked up at her for permission.

Beverly ran a hand through Eddie's chestnut curls and gave them a gentle tug, letting him pull her tights down to her ankles in a slow

and trembling series of pulls.

Eddie pulled the pants from around her feet gently and threw them aside. He ran his hands over her thighs, palms flat and sinuous as he explored every inch. He leaned in, kissing timidly on the soft silk of her panties.

Richie let out a small groan in response. His own heavy arousal mingled with Eddie's curiosity that was tingling in his mate mark. Richie unfastened his jeans and stuck his hand into his underwear, groaning low in the back of his throat at the touch.

Eddie continued to mouth and kiss at the navy blue silk, his tongue flat against the very top opening of her mound of flesh. Beverly let out a loud moan of surprise as Eddie snuck a finger into her panties to pull them aside.

Richie watched from the side view, watched Eddie's tongue as it lapped and flicked and his mouth dove further in. Beverly's hand tugged on Eddie's hair as she pulled him back. His eyes were hooded and desperate. She went down on shaky legs, dropping into her knees in front of him. They continued to kiss as Eddie's cupped her face. One of Beverly's hands snaked into Eddie's pants. He lifted himself up, letting her pull his pants down to his thighs. Her hand wrapped around his length and she stroked him skillfully.

The electric sparks of arousal that shot through Eddie was tantric, a surprise that bubbled through Richie as he pulled his thick length from his underwear.

Richie's eyes never left the omega and beta in the middle of the living room. Richie watched as Beverly took control over his omega. Eddie submitted instantly, letting Beverly push him over gently onto the carpet and straddle his hips. Richie stroked his length, collecting the pearling precome with his thumb to ease his palm.

Richie jerked in fright when he felt someone run their face up the side of his thigh. He looked down to see Stanley nuzzling his leg. The grin on his face stretched wide as he looked at Stan.

"And what do you want, beta?" Richie asked with a sinful slide of his

hand over his length, "You want to show me that mouth?"

Stanley nodded, his face flushed with need. He sat himself between Richie's parted knees and sat up, taking Richie's dick passed his lips. Richie let out a moan, his dick sinking into a seemingly endless warmth as he watched Eddie finger Beverly from under his lashes.

Stan's mouth was like an exquisite godsend, the rapid swirl of his tongue and seemingly non-existent gag reflex. Stan took Richie all the way to the base, swallowing around him a few times before he pulled off. Richie let out a languid moan, his hips arching as the hard coil of pleasure began to spark and make his thighs shake.

Richie's view of his mate was momentarily blocked by Bill. The alpha had taken a spot behind Stan and used his hands to pull Stan's beige slacks down to his knees. Richie watched them with interest, watching the way the alpha manhandled Stanley's ass before he bent down.

The moan that reverberated around Richie's dick had him yelp out, his hand fisting into Stanley's hair. Bill's mouth worked at Stanley's hole, licking and working at his body in a way that only a desperate alpha could.

Stan's eyes were watering at the exquisite pleasure in his body. His sucked himself down on Richie's length, letting Richie guide him up and down as he wanted.

With Bill's head practically buried between Stanley's asscheeks, Richie had a clear view of his omega.

Eddie had his head thrown back, his eyes on Richie as his hips canted. Beverly was riding him slowly, praising him and scenting him as she bounced on his dick. Each rise and fall of her hips was a deliberate motion for Eddie, a slow drive to his peak.

Richie locked eyes with Eddie and smirked, he held a hand up to catch the omega's attention. Eddie watched him as he sucked on his thumb before he held the hand up to Eddie and made soft circles in the air. Eddie whimpered as he brought his thumb into his mouth to suck on it. His slick thumb slid down and he began circling Beverly's

clit with his finger in the same motion that his alpha had shown him.

Beverly let out a surprised whine, her body shuddering with pleasure. Richie smiled with pride at his mate as he continued to rut his hips up into Stanley's dripping mouth.

Richie pulled Stanley off of his dick, looking down at him with a hooded gaze. He snarled, watching Stanley's body shiver and shake as Bill worked him out with his tongue.

"So pretty, Stan." Richie held Stanley's jaw in his hand, watching the drool fall down to his chin, his cheeks tear-stained and flushed with a beautiful rose pink.

Richie stroked himself slowly, revelling in the slick of Stanley's saliva on his length. He watched Stanley's hands grapple with the carpet as Bill went onto his back beneath Stanley and had the beta sit on his face to gain better access to his depredated asshole.

"You gonna come like that, Stanley?" Richie cooed softly, looking at the beta between his knees. Stanley's hands came up to hold on to Richie's thighs for any form of stability. Stanley leaned in to take Richie into his mouth but Richie moved his dick away. He tutted his tongue, "Oh, no."

Stanley let out a loud whine, his chest heaving. He rocked his hips back and forth, his head thrown back on his shoulders. He reached down and pulled his turtleneck off of his sweaty skin.

Richie watched Stanley riding his alpha's face for a long moment when Eddie's whimpers caught his attention. He looked out past Stan and saw Eddie's face. His eyes were shut and his mouth open into an exquisite 'o' of pleasure. His hips were pushing up in short bursts and from the way that Richie's mate mark was exploding with short rivets, Eddie had already reached his orgasm.

Beverly rode him through it, leaning down to pepper his mouth with kisses. Eddie held her against him as his hips slowed down to a stopping grind. His body went lax, his chest heaving as he tried to breathe.

Richie watched him sit up before he rolled Beverly onto her back on the carpet. Eddie pushed her to the side, parallel to Stan and Bill, his hands on her thighs. He bent down and buried his head between her milky thighs, throwing her legs over his shoulders.

Richie watched in awe as his omega licked and sucked on the beta's dripping flesh. Eddie circled his tongue, flitting over her clit quickly as his eyes flashed up to look at his alpha.

Richie gave him a heady nod, "Such a good omega, Eddie. Gentle licks, Eds. Like a peach."

Eddie nodded at his alpha, diving his mouth in further to drink in the taste of him and Beverly intermingled. Beverly had almost been pushed towards the sofa now, her hair splayed over the carpet like a fiery halo. Stan looked down beside him at Beverly's pleasure-filled face and he pushed a hand into Eddie's curls, urging his face up and down between Beverly's lips.

Eddie let out a muffled moan and let himself be guided by the other beta. Beverly breathed the softest of moans, a series of short gasps as her hips lift up. Stanley's hand slid up from Eddie's hair and he trailed a finger over Beverly's skin. He circled one of her nipples with a slender finger before he pinched it and swirled his fingers, edging her along further into her release.

Richie saw Eddie looking at him again for guidance. Richie gestured for Eddie's mouth to travel back up and he followed, tonguing Beverly's clit again. Richie held up two fingers and crooked them for Eddie. Eddie took the hint and readjusted, lifting onto one elbow as his other arm shifted. He slid two fingers into Beverly and copied the motion that Richie had shown him. The reaction was instant and obscene.

Beverly cried out, her knees buckling on either side of Eddie's shoulders, her toes curling as he repeated.

"Such a good omega." Richie continued to stroke himself as Bill reappeared from beneath Stanley. He wrapped an arm around his mate to hold him in place and when Stanley lurched forward with a heady moan, Richie knew that Bill has a few fingers inside him. Bill

has his body pressed against Stanley's side, kissing and licking at his shoulder as his arm worked at a furious pace to get his mate off.

Eddie's eyes glanced beside him at Bill and he copied the motion, picking up a faster pace with his own fingers. Beverly's cries became breather and fewer, her breath catching in her throat as Eddie's tongue worked down on her and back up.

One of her hands carded through his hair and pushed him down, keeping his head still. He pressed his tongue flat to let her take control and grind against him. He didn't relent on his hand motions, his eyes still darting between her and his alpha.

Richie's hand worked at himself furiously. He still had a sobbing and desperate Stanley gripping the sofa between his thighs. Stan's head was pressed against Richie's thigh, his body heaving with exquisite pleasure as he's plundered by his alpha's long fingers.

Richie caught Bill's gaze and they shared an audacious snarl, both alpha's full of pride and imperious greed. Richie grabbed Stan by the hair and pushed his mouth down over his length, watching Stan take every inch. A muffled moan of desperation and pruriency vibrated through Richie as he fucked up into Stanley's warm and wet mouth.

Beverly came with a low cry, her body shattering on the carpet below. Richie watched her as his hips snapped in a fervent pace against Stanley. Eddie's arm was working furiously, pumping in and out to ride her through her orgasm, his eyes were dilated and filled with hunger all over again.

She went pliant beneath him as he pulled out of her, scrambling up to kiss her and praise her, his face shiny and slick. They kissed slowly, all sloppy and weak. Eddie sat up and looked at his alpha, his hair fluffed and messy.

"Alpha..." Eddie whined, "So wet, alpha. I need you."

Richie instantly stopped his abuse of Stanley's mouth, hearing the beta's ragged breathing below. Richie's eyes flashed green at the sound of his desperate mate.

Stanley pulled off slowly, licking a stripe up Richie's length before he was pulled back by his alpha and sat up in his lap.

Richie looked at them, watching Bill grind his length against Stanley, moaning for him.

"Such a good alpha." Stanley whispered as he palmed himself, "So good to me. Make me feel so good."

"All mine. Such a good boy." Bill sucked on Stanley's mate mark and had him instantly submit.

Richie glanced to the side to see that Beverly was sitting up and was leaning in to whisper in Eddie's ear. Eddie listened to her words and then nodded submissively. He looked Richie in the eye before he crawled over to Bill and leaned against him, rutting against his thigh.

Bill instantly wrapped an arm around the omega. Stan turned around to face Bill and the alpha was pushed onto the ground by his mate. Eddie and Stanley took over, climbing onto Bill to kiss every muscle and paw at every bonafide alpha muscle. Eddie was grinding against Bill's thigh, leaving it glistening with slick as Stan did the very same.

Both boys leaned down to continue kissing and adoring the pack leader and as they did, unabashedly presenting themselves to the alpha on the couch behind them. Richie bristled with a shudder that trembled through him. He looked at Beverly as she climbed onto the sofa beside him and wrapped a hand around his length.

"You instigate, Bevvie." Richie crooned, the muscles in his stomach tensing at her touch. He turned to her and leaned in, "One orgasm not enough?" He trailed kisses down her chest to take one of her nipples into his mouth.

She whined out, her grip on his length tightening, "Only wanna please you, alpha. Your omega is so perfect."

Richie took her in his strong hands and placed her in his lap, grinding her wet flesh against his saliva-soaked length. He watched her face flush pink with need.

Richie watched her grind down on his dick before he wrapped an

arm around her and lifted her up. He got to his feet and kicked his pants off in one fluid motion. Beverly was still on the sofa and as Richie went to stand up, she bent over for him, exposing and submitting to him.

Richie let out a snarl, howling quietly as he leaned in to suck and kiss on her, tasting the sweet mix of her and Eddie together, smelling his mate on the beta's wet flesh.

He wrapped an arm around her middle and lifted her with ease, planting her feet on the floor by his before bending her down over the armrest of the sofa.

"You want to please me, Marsh?" Richie asked with a croon as two long fingers slid into her with ease. He watched her auburn hair bounce as she nodded fervently. He sucked on his fingers, pulling them out with a loud pop as he lined himself up with her slick hole, "Stay still."

Richie looked over at the other three on the floor and he let out a snarl, watching Bill's fingers sliding in and out of Eddie, the omega had turned to put himself diagonal to Bill for better access. Stanley mouth was back down over his own mate's length, bobbing up and down quickly.

Eddie looked at Richie and they locked eyes, Eddie's body jerked as Bill brushed his prostate, his face contorting with pleasure. Richie snapped his hips forward, gaze still locked on his mate, as he filled Beverly to the hilt. She cried out, nails digging into the sofa, as Richie set a furious pace.

He fucked into her quickly, hands digging into her hips to keep her steady. He could hear how he slid into her body, hear the wet slide of their connected bodies as his hips slapped against her plump ass.

It was exquisite and it was something that he remembered from the last time. But it didn't feel enough. It didn't feel right. He snarled as he paused, pulling out of Beverly. She gasped in surprise.

Richie took her by the neck, feeling her submit instantly, and he crossed the few steps over to the small threesome on the floor. He

snarled at Bill and the other two stopped. Stanley pulled off of his alpha's dick, looking up from under his lashes. Eddie's hips stilled as he stopped grinding down on Bill's fingers.

"Take her." Richie licked a stripe up Beverly's cheek, "You fuck her. She's needy."

Bill sat up, one arm keeping him up, and he looked at Stan and Eddie, "Which one do you want?"

Richie still held onto Beverly's neck as he pushed her onto her knees between Bill's legs. Richie let go of her as he wrapped an arm around Eddie to hoist him up. Eddie yelped in fright as he was lifted from the floor by an arm around his hips. He let Richie plop him down on the sofa. He looked up at Richie from under his lashes, his eyes hazy with need.

"Was I good, alpha?" Eddie seemed desperately in need of devotion, "Did I do good?"

"So good." Richie praised gently as he cupped Eddie's cheek, "Such a good omega." Richie looked over his shoulder to see Beverly sandwiched between Stan and Bill.

Bill was on the floor, their bodies illuminated by the fire, with Beverly on top of him. Richie could see Bill buried inside her all the way to his almost-formed knot, his hips rutting in small strokes. Stanley was on top of them both, his slender arms keeping him up as he rutted slowly into Beverly as well, clearly in a different hole all together.

Richie figured it was smart of Beverly to take the smaller dick in her ass rather than trying to stuff herself with Bill's knot that would probably tear her in two.

Richie looked down at Eddie again, "You've helped everyone but me, omega."

Eddie's eyes widened, his head tilting to submit, "Want you in me alpha. Need it. Fill me up."

Richie leaned down to Eddie on the sofa and took him in his arms.

He began scenting Eddie, snarling with agitation, his inner wolf highly upset.

"You don't smell like me." Richie snarled, his fingertips raking over Eddie as he pulled his mate into his lap.

"Claim me, alpha. Fix it. I'm yours. Promise." Eddie babbled as he bucked his hips against Richie, "Only wanna smell like you."

Richie sucked on Eddie's scent gland and then faltered, panting heavily, trying to push past his pre-rut haze, he shook his head to rid himself of thought, "No- I- Eddie... Eddie, you're hurt. I-"

Eddie whined out as he rutted his hips down against the alpha, "Not. No. I need you. I just-" Eddie took Richie's face in his hands and they locked eyes, "Alpha, I feel so empty."

"I don't wanna hurt..." Richie's voice cracked as his body shivered, fighting to control himself. He didn't want to hurt his mate.

"Alpha." Eddie forced Richie to look at him, "I don't feel like yours. Bowers took everything away from me. Took you away from me. All of it. I feel so empty. I've needed you so badly ever since. All I wanted was you to fill me up. So much that I cried myself to sleep." Eddie rocked himself down, "It hurts inside because I got hurt, but it hurts more that I don't feel claimed. Need you, alpha. Fix it. Fix me."

Richie stared up at Eddie in astonishment, his eyes wide with alarm, "You... I-"

"Fill me up, alpha. Make me hurt. I don't ever wanna think of it again. Take it away, take away the pain. I want new pain. Your pain. Only alpha inside me..." Eddie rocked himself down against Richie's length, "So wet for you, alpha, see?"

Richie nodded as he put an arm around Eddie to scoot forward, dropping him onto the floor before he practically covered Eddie with his body. He licked at Eddie's neck, feeling the way his mate mark burned with Eddie's desperate need.

Richie flipped Eddie over onto his stomach, lifting his hips up. He let out a moan as slick ran down Eddie's thighs. He ran his length

between Eddie's plump asscheeks, grinding against him, moaning at the feel of his mate.

Eddie arched his back gingerly, shuddering out a breath. Richie lined himself up and pressed in, his forehead against Eddie's shoulder blade.

"So wet, omega. So stretched for me. Taking me so good." Richie grunted as he slid in slowly, hearing Eddie moan and cry at the thick weight. Richie slid in to the base, bottoming out against Eddie's ass as he looked at the threesome beside him. Stan had come inside Beverly and was now preening and kissing Bill, on his knees beside his mate. Bill was still fucking into Beverly roughly, using her to get his much-needed pre-rut fill.

Richie ran his hands over Eddie, his body still agitated at the mingled smell of so many wolves on his mate. He didn't move, fists clenching as he sat up on his knees to look at Eddie.

Eddie went down from being on his elbows, his back arching as he pressed his face against the carpet. He looked up at Richie with a whine, "Fill me, alpha. Please."

His whines definitely caught the attention of the others. They were laying parallel to Richie and Eddie, and Stan looked up from Bill. Bill's head turned and so did Beverly. They paused their sweaty dalliance to watch the alpha reclaim his mate.

"Eddie, I-" Richie's muscles rolled with the ache of his self control. He didn't want to hurt Eddie. His anxiety flared up as he remembered how much pain Eddie had been in, "Omega..."

Eddie knew how to fix it. He went back onto his elbows and looked up at Richie over his shoulder, "My strong alpha. So good to me. Filling me so well. Always fill me so good, alpha."

Richie snarled lightly at the praise but didn't move. Eddie continued to croon at him, "Fucked me so full. Every time. Bred me so good, alpha. Did you see? Such a good alpha. So full of you."

Richie shuddered again, his eyes closing as he felt Eddie clench

around him, "Omega..."

"My alpha fucked me better than anyone. Better than Bill." Eddie groaned, stirring his hips, "But if my alpha can't do that... Maybe I should go and find someone who can fill me up again."

Richie snarled in surprise and dug his hands into Eddie's hips, holding the omega against him, "No. You're mine."

Eddie let out a soft mewl at the tug of his body, he looked at Richie and then at Bill beside him, "Big alpha." Eddie crooned helplessly, his voice in a labored whine, "Alpha won't fuck me. Won't fill me up. I need it, Big Bill. Need it bad. And he won't breed me."

Bill's eyes widened, his inner alpha being pulled to the forefront by the despairing omega. Bill stilled Beverly above him, his big hands on her thighs. He looked at Richie, who had his eyes squeezed shut and seemed to not be breathing.

"Alpha." Bill's voice rang out, it wasn't louder than a whisper but the tone it carried was full of authority. Both Bev and Stan buckled and bent to submit. Eddie preened, mouth dropping. Richie looked down at his pack leader, "Help your mate, alpha. He needs you."

"He's hurt."

"If he says he needs something from you, you give it to him." Bill ordered firmly, "Breed your omega. Claim him. He needs to be yours again. Don't reject him."

Richie snarled at the order and looked down to where he and Eddie were connected. He was so afraid to lose control.

"You can let go, alpha." Bill told him, his voice losing some of its edge, "He's your omega, he knows how to take you. He's made for you."

Eddie whined at the praise, nodding eagerly. Richie bristled as he pulled out and slid back in. Eddie's mouth opened to let out a moan. The sound had Richie repeat the action, realizing just how perfect Eddie's body pulled him in. He realized just what he had been missing.

"Let go, alpha. Please. Make it better." Eddie whined, "All yours."

Richie snarled as his hips picked up a heavier pace, pounding into Eddie relentlessly as the heavy knot in his stomach tightened. He bared down over Eddie, fucking into him as he pushed his body over Eddie to keep him close.

"Such a good alpha." Bill praised his secondary, knowing that Richie could hear him, "Breed your mate, alpha."

Richie snarled, drooling onto Eddie's back as he slammed into him with quick thrusts like a wild animal. Richie's mind was somewhat aware that the other alpha had continued his own sexual activity, fucking up into Beverly as he sucked and nipped at his mate's neck.

Richie couldn't concentrate on it now. He couldn't concentrate on anything else other than his mate. The bite on his neck burned with intense pleasure and no pain.

Richie was spurred on by the intense feeling from his mate, feeling Eddie meet with his movements quickly. Eddie was crying, unashamedly sobbing as his alpha filled him over and over and stretched him out. Richie snarled at the sound of Eddie's crying, knowing that it wasn't because of any pain.

Richie let out a moan as he lifted Eddie up to press the omega against his chest, rutting up rapidly into his body. Bill looked at them and stilled slightly, staring at Richie and Eddie with a lustful and teasing gaze.

"So filled up, Eddie." Bill praised the trembling omega as Richie held him still and jackhammered into him quickly, "Look how your body takes in your alpha. Stan, look at our good omega."

Stanley looked up, his eyes focused on the thick push of Richie's dick against Eddie's slender stomach, watching it vacillate inside of Eddie with feral speed. Stanley whined at the sight and looked at Bill, "Just how you fill me, alpha. Looks the same."

"Take your alpha so good, beta. I know you do." Bill praised as he shifted Stanley back to where he was meant to be, licking at his neck.

Eddie came undone only moments later, his body clenching around Richie to build to his pressured release. He cried out, babbling out wrecked pleading for his alpha.

"S-So good, alpha. Fuck me. Fuckmefuckme-ah!" Eddie shrieked out as Richie angled himself up to hit Eddie's prostate. Eddie scrambled on the carpet as Richie bred him ruthlessly. Richie could hear Beverly moaning next to him, loud and heavy moans as Bill thrust into her with quick snaps of his hips.

"Such a good alpha." Stan crooned to his mate as he leaned in to lick at Bill's neck, still on his knees beside them, "So strong and big. Gonna come for me, alpha? Gonna fill her up, alpha?"

Bill moaned out, his head thrown back before he rolled over. He pushed Beverly down onto the floor before his hips continued their quick thrusts. She wrapped her legs around Bill to keep him inside of her. Bill sat up, his hips never faltering, as he grabbed Stanley by the hair and pulled him into a rough kiss. Stan moaned at the affection, melting into the touch.

"So good for me." Bill praised, his lips brushing Stan's throat as he fucked into Beverly quickly, one large hand on her inner thigh as the other held Stan by the neck, "Such a good beta. Such a good boy."

Stanley nodded as Bill pushed his head down. Stan's mouth worked from the side, licking in fast flits at Beverly's nipple. Richie glanced at them for a split second before he concentrated on his own release. He pummeled into his mate roughly, driving himself forward as Eddie's body jerked at the overstimulation.

Richie chased the heavy knots in his stomach, the heat rising in him and spreading. His skin seemed too tight over his muscles and too hot. His mouth filled with saliva but too dry as he panted.

"Gotta knot me alpha. Want it. Gotta have it." Eddie panted, "Yes, fuck- Alpha, please!"

"G'na fill you." Richie snarled, "My omega. My breeding boy. So good. Taking me so good. All of your alpha."

Eddie nodded furiously, arching as his eyes closed, his eyebrows knitted together. Eddie reached out, his hand squeezing and tweaking one of Beverly's nipples next to him. She cried out at the sudden touch. Stan was still sucking on her breast, all tongue and teeth.

Richie came suddenly, hearing his mate cry out and beg to be filled. Richie snarled, rutting his hips as he filled Eddie and rode out his release. He slammed into Eddie with a hard shove, knotting him to their surprise. Richie was unaware that he had could make a knot right now. He was barely in his pre-rut. The ecstasy shot through his veins and it felt like warm syrup and electrical charge over his bones.

"Yes, alpha. Yes- Fill me so good. Just like that- Oh-" Eddie moaned as Richie pulled him up, biting down on Eddie's mark. Eddie cried out in surprise, the pain to his fresh bite mark made his entire body fall into compliance. He fell limp in Richie's strong arms, his body cresting and falling as Richie ground his hips against him.

Richie held Eddie in his arms, still buried in his mate. Eddie had his back against Richie's chest and Richie turned a fraction. Richie took Eddie's jaw in his fingers and he held Eddie to watch the three still on the carpet.

"Look at your beautiful pack, Eds." Richie crooned, "Look at your big alpha, huh? Look at that knot. Don't you miss him stretching you out?"

Eddie gargled out a choke, scrambling up as a shiver went through him. Richie didn't relent as Eddie clenched around him.

"Or Bevvie. Such a good beta. Did she take care of you, Eds? Let you fill her up so good." Richie tugged on Eddie's earlobe, "Come all over your face and make you cry."

Eddie's flushed and sweaty face rushed with more color, shifting from pink to brilliant scarlet. Eddie's eyes shifted to Beverly as he sucked in a shaky breath, his hips stirring against Richie.

"And what about Stan, Eds? Isn't he beautiful?" Richie crooned as his hands ran over Eddie's side slowly, still sliding the omega over his hard length, "His mouth is so perfect, Eddie. So warm and wet and

willing for anything."

"P-Perfect." Eddie croaked out, trembling as Richie ran a hand over Eddie's stomach, feeling the outline of his thick length.

"Oh, Eds." Richie breathed against Eddie's ear, "Not as perfect as you. So wet and tight for me. For all of us. Pleasing everyone. And just for me. Did you know I was watchin' you, omega?"

"All for you." Eddie swallowed hard, "I-"

His words were cut off when Bill snarled out loudly, his body heaving into a chillingly beautiful spasm of tremors. He came hard, popping his knot against Beverly as he rutted into her. He didn't knot her, but he did fill her. Eddie whined as he watched her slender stomach distend as she was pumped full of Bill's alpha load.

Eddie whimpered, his body releasing a wave of pure scent. Pure omega. Stanley urged his mate through his release, praising him relentlessly as he nuzzled against Bill. Beverly's legs fell from around Bill's hips onto the floor. Both Eddie and Richie couldn't look away from Bill's thick length and the way it filled her completely.

Eddie's trembling hadn't stopped. Richie knew why. Even though Eddie had been claimed and marked by his mate. Hell, he had been knotted as well but, there was still a virtually rutted alpha in the room that just so happened to be the pack leader. Eddie's instincts were still pushing him to submit to the alpha. Eddie was fighting the feeling, pressing himself against Richie's knot.

"My omega." Richie felt Eddie's struggle as it made itself known in the bite mark on his neck, "No one's gonna take you from me."

"Yours." Eddie whispered quietly, his eyes still on Bill's dick as he pulled out slowly. The sudden gush of fluids onto the carpet had both Eddie and Stanley grimace.

Eddie practically climbed Richie to stay on his knot. The constant movements had Richie release a second time into Eddie. Richie sat the omega in his lap as Bill nuzzled his mate and helped Beverly sit up slowly. Richie scented his mate slowly, nosing at Eddie's neck.

"Thought he wasn't supposed to knot yet. Or you." Eddie whispered quietly, "Thought he had three days. You still have six days."

"I'm sure it can happen in the leading up days." Richie shrugged, "Every now and again. With all of the hormones and the situation we're in, I don't blame him or myself. Biology is weird sometimes."

Eddie giggled at the thought as he curled up in Richie's lap, his scent calmer than it had been, "So good, Richie. Such a good alpha. So big."

"You're not hurt?"

"I'm... Tender." Eddie shrugged and Richie let out a small snicker, "But that's normal after I've been ravaged by multiple people before I'm knotted."

"Oh, so you're an expert?" Richie chided, "I think if anyone's an expert on being tender from a good multi-person ravishing, I'm gonna have to give it to Bev for once."

She heard her name and looked up from her place in Bill's lap where she sat with Stan, the two betas entwined and submissive. She gave Richie a placid middle finger and continued to scent Stanley nonchalantly.

"Ben is gonna have a wobbly." Eddie whispered quietly as he toyed with a curl of Richie's sweaty black hair, his back still against Richie's chest, "He missed all the fun."

"Speaking of missing the fun, where's Homeschool?" Richie asked as he leaned back to the sofa to grab his cigarettes. He pulled one from the crumpled box and put it between his lips. He grabbed the lighter from the sofa and lit it, taking an inhale. He took the cigarette and held it out to Beverly with a smile.

She took it from him wordlessly, giving him a grateful smile, and began to suck on the cigarette, her eyes closing. Richie lit up his own cigarette a moment later and took a drag, exhaling away from his mate pointedly.

He reached over to his jeans and scratched in the front pocket, holding out the inhaler to Eddie. Eddie went pink as he took the

aspirator, sucking in a large lungful. He took one last puff and set the inhaler down. Richie leaned back with his back against the sofa and Eddie comfortable in his lap.

He inhaled another large plume of smoke, exhaling through his nose as he closed his eyes. He could feel Eddie's contentment in his mate mark and it soothed him implicitly. He ran a lazy finger up and down Eddie's thigh until he felt Eddie's body sag. He was asleep. Richie reached up to grab the ashtray and set it down beside him, stubbing out half of his cigarette for later.

He exhaled the blue cloud and put both hands on his mate, cradling him close before he gave the ashtray a swift push with his hand and slid it across the carpet to Beverly.

Bill was looking at them with hooded eyes and Richie glanced at him, "What?"

"You knotted him." Bill whispered quietly. His words had the two betas look over in surprise. Richie snarled protectively as he put an arm around Eddie. Bill's head tilted to the side as he looked at Eddie and then at Stan, "See that, pidge? Look at how filled Eddie is. Gonna be you soon."

Stanley whined out, nodding fervently as he buried his head in Bill's neck. Richie had never seen Stanley so submissive and devoid of sarcasm. It was almost jarring.

"Oh, good." Mike's voice broke the silence a moment later, "That's never coming out of my carpet."

"You let it happen." Richie argued, "It's as much your fault as it is ours."

"Oh yeah, like one man can stop the freight train that is an orgy." Mike shrugged out of his coat, "Fucking stinks in here."

"Spider-man could stop a freight train." Richie argued simply as Mike came to stand nearby with his hands on his hips.

"Yes, well," Mike cleared his throat, "Spider-man didn't have to deal with you lot and your hormones. If I were him... I'd pick the real

train." He walked into the kitchen, shaking his head.

"Don't be afraid of your feelings, Homeschool!" Richie called after his friend, whose head reappeared a second later.

"I'm not afraid of my feelings." Mike clarified as he looked at his pack, "Fuckin' terrified of yours, though."

"So am I, son." Richie chuckled, "So am I."

41. Chapter 41

Eddie was wrapped up in his coat, standing on the train platform with Richie holding him close. Stanley had gone to collect their tickets from the vendor while Bill helped put their hand luggage suitcases into their compartment and their bigger cases were carried off to the luggage car.

Eddie was increasingly nervous with the amount of people milling around and walking through Bangor's main train station. And Richie held him close, his façade seemed relatively calm but the smell that came off him was lethal. He eyed and investigated anyone that came within a metre of his mate. Richie knew Eddie was on edge because of his pre-heat and because there were so many people in general. Richie knew that he was probably being overbearing but he didn't care.

He bared his teeth at a middle-aged man that walked past and pulled Eddie closer to him, putting his arm around his mate. Eddie seemed increasingly distressed, his body trembling and the smell that rolled off of him was starting to make Richie sick.

Stanley returned a moment later and handed Richie two of the tickets, which he pocketed in his jacket. Eddie was unusually silent as he looked at the three betas in front of him. He knew that if he said one word, he would break. Beverly looked about the same as Eddie, her eyes glassy as Ben held her. Bill returned a moment later and there was an awkward pause.

No one wanted to say goodbye. The truck drive into Maine was just as silent because it seemed that even though they were already here, there was a denial to the entire situation. As though the four mates were going to pull something out of a hat and say they had been joking the entire time. If only it were true.

A loud whistle echoed through the station. It made Eddie jump in fright and whip around, his knees almost buckling. The train would be departing soon. Five minutes.

Bill decided to break the wall of silence and wrapped his arms around

Mike, pulling him into a hug as they pressed their foreheads together.

"Thanks for everything, Big Bill." Mike whispered as he embraced their pack leader. Bill didn't reply with words. He was so close to his rut and so overwhelmed with emotion that his stuttering would probably make cohesive words impossible in such an emotional time.

Bill let go as Eddie wrapped Mike up in a hug. Bill pulled Beverly against him, burying his face in her shoulder. Bill would of course be the first to say goodbye, he was their prime alpha.

"I'll see you soon, Bill." Beverly promised, "You're gonna be such a good alpha."

Bill purred at the praise and let go before he pulled Ben into the hug with them. Everyone piled into the hug, all seven members of the group were hugging tightly. Eddie was right in the middle, sobbing brokenly as he clung to Mike's jacket. Richie felt his eyes water, Eddie's anguish in his mate mark only made Richie hurt even more.

Richie sniffed, pushing his tears back. He squeezed himself from the hug and ran a hand through his hair. He didn't want to deal with this. He couldn't. Some part of him still had trouble when it came to dealing with his emotions. Even now, when he had somewhat come to terms with his feelings for his pack. Even now that he knew he loved Eddie more than life itself. Even though he had a special place for each Loser in his heart. He still couldn't face it. He wasn't ready to pull at that thread and unravel himself bare.

Richie began to examine a flyer on one of the nearby pillars as he let everyone say their blubbery goodbyes. Richie was reading about train station safety protocols when someone grabbed him by the arm to yank him back. He yelped, being pulled right into the centre of the hug pile.

"Guys no." Richie grunted as everyone hugged him, "C'mon. Guys...."

"Let it happen, Trashmouth. We suffer through your jokes, you gotta suffer through the hug." Ben remarked as he pulled Richie in tighter, making his lungs seize.

"I swear to God." Richie felt himself growing uncomfortably close to crying, "Let me out or I'll fart on all of you."

Everyone let out groans of protest and the hug broke apart. Richie let out a gasping breath, hands on his knees. There were people boarding the train and Stanley seemed to grow exceedingly impatient.

"Bill, we gotta go." Stanley ushered, tugging on Bill's arm, "The train's gonna leave without us."

Bill nodded, waving to his three betas as he and Stanley climbed onto the train. Richie straightened up and saw Eddie being embraced by Ben, Bev and Mike. He felt Eddie's sadness run through his body and he went over to them slowly.

"Eds." Richie called out, "Eddie, we gotta go. The train's leavin'."

Eddie shook his head furiously and buried himself into Ben. Richie let out a sigh and looked at Beverly for help but she had just buried herself into Eddie even more.

"Eddie. C'mon. We gotta go." Richie tugged on Eddie's arm but Eddie only cried even more, wrapping his arms around Ben. Richie let out a growl of warning that had the small circle drop their arms, "Sorry, Eddie. The train's gonna leave without us."

Eddie sniffed, nodding as he bowed his head. He let Richie pull him away. Richie gave Bev a kiss to the cheek and shook Ben and Mike's hands before he turned to steer Eddie towards the door of the train. Eddie turned suddenly, running from Richie's grasp towards his pack. Richie went after him, wrapping his arms around the kicking omega who was now sobbing and scrambling to free himself.

"No!" Eddie begged as Richie pulled him backwards. Beverly buried her head in Ben's shoulder, shaking as she cried. Ben was crying silently, too. Mike had tears in his eyes and was holding Bev's other side to console her.

"Omega, enough!" Richie tried to stop Eddie's incessant kicking as he dragged him back. Richie was crying now, shameful tears running down his face at the wave of pain and fear that emanated from his

mate mark. Eddie tried to squirm free, nails tearing at Richie's hands and arms.

"Bev, no! Don't!" Eddie yelled brokenly, "Come with! I don't wanna go!" Eddie sobbed as Richie pulled him to the door of the train. Richie bit down on Eddie's mate mark and the omega went quiet instantly, his entire body submitting despite the distress and heartache. He was whimpering as Richie cried, pulling his omega onto the train with a heaving grunt. Richie wrapped Eddie in his arms and helped him through the narrow hallway in silence.

Richie looked up to see Bill's head hanging out from one of the compartments and Richie lead Eddie along. They got into the chamber of the train reserved for them and Eddie practically climbed over everyone to the window, pressing his face against the glass. He whimpered and pined as he stared out at his three pack members waving at him solemnly. His entire body emanated heartache and desolation.

Richie sat down across from Stanley on the chair and remained quiet, noticing that there wasn't a single dry eye in the carriage.

"I love you!" Eddie screamed through the small window out at his family. The train began to pull out of the station and Eddie shrieked, pawing at the glass. Beverly took off in a small run, dodging through people to keep up. Ben was behind her, of course.

"I love you, too!" She reached out, her hand brushing Eddie's as the train only sped up. They broke apart as Beverly stopped at the end of the platform. Eddie stayed against the window as Stanley closed the compartment door.

Eddie slid down into the seat and curled up, bringing his knees to his chest to sob loudly. Richie reached out to touch him and Eddie bared his teeth, snapping at his alpha ruefully. He buried his head in his arms and lay his head against the wall. His cries were filled with affliction and torment and every single wolf in the small carriage was filled to the brim with pain. Not just their own, but Eddie's as well. It overwhelmed them all.

Both alpha's were just wanting to soothe the omega, their natural

instincts calling for them to do so. But it would be in vain. Eddie was heartbroken and no doubtedly blamed them for taking him from his pack.

Richie sat on the same side as Eddie but at least two feet away, his long legs outstretched in front of him. Bill and Stan sat on the bench seat across from him, holding each other as they tried to ignore Eddie's pining whimpers.

"I'm gonna go and find something to drink." Richie sighed as he stood up, "Eds-?"

"Fuck off." Eddie whispered quietly, making Richie blanch. He stepped out of the carriage and closed the door behind him, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt. He looked left and right and decided to go towards the head of the train.

He squeezed past people in silence, walking from one train cart to the other until he found that he had gotten to a dining carriage. Of sorts. Or was it a concession stand?

He went up to the vendor and looked around at the selection.

"Four cokes and uh..." Richie looked around, "What food do you have? Like, y'know, breakfast?"

"Breakfast will be served at nine, sir. In the dining car." The man smiled politely as he pulled four glass bottles from the fridge and set them down. Richie handed him some coins and notes from his pocket and took the soda, two in each hand. He jumped from the cart and made a slow trek back to the compartment. He could still feel Eddie's radiating sadness in his mate mark and it made his stomach ache.

He climbed back onto the carriage that he was meant to be in and looked at the numbers on the doors until he found number seven. He shouldered the sliding door open and handed two cokes in to Bill and Stan. They took the bottles and gave Richie whispered thanks.

He sat down and pulled his pocketknife from his jacket, popping the caps off of their drinks when he turned to see Eddie. Eddie was asleep, still curled up against the wall. Richie set Eddie's soda on the

small table and took a sip of his drink, sighing.

"I've never seen him that sad before. Even after we lost our litter." Richie put a hand on his neck, "And I could feel it."

"He'll be okay once he realizes it's for the best." Stanley whispered as he took a sip of his soda and nursed it against his chest, "He's never been away from any of us properly. I mean he's known Bill since he was six. Even Mike he's known the shortest time and it's still six years."

Richie pursed his lips and looked at his sleeping mate as he took a long swig of fizzy soda. He set it down and looked at Stan, "How long is this ride?"

"Well," Stanley looked at his watch, "We left the Bangor Transportation Centre at eight. We arrive in Portland at ten-thirty. Then I think there are in Boston at twelve-twenty five at the bus terminus..." Stan looked up, "Call it four and a half hours."

"God." Richie groaned, "Almost five hours with his alpha stink. I'm gonna fucking shoot myself."

"I'll do it." Stan deadpanned, "Ungrateful bitch."

Bill let out a chuckle as he took a sip of soda and put an arm around his mate, "Now now, pidge. Play nice."

"Pidge." Richie snickered as he leaned back in his seat, "Like what? Is it short for 'pigeon'?"

"Essentially." Bill leaned in to kiss Stanley's cheek.

"But pigeons have lice." Richie snorted and looked at Stanley, "Lice boy."

"I'll have you know that Columba Livia are the first domestic bird dated back to 4500 BCE in Iraq." Stanley scowled defensively, "Pigeons are studied to have known the difference between space and time and can understand them. They can find their nest from up to thirteen thousand miles. They saved thousands of lives in the war, too. They can be trained to art snobs and can understand written

word. And they can identify some forms of cancer." He folded his arms across his chest and stared at Richie. Richie looked back at him calmly.

"Okay, yeah. I hear you." Richie shrugged as Stan set his soda down on the table, "But they still have lice."

Stanley let out a snarl and launched himself at Richie, only to be held back by Bill.

"No!" Stanley tied to pry himself from Bill's strong arms, "I swear to God, I'm gonna throttle him!"

"Easy." Bill crooned, scenting his mate, calming him down slowly, "Easy, Stan."

"Fucking reprobate." Stanley seethed as he sat back in his seat. He brought a leg up and gave Richie a swift kick to the shin. Richie grunted, yelping as he clutched his leg.

"Hey!" Richie rubbed his throbbing leg and looked at Bill with narrowed eyes, "Control your bitch, man."

"He duh-deserved at least wuh-one kick." Bill stroked Stanley's curls lovingly, calming him down, "He's fine."

"I won't take your bullshit, Tozier. I swear, I'll end you." Stanley seethed, "You'll be under my roof."

"Technically- Technically," Richie held up his index fingers to stop Stanley, "I'll be under Bill's roof."

"Which is my roof by proxy." Stan's eyes narrowed, "I see one towel on the floor and I'll use your entrails as a skipping rope."

"Do you let him watch those gore films?" Richie asked Bill, "He's getting feral."

"He's a k-kuh-creative soul." Bill grinned, "I luh-left him run w-with it."

Richie grinned sheepishly at Stan as he sat back on the seat. He

looked at Eddie and saw him awake, staring out of the window in silence.

"Did we wake you?" Richie asked softly. Eddie didn't reply. He looked away from the world speeding past them and turned, laying his head in Richie's lap. Richie relaxed, relieved that Eddie wasn't too mad at him, "I brought you a soda, Eds."

"Thank you, alpha." Eddie croaked quietly, closing his eyes as he got himself comfortable, curling up on the seat.

Stanley reached down and dug through one of his cases. He produced a small green sofa blanket and unfurled it before he leaned in to throw it over Eddie.

Eddie curled up, rolling the blanket up under his chin. He gave Stanley a grateful glance and closed his eyes again, letting Richie play with his hair.

Richie closed his eyes, finally feeling serene and comfortable. He put his head back against the seat and propped his feet up on the bench next to Stan, his ankles crossed. Stan pulled out a book and began to read, curling up beside Bill as the alpha read with him, pulling him close.

An hour later, there was a knock on the door that ripped Richie from his nap. He jumped as the door opened and saw a kind man peering in, "Breakfast, sirs. It's being served in the dining cart behind you. You have a table?"

"We do." Bill smiled as he stood up, "Under Duh-Denbrough."

"Of course, sir." The beta male smiled at Bill as Richie roused his omega from his sleep.

"Eds? Eddie, you hungry?" Richie called quietly, "It's breakfast time."

Eddie sat up, looking slightly more awake at the prospect of food. Richie smiled as they all stood up and followed Bill to the right, towards the back of their train car.

"How are you feeling?" Richie asked as he helped Eddie across into

the dining car.

Eddie shrugged quietly as they found their table. Eddie sat beside Richie in his chair and looked at the simple menu.

After a few minutes, Stan was the first one to speak.

"I'll have the vegetarian omelet." Stan set the menu on the corner of the table, "And a tea, please."

"I'll huh-have the Eh-English b-bruh-breakfast and a w-water." Bill put his menu on Stanley's, "S-Soft eggs and huh-wholewheat."

The waiter looked at Richie as he wrote down Bill's order. Richie shrugged and set his menu down.

"English breakfast, extra white toast, no tomato and an extra egg. Side of mushrooms and extra bacon. Actually, can I just have two of those breakfasts on one plate? Yeah, that's good. And the biggest coffee you have, my good fellow." Richie smiled at the bewildered expression on the waiter's face and he looked at Eddie, "And you, omega?"

"I don't know." Eddie whispered quietly and Richie could feel his discomfort from being surrounded by so many people so close to his heat. He looked at Richie for help. Richie leaned in to look at the menu as he put a hand on Eddie's thigh.

"How about a toasted sandwich?" Richie asked gently, "Nice and simple. Look, it comes with a few fries."

Eddie nodded and looked up, "Toasted cheese and egg, please. A-And a glass of water."

The waiter nodded, smiling, and took their menus as he walked off to the front of the train car. Richie leaned in to scent Eddie quietly, comforting his jittery omega. Eddie looked around nervously at the people around them and realized that no one seemed to be paying them any attention because of the outward display of affection.

Eddie lay his head on Richie's shoulder tentatively, his eyes closed. Bill and Stanley made soft and pleasant small talk about their

upcoming studies as Richie ran his hand over Eddie's thigh to calm him.

"I just realized something." Richie whispered quietly as he leaned in, looking uncomfortable, "Bill has two days until his rut."

"You only just realized that?" Stanley's head tilted, "Thought you were smart, Richard."

"Suck an ostrich, Uris." Richie shot back before he continued, "Eds and I go into our cycles in five days." Richie looked at them, "We overlap."

"Oh..." Bill breathed and looked at his mate, "N-Not good."

"That's about four or five days where we overlap." Richie shrugged, "How the fuck are we going to organize that?"

"Stan's gonna be the only lucid one." Eddie chirped in, "When we aren't in lulls."

"I can't handle all three of you." Stanley shook his head when the waiter appeared and set their beverages down in front of them. Stan began shakily pouring himself a cup of tea, spooning sugar into his teacup before he chased it with a splash of milk.

"We'll w-work it out." Bill reassured as he leaned in to give Stan's temple a kiss, "We w-wuh-won't leave you alone."

"Better not. Bill is a handful enough." Stanley sighed, "And I know Richie is a stubborn shit. And Eddie..." Stanley looked at Eddie with some sympathy, "Poor baby is just emotional and horny."

Eddie snickered, a brilliant blush on his cheeks as he sipped his water.

"Where is that waiter?" Richie craned his neck, "I'm so fucking hungry. I'm gonna up-end this stupid table."

"Relax yourself. You're the one who ordered the entire menu, Winnie the Pooh." Stanley hissed as he held his teacup in his hands, slender fingers wrapped around the cup and the imagery suited him so well.

"Hey. Don't mess with a wolf's appetite, man." Richie looked around for the waiter, "I'm only as patient as my colon allows."

"Your colon has nothing to do with your appetite." Eddie balked as he sipped his water.

"It does when he's so full of shit." Stanley whispered quietly and took a sip of his tea, looking out of the window idly. Eddie giggled and looked at Richie's grumpy face.

"I'd rather be full of shit than have a head full-a lice, m'boy." Richie crooned in an accent at Stanley, who rolled his eyes and sank further into his chair.

"Not even in Boston yet and I want to kill him." Stanley looked at Bill, "Don't ever leave me alone with him. I'll go mad."

"You love me, Kookie-kookie." Richie crooned, bringing up a nickname that Stanley hadn't been called since they were in ninth grade. Stan went red in the cheeks and sipped his tea, the color spreading to his ears, "Say you love your secondary alpha."

Stanley mouth soured, his lips pulling into a purse as he ignored Richie's sing-song voice. Bill looked at his pack members with an affectionate grin as Eddie sipped his water and leaned against his mate.

"Please make him stop." Stanley whispered softly to Bill, his expression pained, "You're his pack leader, stop him."

"He's not hurting anyone." Bill replied simply, his eyes sparkling with humor, "Is he?"

"Only thing that's getting hurt is Stanley Uris' precious ego. Ain't that right, Kookie-kookie?"

"God, kill me now." Stan drained his scalding tea, "Take me from this god-awful plane of existence."

Richie grinned victoriously and sat back, "Feeling better, Eds?"

"A little." Eddie acknowledged and then saw Stanley frowning at him,

"What?"

"Just... No, it's nothing." Stan shook his head, "Nothing."

"What, Stan?" Eddie leaned in, "Is everything okay?"

"Oh yeah." Stanley shrugged, "Just noticed something about you two."

"What?" Eddie looked at Richie and then at Stanley, "What is it?"

"In all the time you've been together, you haven't really given each other a nickname. Not an affectionate one like most couples. Richie just calls you 'Eddie' or 'Eds' like he always has. Same with you. Why is that?"

"Do- Do you and Bill have names for each other?" Eddie queried as he leaned in.

"Bill has never really been the nickname type. I've never been overly comfortable with mushy nicknames either. He tried to call me 'baby' once and I believe I- What did I do?" Stan turned to look at Bill, who balked.

"He threw a banana at me." Bill chuckled, "Got me in the ear, too. He's a good shot."

"I may not be good at any type of sport, much like my ancestors," Stan stated simply and Richie eyed the black yarmulke on his head, "But I can throw a frisbee like a pro."

"I wouldn't brag about that, Uris." Richie snickered, "The ladies like to keep their panties off the ground these days."

"Either way." Stan stated pointedly, "Bill just took to calling me 'pidge' after a while. And I just... I just call him whatever I see fit in the moment. But he's usually 'sweetheart' in my book."

Richie grimaced and looked away uncomfortably as Bill leaned in to nuzzle Stanley's cheek. He sipped on his coffee and avoided their gazes.

"Rich, why-why don't we have nicknames?" Eddie asked softly, "I

didn't even think about it."

"I don't know." Richie avoided the three sets of eyes on him as his face grew exceptionally warm, "Where the fuck is the waiter?"

"No, c'mon." Bill nudged Richie under the table with his large foot, "Tell us."

"Then why don't you come up with a nickname for me, Eds?" Richie looked at his mate, "Hit me with your best shot."

"I call you 'alpha'." Eddie shrugged and Richie spied him.

"I call you 'omega'." Richie looked at Stanley with pursed lips, "Happy? Nicknames."

"Status names don't count. That's a natural thing for any wolf." Stanley waved a hand as he poured more tea into his teacup, "Try again."

"Richie just doesn't... I mean. None of the things I can think of suit him. He may be my mate but when I go to call him it's either his name or just... Like- Like 'dude' or something." Eddie shrugged.

"Oh yes," Stanley nodded, his voice dripping sarcasm as he stirred his tea, "Very affectionate."

"Nothing I say would suit him. He's not a 'baby' type to me. Or a 'honey'. It doesn't feel right." Eddie frowned as he eyed Richie up and down and took a sip of his water, "He's just Richie."

"And you, big alpha?" Stanley asked curiously, watching the way Richie fidgeted in his seat, looking for his food to save him from the current discussion.

"Food should be done by now." Richie looked around and then caught the three sets of eyes on him again, "What?"

"Tell us why you don't have a nickname for your mate." Bill grinned, "C'mon."

"Just don't." Richie took a large gulp of scalding coffee and forced it

down, ignoring the way it burned all the way down. His throat ached, "Just don't."

"He's lying." Stanley squinted across the table at Richie, "What is it, Trashmouth? You have nicknames for all of us. Haystack, Homeschool, Big Bill. Even me. You have a ton of colorful names for me. And Eddie's just Eddie. Why is that exactly?" Stanley asked as he smiled against the rim of his cup and eyed Richie, his hazel eyes sparkling.

"You love to stir the shit, don't you, Staniel?" Richie scowled darkly and then saw the confused frown on Eddie's face. The realization hitting him that Stanley was right, "For fuck sake."

"Spill it, man."

"Look," Richie sucked in a breath, "I don't know if you guys are aware but I'm... Emotions haven't exactly been my strong suit-"

"Shocking." Stanley whispered under his breath and Richie gave him a baleful stare before he continued.

"Emotions make me uncomfortable. Always have. Especially my own because I can't always handle them or know what to do with them." Richie began running his finger over the rim of his coffee cup, avoiding their probing gaze, his heart racing, "So, when I get uncomfortable, I make more jokes. And I did it a lot when Eds and I started dating."

"God, he was a nightmare." Eddie groaned at the memory and Richie flushed a tiny bit and looked down.

"When Eddie and I started dating, I don't even think I knew what to do about it. At first I thought it was because my brain was fried. I was in a rut. And then after that... I just- Nothing seemed right for him. And every time I wanted to try one out, I'd freeze up because the nickname is like- It's like- It's like admitting the feelings all over again. And that still makes me uneasy."

"Oh..." Eddie breathed out, "Richie-"

"Ease up." Richie reassured, "I'm fine. I just- All my life, I've had to

deal with a lotta bullshit and it's made me clam up. It made my feelings increasingly harder to deal with. First time I told Eddie I loved him, I almost threw up."

"Oh yeah." Eddie snickered, "Dumb ass."

"I'm all for nicknames because they're funny and special to me." Richie smiled, "Because the people I give them to are special. But... Eddie's extra special. And that scares the shit out of me." Richie looked down at the black drink in front of him, his heart beating so hard in his chest that he could feel it in his throat, "I just suck with this shit."

"So, we don't have to suffer through the cutesy 'baby' bullshit?" Stanley asked and Eddie balked.

"I'm not a baby. My mom always made me feel like one and I don't need that from someone else." Eddie looked at Bill's frown, "What?"

"But you are the baby. In our group." Bill tilted his head to the side, "You're our baby omega."

Eddie's face went red, "That may be true... But I don't need the reminder. No one calls me 'baby'."

"God forbid." Stanley smiled wryly at the omega as the waiter reappeared and set Bill's food down in front of him. Bill smiled in thanks and watched everyone get their breakfast set before them. They looked at him expectantly.

"You can eat." Bill waved a hand, "You don't need to w-wait for me."

Stanley began cutting his omelet up into smaller pieces with grace and diligence. A hilarious sight when compared to Richie who was almost literally wolfing down his food. Stanley was surprised to see that Richie was actually using a knife and fork and not his hands like a real animal.

Stan kicked him under the table and Richie snorted and looked up in surprise, chewing on a laden piece of toast, "Wha?"

"For God's sake, behave yourself, Richard." Stan glared at the alpha,

"We're in a nice place, not your fucking cave."

Richie snarled under his breath and took a sip of his coffee, scowling darkly at the beta, "Buzzkill."

"Oh, repeat the story for us on how you have such emotional trauma and it affects your relationship with your mate to the point that a simple pet name renders you catatonic. I'd love to hear it again." Stanley quipped back venomously and shut Richie up before he could make any sort of remark.

"Not catatonic. Just... Uncomfortable."

"So much better." Stanley smiled coolly as he ate a piece of egg from his fork and chewed, his gaze staying firm on Richie.

Eddie put a hand on Richie's thigh and they locked eyes, "I don't mind that you don't have a name for me. It's not important."

"Are you sure?" Richie asked quietly, "I mean, I could try...?"

"I'd rather your food stay in your stomach." Eddie smiled, "I don't want you rupturing something every time you try and sputter out some sort of sentiment. I've grown to accept and love you despite the fact that you're not always comfortable with affection in that way." Eddie took a fry into his mouth and looked at Richie, "I take what I get and I like it."

"Never look a gift Tozier in the mouth." Bill added in.

"Trashmouth, no less."

"Hey, hey, hey." Richie looked at the three of his friends, "Is this 'pick-on-Richie' day or something?"

"Every day is 'pick-on-Richie' for me." Stanley smiled as he continued to eat politely. Richie stared at him and continued to eat, piling egg and bacon onto a slice of toast.

"Eds? Eddie, um..." Richie's eyebrows knitted closed as his hand tightened around his fork, bending it slightly, "Sweetheart- Can you- I mean..."

"Christ, it's like watching Bambi's mom get shot." Stanley whispered to Bill as Richie began to fall apart.

"Relax." Eddie put a hand on Richie's face and the fork fell, completely bent in half. The alpha's eyes dropped down to look at the omega, "Don't do that. Stop."

"But..."

"Did you honestly like it?" Eddie raised an eyebrow, "Calling me 'sweetheart'?"

"About as much as I enjoyed my first prostate exam." Richie whispered, his stomach churning uncomfortably as he took in a shaky breath.

"Ah. There's the joke." Bill nudged Stanley as he ate some egg. Richie ignored them as he locked eyes with his mate.

"I can feel how uncomfortable it makes you." Eddie stated simply, "I don't want you feeling like that. I'm peachy keen being your Eddie."

"And being my 'Eds'?"

Eddie pursed his lips, "You know I hate that name."

"But you're my Eds." Richie leaned in to put his forehead against his omega's, his eyes closing as he took in the scent, "So cute, cute, cute."

"Fuck off, Richie." Eddie breathed out, "How many times do I have to tell you to knock it off?"

Richie pulled away as he ruffled Eddie's hair with a large hand and shifted Eddie back towards his food, a wide smile on his face, "You've told me a thousand times. And it'll probably go on for a thousand more, Eds. Deal with it. I'm a pain in the ass."

"Like your first prostate exam?" Stan asked casually and Richie looked up with a grin.

"Attaboy, Uris."

42. Chapter 42

The train came to a stop and Richie jerked from his nap yet again, yelping in fright. Bill looked up at him with an amused smirk.

"S-Sleep nice, p-princess?" Bill asked, batting his eyelashes as Stanley began collecting their things. Richie yawned loudly, stretching his limbs.

"What the hell? When did I fall asleep?" Richie grouched as he looked down at his sleeping mate. Eddie was laying curled up under the blanket in a tight cocoon, head included, and had been using Richie's thighs as a pillow.

"Somewhere around Portland." Stan pulled on his long coat and fixed the cuffs. He slung his shoulder bag over his body as Bill began taking their carry-on cases down from the overhead.

Richie scooped Eddie up, cradling him in his arms in the blanket. Eddie didn't stir, curling his head up in Richie's armpit. Bill smiled as he picked up Richie's case for him, carrying it while Richie carried Eddie. Stan pulled Eddie's wheel-case along behind him as they pushed towards the door. They stepped onto the platform and Richie held Eddie tighter against his body, every instinct on high alert.

"You guys wait here for our bags. I'll go and find us a cab." Stan looked at Eddie, "Or two."

Stan disappeared and left Richie and Bill with their cases. They waited for the luggage to be offloaded from the train. Stan came back moments later looking heated and red in the face.

"And now?" Richie asked as he readjusted, holding Eddie's body against him, letting Eddie's head rest on his shoulder.

"Fucking cab drivers don't wait for me. Because I'm not an alpha." Stanley scowled and Bill let out a snarl, stalking off towards the cab rank. Stan watched Bill storm off to wreak havoc on the unsuspecting cab drivers. He smiled affectionately as Bill yelled at a passing man and went over to one of the idling taxis.

"His stutter is almost completely gone now that we're out of Derry." Stanley stated matter-of-factly and looked at Richie, "Did you notice?"

Richie thought back, "It was fading every now and again."

The man climbed from the car and scampered over to help Bill with their hand luggage. Bill kissed Stanley on the cheek before he grabbed two of the cases and helped the driver pile them into the boot.

"Here." Richie offered Eddie to Stanley with a smile, "Can you hold him while I get our other cases?"

"Oh hell-" Stan grunted as Eddie was piled into him. He staggered and his legs buckled at the weight of the fully grown man in his arms. He peered at Richie as his face went pink from the strain, "...How?"

"Oh." Richie took Eddie back and held him with one arm, "Sorry. I forgot." He offered Stanley a sheepish grin, "Didn't realize the difference."

"What are you, man?" Stanley huffed as he straightened the front of his turtleneck, "Swear to God. How do you carry him like that?"

"He's so light?" Richie frowned, laughing lightly, "Like carrying a pillow."

"Also, how is he sleeping so heavily? He's in pre-heat, he should have light sleep."

"I may or may not have felt him starting to freak out again after breakfast and I slipped something into his soda." Richie shrugged and saw Stanley's alarmed face, "Hey! For his own good! He was about to start climbing the walls, do you want him to start freaking out on us or not? He barely slept last night."

"I suppose..." Stanley fidgeted uncomfortably as he looked at Eddie, "If it's for his own good."

"Everything I do is for him, Stan." Richie put his head on Eddie's, "No matter what."

Stanley eyed Richie in disbelief when Bill reappeared, "I'm guh-gonna go with this t-taxi and take our stuff to the apartment. Are you kuh-coming, pidge?"

Stanley looked at Richie with his arms around Eddie and he bit his lip and looked at Bill, "Take him with you. Let him go and sleep."

Richie looked at Bill, who smiled and held his arms out. Richie trusted his pack leader implicitly with his sleeping mate. He handed Eddie over to Bill, letting Bill readjust as Eddie stirred and melted into Bill's comforting grip.

Bill leaned in, kissing Stanley's cheek before he walked toward the awaiting taxi. Richie watched as Bill put Eddie in the back of the cab and climbed in beside him. They drove off and into the slipstream of traffic.

Richie looked at Stanley with pursed lips, "Just us then, my fine sir."

"One joke out of you and I pin you to the lamppost by your ear." Stanley warned with his eyes narrowed. Richie snickered, flicking the black yarmulke on Stanley's crown.

"Relax, Rabbi Uris. Let's just find our luggage."

"I'll find the bags, you call a cab." Stanley scoffed, "Apparently it's an 'alpha-call' service only."

"Aye aye." Richie gave Stan a salute and turned on his heel to walk off out of the bus station. The streets were lined with light snow, the wind had a definite chill to it. And surprisingly, it wasn't as cold as Derry. Richie's boots stepped through the snow as he shoved his hands into his mustard-colored coat.

He walked to where all of the cabs were parked and picked one nearby. He crouched down to the window, realizing his immense height, and tapped on the glass.

"Where you goin'?" The cabby grunted through a bite of his cheeseburger and Richie raised an eyebrow.

"Buddy and I are going to..." Richie pulled the address from his shirt

pocket, "Lenox street. Near Boston University."

"It's peak traffic." The cab driver warned, "Woulda been fifteen minutes tops but it's lunch rush."

"No problem, dude." Richie grinned, "As long as we get there in one piece."

"You got it." The cabby started his car as Richie straightened up and turned to see Stanley wrangling all of their cases into a neat pile.

"Be back in a sec, grabbing our shit." Richie called to the cabby before he jogged across the station platform to his beta friend that was starting to grow flustered.

"So?" Stanley asked with a huff, "Sorted?"

"Sorted." Richie took two suitcases under his arms and had one in each arm. He looked at Stanley who picked up two cases and then pursed his lips, "Just wait, Stan. We can do it in relays. You don't wanna leave shit unattended and have it stolen."

"Yeah." Stan nodded and set the bags down. Richie walked back to the cab and set the bags down, pulling the trunk open. He stuffed the trunks in haphazardly and ran back to get the last four. Stanley protested as Richie took all the bags but Richie shut him up promptly.

"Don't sweat your pretty cardigan, Kookie." Richie preened as they walked over to the nearby cab, "I do the heavy lifting and you do the organising."

Stan let out a yelp when he saw their cases sticking out of the trunk. He ran over and began to try and stuff them in, sorting and laying them down in a proper order as Richie set the last ones down.

"I can get the big ones in." Stanley grunted with a shove, shouldering the biggest case in, "But the smaller ones have to sit in your lap."

"I'm sure that's not the first time those words have left your mouth." Richie grinned as Stan shut the trunk of the cab. His eyes widened in surprise, color flooding his face.

"Get in the damn cab." Stan seethed sarcastically as he took the remaining bags from behind the taxi. Richie climbed into the back of the taxi and took the cases that Stanley was handing to him.

Stanley sat down beside Richie, sliding in smoothly, and set two more bags on his lap. He closed the door. Stanley let out a heavy sigh as the cab pulled out of the parking space and slipped into the traffic. Richie stared out of the window in awe.

The buildings were so tall and everything was coated in such a light layer of snow. There were so many people in the street, walking in every direction like ants. Richie kept staring up at the buildings in surprise. The highest building in Derry was the water tower and it wasn't even a building. The highest actual building was still only two stories high.

These buildings in comparison were enormous. Comparing Boston to Derry was like comparing Bill to a five year old. He looked at Stan with wide eyes and back out of the window, pressing his nose against the glass as they drove down the main road.

"This is wild." Richie whispered and looked at Stanley again, "How are you so calm?"

Stan shrugged, smiling lightly, "I'll be able to appreciate it more once I'm settled. I'm too stressed right now to think about the scenery."

"Eddie is gonna love this." Richie commented and pursed his lips, "It's a shame he missed it."

"He should have his first view of Boston with a clear head. He wouldn't have gotten that now." Stanley reminded Richie as the cab came to a stop in some traffic, Stanley clicked his tongue, "This is going to take forever."

"I'm not fazed." Richie drummed his fingers on his thighs and then leaned towards the driver, "Hey bud, you got some tunes on that radio?"

The car was filled with the sound of talking, a radio station being switched on to a talk show. Richie shrugged in response and sat back.

It was better than silence. He put his head back against the headrest and closed his eyes.

"Wake me when we get there, Stan the Man. It's gonna be a while."

"I'm not your alarm clock." Stanley scoffed lightly, rolling his eyes as he pulled a book out of his shoulder bag to start reading. Richie looked at the book for a second and saw Stanley reading about the subcultures and tribes of Native America. Richie snickered and turned slightly on the chair to get comfy, being lulled to sleep by the soft purr of the car.

His sleep seemed only five minutes long, his brain barely being able to conjure some sort of empty dreams. He was being shaken awake, his name somewhat registering in his head. He groaned and opened his eyes, the world blurry around him. He blinked and looked at Stanley with a frown.

"Wassup?" He croaked and looked out of the window of the idling cab, "We here?"

"We are." Stanley smiled as he opened the door to put the luggage from his lap onto the sidewalk. Richie pressed the heels of his hands into his eyes and sat up, pulling his wallet from his jacket. He handed a full note to the cab driver and told the guy to keep the change regardless of the fare.

Stan had already begun unpacking the bags from the trunk when Richie climbed out. He pulled his coat tighter around his neck, noticing the wind was slightly more brisk here than it had been at the bus station. He helped Stan lift the heavy trunk cases from the cab as the beta began looking through the taxi to make sure they had everything.

The cab drove away and left them on the curb outside of a block of apartments. Richie stared up at the facebrick building that went up about four storeys and he looked at Stan.

"How exactly, pray tell, are we getting in?"

"Bill should be here." Stanley looked around and then went up to the

front door, examining the buzzer intercom, "Oh god, which one is it? I don't wanna press the wrong-

"Bill!" Richie screamed out loud, cupping his hands around his mouth, "Bill!" His loud booming voice shattered the quiet suburbia around them and had Stanley's entire body freeze. He spun around to glare at Richie.

"Is that entirely necessary?"

"Do you wanna fuckin' get in or not?" Richie spat back indignantly before he continued screaming, "Billiam! We're outside, asshole!"

"Oh, God." Stanley sighed, a hand gripping his satchel as he looked up at the building, "We haven't even moved in and they're going to evict us."

"Bill! Bill! Bill!" Richie called out at the building, "Will Bill Denbrough please get the fuck outside!"

"Will you sh-shut up!" Bill called out suddenly, appearing on the balcony of one of the first floor apartments, a flustered grin on his face, "Why the fuck are you yelling?"

"Aye, it's our saviour!" Richie held both his arms out as he squinted up at Bill, "Let us in!"

"Fuck, alright. One sec." Bill disappeared into the apartment and Richie turned to look at Stan with a smug grin on his face.

"Oh, shut up. I could have done that." Stanley muttered as he went back to their luggage.

"Yeah, well I did it, didn't I?" Richie's grin widened, "I saved the day."

The front door of the building opened and Bill set a brick down in front of it to keep it open. Richie picked up some of the suitcases and matched himself up the walkway. He got to Bill, who stepped aside to let him in.

"First floor, apartment nineteen." Bill called as Richie ascended the stairs, arms laden with heavy suitcases that clunked and thumped on

each damn step.

Richie grumbled heatedly as the bags got hit by the lip of the steps, slowing him down. He made it to the top and saw the door to '19' wide open.

He walked in and set the bags down in the pile of already set up suitcases.

He walked out and got halfway when he met Stan, who was struggling to wheel a suitcase up the stairs. He snickered at the bright red color of the beta's cheeks and lifted the bag up for him with ease.

Stanley let out a breathless and almost inaudible 'thank you' for Richie as he took the suitcase inside. He looked out of the living room balcony and saw Bill walking in with the last of the suitcases.

He looked around the apartment as he brushed some sweaty hair from his forehead. The floors were a medium brown wood, the walls were a creamy and warm beige. The kitchen had grey marble top and white trim. The living room had a cosy feel to it. There was a simple TV and a bookcase, a black sofa with some cushions. The vivid yellow curtains were bright but also somewhat of an eyesore. The rooms so far were both bigger and smaller than he had expected. Granted, Richie had no idea what to expect from apartments in Boston.

Hell, he wasn't even sure what the apartments in Derry were like except for the one that Bev had grown up in.

He looked at the door as Stanley helped Bill cart a bag inside. He smiled and then realizes the person missing.

"Where's Eds?"

"He's asleep in your room. I put him on the bed." Bill gestured to the two doors that were on the far side of the living room across from a simple dining table. Richie went up to the two doors and opened the one that he had followed Eddie's scent to.

He found Eddie curled up on a simple double bed, still wrapped in the teen blanket that Stan had put him in on the train. The room was

small and simple, the bed stood in the middle with its grey bedding, a table on each side in dark wood. There was a large closet on the wall next to Richie and a big window that looked out at what appeared to be a park. He walked in and closed the grey curtains, darkening the room a little bit more for his mate.

Eddie's eyes opened as he looked up at Richie in the dim light. He frowned, his face puzzled and wholly confused.

"Where are we?"

"In our new home, Eds." Richie smiled as he sat down on the bed beside Eddie, "You're having a nap while we get things sorted. You're tired."

"I'm fine." Eddie whispered, "I'll be fine."

"You sleep. We aren't going anywhere." Richie reassured as he ran his long fingers through Eddie's hair, "We can do some exploring later."

"Kay." Eddie's voice trailed off as he drifted back into his drug-induced sleep. Richie smiled at how calm and peaceful his mate looked, knowing full-well that Eddie needed sleep more than anything right now. Especially for the week coming up.

43. Chapter 43

Richie was sitting at the dining table, fiddling idly with one of the wire ties from the loaf of bread he had demolished a few minutes ago. He was watching Stan as he began planning and budgeting a household fund system for them all.

"You sure you don't want me to do that?" Richie queried as he leaned in, "The costs don't go there. You have to put them in a dividend column on the outside of the income here."

Stan looked up at Richie with genuine surprise, "Really?"

"Well, yeah." Richie smiled as he leaned in and opened Stanley's notebook to a clean page. He took the pen from Stanley and hastily scribbled in the basic columns, "It flows smoother this way. See? That way it's easier to subtract the expense and the full price from the expected price and you can compare. And then at the bottom..." Richie scribbled in, "You have the total household income and the dividers for each of us."

"That is easier..." Stanley breathed and looked up at Richie, "Thank you, alpha."

"Any time." Richie kissed Stan's shoulder lightly and looked around, "Where's Bill?"

"Asleep. His rut is probably gonna come earlier than we thought. He's exhausted."

"Won't his rut interfere with ours?" Richie wondered aloud, "Make ours happen faster because he's our leader?"

"I don't think it'll be drastic. Maybe a day or two." Stan admitted and Richie looked at him, seeing his jittering nerves.

"Stan?"

"Yeah?"

"How do you and Bill... Handle his ruts?"

"It's not without difficulty." Stanley toyed with his fountain pen, "I mean I'm a beta so my body isn't as... Pliant as Eddie's. Or- I mean, I can produce slick like Eddie because it's still a biological thing. My body still reacts to an alpha. If you were with another alpha that was primary, you'd produce slick, too."

Richie went pink and cleared his throat, "So it's not a dry fuck, at least?"

"Oh, God no." Stanley shook his head vehemently, "I wouldn't be able to take Bill if he went in dry."

"Is it enough?" Richie wondered, his alpha instincts making him worry about his pack.

"Sometimes it is. But it's more like- It's not the amount of slick at the time. It's the time it takes. If Bill has his waves too often, I can't produce slick every time. We usually rely on his..." Stan flushed pink, "Uh, excess fluid from before."

"Okay." Richie nodded, "And it's not the dick that's always the problem, right? It's the knot?"

"Well, fuck." Stanley snorted, "Have you fucking seen it?"

Richie snickered, "I have one of my own. I'm aware of the size."

"I don't know how Eddie does it." Stan sighed, "I just wish I could take him with as much ease. I mean I can take it but... Not without difficulty. Usually it's easier to just ease it in but when Bill hits his peak, he doesn't really care about ease when he just wants to breed."

"Stan?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you... Do you also get that weird feeling? Or is that just an alpha and omega thing?"

"Weird feeling?"

"When I go into a rut and Eddie and I are breeding, it's amazing and

it's the best experience ever." Richie smiled, "And after my rut goes down, there's a pit in my stomach when I know we haven't gotten pregnant. I mean last time I didn't feel it because we- Well, you were there. But I felt it the first time and I know he did but we both ignored it."

"Oh. Bill told me about that." Stanley nodded, "The breed pit."

"Do you get it?"

"It's not my biological need to breed." Stanley shrugged, "So, no. I don't have a cycle so no. I don't feel it."

Richie felt a morose wave of guilt when he saw Stanley's soured expression, "Do you wish you could breed?"

"Sometimes." Stanley admitted as he set his pen down, "Sometimes I wish I could do it to make Bill happy and give him what he wants... But, then I think about it and how much I actually don't want it. And I'm grateful for being a beta. I would only breed for Bill and not for myself, I'd regret it."

"Makes sense." Richie nodded, "Betas don't always want to breed. They're the assistants."

"I'm okay with a litter as long as I can give it back, y'know?"

Richie snorted, "At least my pups will have an uncle."

Stanley chuckled, "Sure. As long as I can give them back to you after your date night."

"Totally fine with that." Stanley smiled and then looked at Richie with a serious expression taking over, "So, are you and Eddie gonna try again in this cycle?"

Richie instantly winced, his head flooded with images of what had happened yet again. He couldn't believe it had taken place less than a week ago. It felt like months had passed. The wound was still so fresh and so painful and yet there was a sick and twisted wolfish part of him that still wanted to try again. The need for his body to breed his mate was rife and surging.

"I don't know. It's up to Eddie. We'll talk about it when he wakes up. I don't want to force him into it if he's not ready. I know the circumstances are different but the last thing he needs is some PTSD Vietnam flashbacks every time he looks at his own stomach."

"I suppose not." Stanley pursed his lips, "You're so different sometimes. It's weird."

"Huh?" Richie jerked back to look at Stanley, "How am I different. I'm me."

"Don't get me wrong..." Stanley rolled his eyes, "Everyone loves good old Richie Tozier."

"That's more like it." Richie rolled his lips smugly.

"But you're different than you used to be." Stanley began to explain, "The way you used to be growing up, no one expected you to be an alpha."

"Myself included there, Kookie."

"But now that you're growing into it, you're changing." Stanley smiled almost, "You've somehow, by miraculous recovery, matured. And even though you're still you, you're becoming an alpha. You care about all of us to an annoying extent. And you're... I mean for God sake, Richie, you want to have a litter."

Richie pondered on the statement for a moment, rolling his tongue against his teeth, "I suppose you have a point. Five months ago, if you told me I'd be mated and wanting a family, I probably would have hung you to a fence post by your underwear."

"Exactly." Stanley began doodling idly on an open page, "It shocked all of us. We were all so sure that you and Eddie would be a passing thing. That once you guys were out of your cycle, you'd realize what happened and just go back to being friends. I don't even think Bev saw this coming and that woman knows everything."

"She does, doesn't she?" Richie smiled at the mention of his pack member, his smile faltering when a small casm of pain seized in his stomach. He had tried not to think about the three betas in Derry that

just didn't have the means to come through, "Stan?"

"What?" Stanley asked as he drew a six-point star in the margin of his budget.

"Do you... I mean- The guys are gonna come through, right? Like, Bev and Haystack and Homeschool? They're not gonna stay in Derry, they're gonna live with us."

Stan looked pained for a moment and set his pen down, "I- Well... Beverly and Ben have already scraped together- By the way, they refused any monetary offer we gave them to join us. They wanted to afford it themselves and not rely on us."

"Sounds like Miss Independent." Richie smiled, "So they're gonna join us eventually. And Homeschool?"

Stanley's face twisted, his lips turning down in the corners, "No. Mike said he couldn't leave his family's farm. They need him."

Richie felt a cold wash over him, "We- We left him behind?"

"There was nothing we could do, Rich. He wouldn't let us stay behind just for him. Why do you think he and Bill said goodbyes at the station?"

Richie stared down at his hands, the tears blurring his eyes as his chest ached even more, "He's- He's just gonna stay in that... That pit?"

"He has no choice, Rich." Stanley tried to ebb the rolling waves of anguish that were coming from Richie's body like steam from a spring.

Richie got up, his body unable to hold still with the amount of pent up pain that circuited through his veins, "No. No?! No! What- No-What?"

"Richie, calm down-"

"Shut up!" Richie snarled, silencing the beta who let out a submitting whine in response. Richie bristled with anger as he paced back and forth, trying to control his shaking hands, "We can't leave him

behind!"

"We can't just take him from his family." Stan whispered softly, his head tilted and eyes cast elsewhere in submission to the fuming alpha.

Richie let out a furious snarl and flipped the nearest thing he could find, sending an armchair toppling over into the wall. He heaved and panted, snarling.

"Richie!" Bill's voice echoed out into the living room and Richie turned, baring his teeth, "Enough."

"You knew." Richie hissed as he clenched his fists, "You fucking knew he couldn't come with! You didn't say anything!"

"I couldn't. I knew you'd react like this, Richie." Bill reasoned as Richie practically heaved breaths from his body, his entire throat vibrating with a continuous snarl.

"We left him behind!" Richie roared angrily, "He's family!"

"He didn't have a choice!" Bill snarled back as Stan launched back out of his chair and pressed himself against the wall.

"We left him behind, Bill! He's gonna fucking rot there!" Richie kicked the nearby table in frustration and Stan let out a whimper, sliding against the wall away from Richie.

"It's not our choice to make!" Bill shot back heatedly, "His family need him!"

"We need him!"

"That's enough!" Bill roared, snapping his teeth. Richie fell back into submission, still baring his teeth. His body was radiating heat and fury. He clenched his fists as Bill strode up to him. Bill grabbed him by the back of the neck and Richie felt his body go pliant under the hard touch, "You better rethink yourself. You've made a fucking mess in my house."

"Sorry, alpha." Richie stated simply, his voice devoid of any form of

sincerity.

"Wh-" Bill let go of Richie and looked around, "Where's Stan?"

Richie looked up at the mention of the beta. Bill was right. He wasn't in the room. They both looked around for a moment until a wave of distress hit their noses like a wall of bricks.

"Ah shit. You s-see what you did?" Bill spat as they both hurried to the closed bathroom door. Richie scowled at Bill.

"Me?!" Richie hissed, "Fuck off, this isn't my fault!"

"You're the one who flipped shit!" Bill snarled as they got to the door. Richie stepped up to Bill, snarling incessantly. Bill's alpha scent emanated through the air and made it thick and viscous like syrup. It was suffocating to Richie, but it also seemed to rule him up even more.

He let out a wild and feral retch through his teeth when Bill grabbed him by the throat and threw him back. Richie flew across the living room faster than expected. His back hit the wall and he fell over the sofa and onto the ground.

Richie let out a groan and rolled onto his stomach, he let out a growl as he got up, rolling his shoulder. Bill eyed Richie warily before the second alpha launched at him, pushing Bill over into the wall. Bill pushed Richie back, having the alpha flip over. Richie retracted instantly, landing on his feet in a low crouch.

"Don't start what you can't finish." Bill warned as Richie stepped forward.

"Don't threaten what you can't follow through on, alpha." Richie leaned up, his slender frame flowing into a sinuous slide as he kicked Bill's leg out from under him. Bill let out a yelp as he was thrown from his equilibrium. Richie reacted instinctively and threw his fist out, snapping the heel of his hand into Bill's throat.

Bill was jerked back, his head hitting the wall enough to dent it. Bill panted, his eyes wide as he gasped for breath from Richie winding him. Richie snarled and straightened up when Bill's own arm jerked

at Richie's face, his fist connecting with Richie's jaw so hard that it threw him back and into the floor. Richie's head hit the corner of the coffee table and he skidded back a few feet.

He felt his head split open with a white-hot gush and he knew he was bleeding. He let out a roar as he scrambled up, seeing red mist and fury over his entire gaze. His entire body seethed with rage as he grabbed Bill and they locked into each other in a tangle of sharp nails and snapping teeth.

"Hey! Enough!" Eddie shrieked suddenly, falling into the living room from their bedroom, "Hey!" He yelled at the two alphas that were biting and mauling and kicking each other in a hormone and pre-rut-fueled haze.

He ran into the kitchen and grabbed the kettle, turning and throwing it on them both. Richie yelped and jumped back as the icy water hit his skin. He and Bill broke apart with gasps, panting and bleeding. Neither alpha looked at each other or the absolutely raging omega in front of them.

Eddie was standing there by the open kitchen bar with the kettle in his hand and his arms folded, his expression unimpressed and exasperated. He was only in underwear and his open nightgown.

"What the actual fuck?"

"None of your business, omega."

"Don't talk to him like that." Richie snarled at Bill, who gave him one back in return. Richie tilted his head to bare his neck in submission. He scowled darkly.

"What the fuck happened?"

"Bill left-"

"Don't you dare pin this on me!" Bill snapped bitterly, "No one made it your business, don't make it his."

"I swear to God-" Richie almost barked, "Why the fuck are you being so cold?!"

"Alpha, enough!"

Richie submitted again and stared down at the wooden floor as the water dripped from his curls. His fists clenched as he folded his arms and sneered at the ground, "Dick."

"One more word out of you and I'm gonna-"

"What?!" Richie barked crisply, "Fucking go for it, you asshole!"

"No! Enough!" Eddie stepped forward, "That's it, I'm done with this-"

"Step down, omega. This doesn't concern you." Bill warned when Eddie looked around with a frown.

"Where's Stan?"

All three of them looked around the room, eyes scanning. It was then that they caught one of the tendrils of distress and anxiety curling from the bathroom. Stanley's usual soothing lavender scent was soured like a flower field had been doused in something so potent that it burned their noses. Richie cringed, realizing the smell had been emanating the entire time but his and Bill's own smells had overpowered it.

Eddie dropped the kettle and sent it to the floor with a clatter as he bolted to the bathroom door. Bill and Richie were right behind him about a foot away.

"Stanny-bear?" Eddie called out and there was no response. Bill called out as well.

He heard a small whimper in response to his words and he let out a sigh, "Stan?"

There was no reply to Bill's call but Richie could hear Stanley's hyperventilated breathing. Richie felt his stomach pull out of genuine concern and guilt.

"Stan-"

"Go away." Stan whimpered quietly. Bill put his hand on the door and

tried to turn it, sighing when he realized it was locked. They eyed each other.

Eddie walked away from the door, a worried smell mixing with his honey scent as he wrung his hands nervously.

"I hope he's okay?" Richie crouched down as he took a step away from the door. Crouching comfortably to almost sit with his impeccable balance.

"God, it makes me nervous when he's like this." Bill whined as he put an ear on the door, "Stanley please."

Eddie straightened up suddenly at the mention of Stanley, his eyebrows creasing. He took a tentative sniff of the air and let out a yelp, pushing Richie out of the way to scramble out of the bed. Richie let out a small howl of fright as Eddie practically used him as a springboard, launching over him to get to the door.

Eddie ran to the bathroom where Bill was and pressed his ear to the wooden separation.

"Stanny?" Eddie called out, "It's me. Your scent is getting worse. Stan, please."

"Eddie?" Stan called back quietly and Eddie let out a small whimper.

"Let me in, Stan. It's okay. No one's gonna hurt you."

The door clicked and both Richie and Bill stepped forward to get inside when Eddie hissed at them. They stopped in their tracks, eyes wide, and watched Eddie slip into the bathroom.

Richie shifted uncomfortably, hearing them whisper. He looked at Bill awkwardly.

"Did we scare him?"

"I don't think we scared him. He just doesn't do well with confrontation. His anxiety doesn't handle it. Especially with all the alpha stink. It makes him submit when he doesn't want to. He feels helpless." Bill's eyes were still wary as he looked at the door. Richie

could see a flash of guilt in there, too.

"I didn't realize." Richie mumbled, "I mean- He wasn't on the forefront of my mind when I was angry with you."

"For no reason." Bill quipped coolly and Richie's head whipped around to look at him.

"For no reason?!"

"You don't think I tried everything to get him to come with?" Bill spat, "Do you think I'd just willingly abandon my pack?"

"Shut up!" Eddie yelled through the door, "Stop fucking fighting! Richie, I can feel your anger, calm yourself down!"

Richie balked at the screech in his mate's voice. He glared at Bill heatedly as the pack alpha bared his teeth in return.

"Fucking alphas." Eddie hissed softly before he continued talking to Stanley in a soft and consoling voice. Richie looked at Bill, feeling Eddie's worry in his mate mark.

"You really did everything you could?"

"Of course. It kills me that I couldn't bring him with." Bill answered in earnest, "That we couldn't bring them all with. It just... Ben and Bev have to find a place to stay before they get here. There's no space for them in here. Hell, my aunt has no idea you and Eddie are here."

"Oh."

"But Mike..." Bill looked down, "He's needed on the farm. His uncle isn't getting any younger and Mike has no siblings to pass on to. If his uncle dies, the farm falls to Mike. He can't just leave it behind."

"Oh." Richie breathed out, scratching his crown with a finger, "Didn't think of that."

"Clearly." Bill snorted, "He and I sat for hours on the phone, thinking of ways around it but... We couldn't find a way for it to be feasible. I mean, it doesn't mean he won't visit or in the future if he finds a way

to come here, he probably will."

"I hope so." Richie stuffed his hands in his pockets when he heard the bathroom door open. He looked up to see Eddie walk out hand in hand with Stan.

"You two better apologize." Eddie narrowed his eyes.

"Eddie, No- It-"

"No." Eddie stopped Stan's interjection as he looked back at the two alphas, "Apologize for your behavior."

"Sorry." Richie pursed his lips, "Sorry, for real, Stan."

"Pidge..." Bill breathed out as Stanley eyed him from under his lashes, "Pidge, I didn't mean to."

"I know, alpha."

"Saying you didn't mean to is not apologizing." Eddie scowled at the pack leader, "You alphas are so fucking trigger happy."

"It's okay, Eddie." Stanley squeezed his hand, "He means well. I know he wouldn't do it on purpose."

"Hey, neither would I."

"Beep beep, alpha." Eddie eyed his mate, who instantly curled his lips into his mouth to stay silent. Stan looked at Bill with teary eyes.

"I know you did what you could for him. I'm so proud of you." Stanley's voice cracked in a few places, "Such a good alpha."

"Pidge..." Bill breathed out, a small wave of ache coming from the pack leader when he saw how Stan's eyes filled with tears, "Don't cry."

"Sorry." Stan sniffed as he wiped his eyes with his hand, "I just... It got a bit much for me."

"We didn't mean to." Richie offered, "I just- I didn't know about

Mike."

"I know why you got upset." Stan muttered, "I just hate confrontation."

"We don't enjoy it." Richie rolled his neck on his shoulders slowly, "Alpha hormones."

"Stupid alpha's." Eddie muttered under his breath before he looked at Stan, "You gonna be okay?"

"I'm fine. Better. Just overwhelmed." Stanley let out a shaky breath, leaning against the doorframe. Richie watched the two of them with a frown. If this was he and Eddie, he would have been holding his mate already to console him, but Bill hadn't moved.

Bi had actually gone in the opposite direction and had gone to put the chair back where it had been before Richie flipped it. Bill continued to put things back in place, moving the furniture. Richie watched the way he moved and the way it seemed to calm Stan down.

Returning things back to normal.

Bill sat down on the sofa simply, his shoulders slumped and hands clasped between his knees. Eddie let go of Stanley's hand and he went over to Richie to stand by him. Richie was hit by the wave of scent. Bill's scent.

Richie frowned, it was such a weirdly strong scent of arousal that it actually made him itch. Richie realized then that he had never smelled Bill in a rut before. But he wasn't in a rut yet.

Richie turned around, his head still throbbing as his alpha adrenaline began to waver. Eddie yelped as he looked up at Richie's head, "You're bleeding?!"

"I'm bleeding in a lot of places. " Richie looked down at the red welts and the bloody tears in his shirt, "I'll heal."

Eddie let out a concerned whimper as he took Richie gingerly by the arm, pulling him into their bedroom. Richie saw Stanley walk up to

Bill, who was still sitting down. Bill wrapped his arms around Stanley's middle and pressed his head to Stan's stomach, a hand under his shirt and no doubtedly feeling the enormous scars that Bill himself had left.

Eddie closed the door to give them privacy and he looked at Richie with pursed lips, "What the fuck happened?"

"I found out that Mike isn't coming to live with us." Richie looked down as he sat himself down on the edge of the bed, "Ben and Bev are gonna come but Mike can't. He has to stay on the farm. And I got... Angry. And I took it out on Bill, who retaliated."

Eddie looked down, a sharp stab of pain hit Richie in the mate mark when he realized that Eddie also didn't know. Eddie let out a small whimper as a shaky breath left him.

"Come here, omega." Richie held his arms open for his mate, "I'm so sorry."

"Is there nothing we can do?" Eddie asked in a small and timid voice, "I know Bill would never leave him behind on purpose but..." Eddie shrugged as he was swept up in Richie's strong arms. He closed his eyes, shuddering as he pushed tears back.

"Bill said they thought of everything." Richie whispered as he scented the top of Eddie's head.

"It'll work out." Eddie replied quietly as he snuggled into Richie's chest, holding onto his t-shirt, "You'll see. We'll be a family soon."

"Such a good omega."

44. Chapter 44

Summary for the Chapter:

This story takes a jump later on. Do you want one really long story or do I make a second book for this on a separate work? Let me know what you prefer, please. Because this can either be something like an 80 chapter book or two books of 40 chapters. Not those exact numbers but... You see where I'm going here.

Eddie let out a groan as he woke up the next morning, scowling to himself when he woke up in a weird sweat. Richie looked down at his mate with a smile, clutching a coffee to his chest as he sat up against the wall.

"Morning." Richie smiled, "How are you feeling?"

"Weird." Eddie muttered, clicking his tongue as he turned onto his stomach, "I'm in pre-heat for sure."

"Oh, I know." Richie whispered, "I can start to smell it." He took a casual sip of coffee, "What's bothering you, omega?"

"Bill's hit his rut." Eddie whispered, "It's affecting me."

"Yeah, I smelled him when I went to make coffee." Richie's face twisted slightly, "I feel weird, too."

"My body is in such flux between you two." Eddie scowled, "You're my alpha and my mate so I'm biologically devoted to you. But he's our pack leader and he's in rut. I don't necessarily want him but my body is leaning towards him."

Richie tilted his head toward his omega, trying to block out the sounds of Stanley's heavy breathing and panted moans from next door. He sipped on his coffee and looked at his mate, "You gonna be okay?"

"Is it weird that I really want sex right now?" Eddie asked quietly, his

hips stirring against the mattress as he peered at Richie from behind his arm. Richie's eyes widened curiously, his one eyebrow quirked.

"You want to have sex right now because you can smell them?" Richie asked with a grin as he set his mug down on the side table. He turned to face Eddie, who was blushing lightly at the smell of his own blatant arousal, "You wet for me, omega?"

"God..." Eddie buried his face into the pillow before he nodded in resignation, "Yes, alpha."

Richie inhaled, smiling at how blatantly obvious it was that Eddie needed him. But he didn't move, even when the hunger began to heat up and tingle in his lower stomach. Eddie let out a whine as he lifted his head to look at Richie.

"Alpha..." Eddie whined as he lifted his hips up under the blankets. Richie pursed his lips and sat up.

"I dunno, Eds." Richie shrugged noncommittally and looked out of the window, "It doesn't seem like you want it bad enough."

Eddie let out a pathetic whine as he sat up a bit, shifting onto his knees, "Alpha, please."

Richie always felt a tug in his lower abdomen when Eddie called him 'alpha'. Even more so when it had an underlying sexual connotation or hint. Like right now. But Richie also knew how much fun it was to rile up his omega.

"Then show me, omega." Richie shrugged, smiling simply, "Prove to me how much you want me to fill you up."

Eddie let out a groan, his eyebrows knitting together, "God, Richie, why? Why do you have to make it difficult? I'm literally offering you my wet asshole and you want me to beg? That's not fucking fair."

Richie snickered as he saw the obvious erection in Eddie's shorts. His eyes trailed up to Eddie's pink cheeks and dilated pupils, "Because it's fun this way. I like to see how badly you wanna be hanging off my dick."

"Jesus Christ." Eddie grimaced, "Very nice."

"Thanks for the compliment." Richie preened, lifting his hands up to cradle his chin and bat his eyelashes. Eddie rolled his eyes and got out of the bed. He looked around the room, "What are you doing?"

Eddie scratching his arm, "As much as I wanna bounce on your dick until I pass out... I'm getting antsy."

Richie sat up, "You want a nest, Eds?"

"Yeah..." Eddie scratched his arm a bit harder, physically itchy now, "It's... Open."

"Find a space in the house that you want, omega. It's your house." Richie took a sip of his coffee as he sat up, "I want you comfortable before I do anything to your ass."

"So generous." Eddie muttered under his breath as he began looking around their bedroom, his ears flushing warm when both Bill and Stan's moans grew louder. Eddie opened the door to their bedroom and froze in the walkway, his body tensing. Richie's nose was filled with the smell of alpha rut and sex.

His instincts took over and he launched out of the bed, catching Eddie as his legs gave out. Eddie let out a small whine as Richie held him up, "I got you."

"Shit." Eddie breathed, "That's... Intense."

"Aren't you used to it?" Richie asked as he scooped Eddie up into his arms, "You've been with him in a rut."

"Yeah, but he's in a rut with his mate. The smell is stronger." Eddie whispered, "They left the door open."

Richie peered out and instantly his stomach clenched when he realized it was true. Their bedroom door wasn't wide open but it was definitely ajar, the smell wafting out was immense and suffocating.

Richie closed their bedroom door with his foot, "Close that before the smell ruins our room." Richie looked down at the clammy omega in

his arms, "I think you should play it safe and nest in here, omega. This is probably the safest space for you."

Eddie nodded, closing his eyes, "Probably best."

"C'mon." Richie sat Eddie on the bed, "What do you need?"

"Whatever you can find." Eddie muttered quietly as he ran a hand over their bedding, pursing his lips, "Think I'm gonna try and make the nest on the bed this time. Somehow. Want something soft..."

Richie looked up at the hook above their bed that was screwed into the ceiling and bit his lip, "Y'know... I may have something for you that you may like."

"What's that?"

"While you were sleeping, Stan went to the store to get us some food and to see the kosher spread that they had here. Which is impressive, by the way." Richie smiled, "Anyway..." He went to the closet and opened the door, rifling through his stuff, "He saw something that he thought you'd enjoy for your heat cycles."

"It sounds like you're prefacing some sort of sex toy and if you are, I will murder you." Eddie's eyes narrowed and Richie let out a hard snort as he pulled out a flat plastic pack, holding it out to his omega, "Okay, not a sex toy."

"Nah." Richie smiled as Eddie got up and took the package from him, flipping it over carefully.

"What is it?"

"Open it." Richie closed the closet door as Eddie flipped open the tab and reached in to pull out a ton of soft white tulle. He threw the plastic aside into the bed and unfurled the entire thing, frowning deeper.

"What?"

"It's..." Richie took it from Eddie as he stepped up onto the bed. He grabbed the top knot and hung it from the hook above the bed, "It's a

bed curtain thing. See? And you can tuck it under the mattress and it makes like..." Richie fluffed the thick, soft netting out around him before he wrapped it around himself, grinning out at Eddie, "See? It makes like a tent situation for you. And it's extra long so it goes around the whole bed."

Eddie stared up at Richie for a quiet second when his eyes began to water. Richie's smile faltered when he saw Eddie's tears run down his face, "What? You don't like it?"

Eddie wiped his eyes and shook his head, "No- No, I- That's..." He looked up at Richie, "That's so sweet, I-"

Richie rolled his eyes playfully as he hopped off of the bed to wrap Eddie in his arms, kissing his cheek before he began scenting his mate, "So emotional."

"I can't help it." Eddie scowled, "I can't believe he bought it for me."

"Of course he would." Richie continued to scent Eddie patiently, "He cares about all of us."

"It looks so pretty." Eddie smiled, "Will you help me tuck it in?"

"Of course. C'mon." Richie let go of Eddie before he pulled all of their bedding off of the bed to set it all on the armchair. He went back to the mattress and bent down, pulling the entire bed away from the wall with one hand.

Eddie went around the bed, fluffing out the thick white canopy all the way around the mattress. He overlapped the two ends of the canopy right at the bottom end of the bed and looked at Richie.

The alpha smiled as he began lifting each small section of the mattress up so that Eddie could tuck the thick net film underneath it, wedging it between the mattress and the bedframe.

Richie pushed the bed back against the wall and set it down, looking at Eddie, "What do you think?"

"It's cute." Eddie beamed brightly, "It's just..." His lips pursed in thought, "It's too open. I'd have to put something over the canopy to

darken it so no one can see in. Or if still feel exposed. But, this canopy makes a great frame and even out of heat, it's just so pretty."

"So, what do you need to hang over this? Doubt we can use anything too heavy." Richie pondered, looking up at the top hook of the canopy, "Don't need it falling in the middle of the night and suffocating us in our sleep."

"Yeah, like we sleep in our cycles." Eddie snorted, "Sure. Lie to yourself."

Richie snickered at his mate's unimpressed expression, "What about curtains or something?"

"How so?" Eddie looked between the canopy and the alpha beside him.

"Well, curtains have those strings in the top for the railings and shit, so why not use the strings to make the curtain tie around the top hooky thing? Just hang it over the top and tie it?"

"There's no way that would work."

"Why the hell not?"

"Because... Well, because..." Eddie stared up at the canopy again with a frown, "Because it's a 'you' idea and they never end well."

"Name one idea of mine that didn't end well?" Richie huffed, putting his hands on his hips as Eddie looked at him incredulously, "Well, go on."

"Oh, God. How about when we were six and it was your idea to try and jump our bikes over the Kenduskeag? Or when we were nine and you thought it would be a good idea to see what happened when you mixed together all the bathroom products in a container and put it in the freezer? What about when we were thirteen and you said it would be funny to explore The Barrens with Bill to try and find dead animals. Oh, my favourite- When we were fifteen and you had that loose tooth because Bowers clocked you and you decide to make me pull it out with pliers and you vomited on my face? And then at-"

"Alright, alright. Fuck. I asked for one, you overachiever." Richie rolled his eyes and scowled up at the bed net, "This is different."

"How, precisely?"

"Because... Uh..." Richie scratched his arm, "Because it doesn't involve risking life or limb?"

"I think the risk of suffocating is part and parcel of risking life, Rich." Eddie scowled, "I don't wanna die because you thought that a ceiling hook could support a full on curtain."

"It can!" Richie gestured up with a wild flail of his arm, "It's got the structural integrity of... Um."

"Buckingham Palace? The Great Wall of China?" Eddie offered when he saw Richie struggle to think of buildings.

"Something local." Richie waved him off, "Like the Hyatt Regency." Richie grinned broadly at himself, proud that he remembered the hotel he stayed in in Kansas with his family for holiday when he was younger.

"You dumbass." Eddie let out an exasperated sigh, "The Hyatt Regency walkway collapsed in '81, dumbass! When the hell did you see that place?"

"I was four!" Richie shot back, "I didn't know!"

"Idiot." Eddie pinched the bridge of his nose, his eyes closed, "I love how you try and tell me this thing will be so structurally sound but you choose the one- The one building- That actually fell apart."

"Hey, it was fine when I got there." Richie held his hands up, "Don't bark at me."

"Asswad." Eddie muttered, "If you can find a curtain to out over this then go for it, Einstein."

"I'll find a curtain while you build the rest of your nest." Richie smiled as he opened the door again. There was a deafening silence except for some soft alpha purring and Stanley's heavy panting.

Richie began gathering blankets and sheets for his mate, throwing them into the doorway of their bedroom. He could see Eddie grabbing the sheets and blankets as he tossed them in. He pushed open the door to Bill's room and knocked gingerly.

"Hey." Stan whispered quietly as he looked at Richie, facing him from where he lay in Bill's arms on the bed. Bill seemed to be asleep considering the fact that he hadn't growled at another alpha in his territory.

"You doing okay?"

Stanley purred contentedly, his hand resting over Bill's hand on his stomach as he closed his eyes, "Perfect."

"Good." Richie smiled, "Eddie and I hung his bed curtain thing."

"Did he like it?" Stan continued to smile and Richie was bewildered by how calm Stanley actually seemed.

"He did. But it's not dark enough. Looking for spare curtains." Richie quietly tiptoed to the closet and began scanning through the linen section for the curtains. He grabbed a spare red one for Bill's bedroom and a charcoal one that was similar to the one in Richie's room.

Richie smiled at Stan as he walked to the door and then paused, looking at him, "You're okay, right?"

"I'm used to it." Stanley purred quietly, his eyes closing, "First time's always the best."

"Well..." Richie inhaled a breath when he saw them both curled up naked on the bed. Richie could see Stan's scars and he could also see the very edge of Bill's knot buried inside of the beta. He blinked his gaze elsewhere, "If you need me, call okay?"

"Thank you, alpha." Stan whispered quietly, Bill pulled him closer and Stan winced lightly. Richie took it as his cue to leave. He tucked the curtains under his arm and left the room, closing the door behind him.

He went back into the room, peering in tentatively to see that Eddie was within the nest he had made, his pale skin looking completely angelic or like a woodland faerie behind the white film. He was in just his yellow sleeping shorts and he was blush fluffing pillows against the steady wall they had created around the bed with the tucked-in netting.

Richie smiled, a swell of pride had his chest puffing at the sight of his alpha making a nest for them to share for the next two weeks. Unencumbered by prior engagement or responsibility. The only responsibility they would share would be to each other. It made Richie positively giddy.

Eddie looked up at his alpha and smiled warmly, "Find anything?"

"Red and grey, I'm afraid. No soft colors for a soft omega." Richie teased, watching Eddie's face sour.

"The darker the better." Eddie sat back to examine his work and then he looked at Richie with wide eyes, "What do you think, alpha?"

"It's a great nest, omega. Well done." Richie smiled and watched Eddie keen and fluff a pillow, brimming with glee at the praise.

"C'mon, let me hang this and we can cuddle."

Eddie crawled off if the end of the bed and looked at his nest and then at Richie, "What can I do?"

Richie unfurled the black curtain and looked at the top edge of it, examining the hem with his fingers. He grabbed the side edge of the fabric and found the string in question, pulling on it as his other hand pushed the material aside like a drawstring. He pushed all the material to one side and tied the other end strings together to create a small circle that wouldn't budge.

Richie stepped onto the bed and leaned back to unhook the canopy from the hook. He slipped the attachment of the canopy through the curtain's circle and hooked it back to the ceiling. He jumped back into the floor lightly and lay the curtain over the canopy, instantly creating a dark cave for his omega to sleep in. The curtain definitely

didn't cover everything but it was enough to take out a significant portion of the light.

"How's that?" Richie asked as he fuffed with a piece of curtain and looked at Eddie with his hands on his hips, "Good?"

"Smart alpha." Eddie muttered under his breath as he pulled his shorts down, stepping out of the soiled material. He climbed into the nest and flopped down. Richie's brain had malfunctioned as Eddie had climbed in, his instincts had picked up on the glistening slick between Eddie's legs.

Richie could hear Bill and Stanley talking in the room next door. He couldn't make out exact words but he knew Bill was awake again. Richie ignored them as he pulled off his t-shirt and threw it in the small opening of the nest for his mate. Eddie mewled happily at the article of clothing and turned to tuck the shirt into the barrier around his side of the nest near his head. Richie pulled off his boxer shorts and threw them inside as well, letting Eddie use his clothes for the nest.

"Such a good omega." Richie smiled, "Perfect nest for a perfect omega."

Eddie sat up, leaning on his hands behind him to peer out at his alpha, "You gonna be in my nest, alpha?"

"Am I allowed?" Richie knew it was stupid to ask because Eddie was his mate. But some part of Richie felt it so necessary to ask Eddie. Allowing your alpha into your nest was still a form of consent.

"Please." Eddie opened the canopy slightly, "Come lay with me, alpha."

Richie climbed onto the edge of the bed and slid into the nest, letting Eddie close the edge of it around their feet with only the tiniest slivers of light coming in.

Richie stared up at the pointed top of the nest and then at Eddie, "Well done."

"Thank you." Eddie looked at his alpha with a frown, "Rich?"

"Yeah?"

"It's still Hanukkah, are you and Stan still celebrating?" Eddie asked curiously, turning onto his side with his head resting on his fist, "I think?"

"Yeah, it is. We don't really have any of the stuff for it though, we had to only bring the essentials but we swapped a gift last night before bed. I know Stan didn't get to light the candle last night because we don't have a menorah." Richie scratched his chin, "He did want to play with his dreidel later but with Bill hitting his rut, Stan's gonna be preoccupied."

"Aw." Eddie pursed his lips, "What else?"

"We traded gelt." Richie shrugged and when he saw Eddie's frown, he laughed, "Chocolate coins, Eds. It's Yiddish."

"Why?"

"It's usually used for the dreidel game and stuff. Back in history, it's a symbol to give coins to poorer people and teachers and shit but now it's a thing to give to children at parties, too." Richie smiled, "It's fun."

"I like chocolate." Eddie smiled, "What else?"

"Stan makes the best potato latkes." Richie grinned, "When we were younger, our families used to do at least one dinner together in the eight days. He used to help his mom make latkes and I used to help Mags make rugelach."

"That's that pastry, right?"

"Rightio." Richie smiled, "And then one small gift every night for eight nights. For the whole oil thing."

"That's so cool." Eddie beamed, "What did you get for Hanukkah, Rich?"

"Oh," Richie smiled, "Night one and two, I got a new pair of sneakers and a watch. Night three and four I got a new Wolverine comic and some cologne." Richie smiled, "Night five last night, Stan gave me a

new belt."

"So, three nights left?" Eddie smiled, "Have you got gifts for Stanny?"

"Of course." Richie snickered, "Always have every year."

"What did you give him this year?"

"A new Rubik's cube, a bird book, a puzzle of Italy, a set of handmade bookmarks, a whoopie cushion and-"

"One of those things is not like the other, alpha."

"The bookmarks? Yeah, I know-"

Eddie giggled, "A whoopie cushion?"

"Oh." Richie grinned, "Because they both make the same damn noise. When Stan speaks, I don't hear words, I hear that."

"I bet he was furious."

"He clipped me over the ear." Richie chuckled, "Tonight I'm giving him a new set of Winter gloves, then he has two left. Got him a cool purple yarmulke and then a new set of old playing cards."

"Playing cards?"

"Stanley Uris loves different playing cards with cool artwork on them." Richie shrugged, "I found a cool set with cats on them."

"Aww." Eddie smiled, "Such a thoughtful alpha."

"I have moments." Richie shrugged nonchalantly and he looked at Eddie, "I mean it would be ten times better if I was having this discussion about Stan the Man and I wasn't having to listen to him being railed."

Eddie's cheeks went pink as he listened to the sounds that were coming through into their room, "Poor Bill."

"Poor Stan."

"Poor bed." Eddie muttered quietly, grinning devilishly, "Hey, Rich?"

"Hmm?"

"Last question." Eddie looked at Richie as he rolled onto his stomach to lift his legs up and cross his ankles, "I know you're Jewish but... How Jewish are you? Are you, like... Do you practice it on your own or is it just because of your family?"

Richie thought for a second, "I don't- I don't hate the idea of it so much. Because I grew up with it, obviously. But I don't actually care too much, not like Stan. I know Stanley actively enjoys having his religion to put himself into. I'm just... I'm just here, man."

"So, is that why you eat bacon and beef and stuff?" Eddie frowned, "Because last time I checked, that wasn't exactly kosher."

"My house was kosher except on my birthday." Richie laughed, "Because my favorite meal was lasagna so my mom made the exception on that day only. Otherwise our diet was strictly kosher. For a lot of Jews, the kosher diet is about health and safety and for others it's more about reverence."

"How so?"

"According to kosher tradition, any food categorized as meat may never be served or eaten at the same meal as a dairy product." Richie shrugged, "Furthermore, all utensils and equipment used to process and clean meat and dairy must be kept separate- Even down to the sinks in which they're washed."

"That's so wild."

"After eating meat, you must wait a designated amount of time before consuming any dairy product. The particular length of time varies among different Jewish customs but is usually between one and six hours." Richie looked at Eddie with a smile, "Then you get pareve."

"What's that?"

"Pareve food items are considered neutral and may be eaten alongside either meat or dairy. However, if a pareve food item is

prepared or processed using any equipment used to process meat or dairy, it may be reclassified as meat, dairy, or non-kosher."

"Whoa, wait... Really?"

"Hundred percent, Eds." Richie chuckled, "They love their rules. A large portion of kosher rules addresses animal-based foods and the way in which they are slaughtered and prepared. It must come from ruminant animals with cloven or split hooves, such as cows, sheep, goats, lambs, oxen, and deer. The only permitted cuts of meat come from the forequarters of kosher ruminant animals."

"Oh?" Eddie sat up a bit, "What about birds?"

"Certain domesticated fowl can be eaten, such as chicken, geese, quail, dove, and turkey." Richie lifted his arms and put his hands behind his head, "I've had dove. Gross."

"Oh, that sucks. I've always dreamed of eating dove." Eddie snarked sarcastically, "As you do."

"And you said... You were talking about how the animals are killed? Why does that matter?"

"The animal must be slaughtered by a shochet." Richie saw Eddie's frown, "A person trained and certified to butcher animals according to Jewish laws. And then the meat must be soaked in order to remove any traces of blood prior to cooking."

"So, what things can't you eat?"

"Oh God, where do I start?" Richie snorted, "Meat from pigs, rabbits, squirrels, camels, kangaroos, or horses."

"It actually says you can't eat a kangaroo?" Eddie chuckled as he leaned in to scent his alpha, "That's so random."

"Also can't eat predator or scavenger birds, such as eagles, owls, gulls, and hawks." Richie held Eddie close, "And then the most popular one is that cuts of beef that come from the hindquarters of the animal, such as flank, short loin, sirloin, round, and shank are no bueno."

"And dairy?"

"Dairy has to come from a kosher animal and it can't be mixed with any animal derivative like gelatin or rennet." Richie sighed, "Which sucks for a lot of strictly kosher people because that's a common one in some hard cheeses."

"And fish?"

"Can have any sort of fish that has fins and scales, such as tuna, salmon, halibut, or mackerel. So no shrimp, crab, oysters, lobster, and other types of shellfish for Stan the Man."

"But shrimp is amazing." Eddie sat up, his face twisted with melodramatic horror, "That's awful."

"Nah, what's awful is that some Jews take it a step further with their bread and shit. If it has shortening in it, that's an animal thing so they can't eat it. Can't eat it if the pan was greased with any animal fat or if the dish was used to cook meat."

"Jeez." Eddie began nipping at Richie's mate mark, the soft touch of teeth to his flesh mark had Richie's stomach and spine tingle, "Surely, that's a bit much."

"Not really. It makes sense..." Richie closed his eyes, ignoring the way Eddie was running his hands over Richie's stomach slowly, "Different rules for Passover and that sort of thing. If I go into it now, we'll be here for hours."

"I like listening to you." Eddie's nose was running over Richie's jaw slowly, "Such a smart alpha. My alpha knows everything."

"But, to answer your original question," Richie took Eddie by the sides to pull the small omega onto his body, smiling up at him, "I don't actively eat kosher. It doesn't bug me. But I do know that we're all gonna have to discuss diet with Stan living here. Don't want him uncomfortable."

"I'd become Jewish for you..." Eddie looked bashful as he said the words, biting on his bottom lip, "If you wanted."

"Wait, what?" Richie rebuffed in surprise, "You would?"

"If you wanted to properly immerse yourself in the religion in your own life, I wouldn't let it get between us. I'd do that for you."

"Eddie, I can't."

"I know, but you don't have to ask because I offered." Eddie smiled, "If you wanted. If not, then we can both just be."

"We can see later on." Richie brought Eddie's head down to scent him, "So thoughtful."

"Anything for my alpha." Eddie replied breathily, "All the things for my alpha."

"If we're on that vein." Richie lifted Eddie's head up so that they were looking eye to eye, "We have to talk." Eddie's eyes widened and then narrowed with concern. Richie felt Eddie's anxiety flare through the mate mark and he smiled, "Don't worry, omega, you aren't in trouble."

"Then what is it?"

"It's about us. And about what'll happen in the next week. I didn't want to have this discussion but..." Richie looked at Eddie with a purse to his lips, "But what are your plans, Eds?"

"My- My plans?"

"Eds, do you want another litter or not?" Richie asked as he caressed Eddie's cheek with his finger lightly. Eddie's eyes hardened at the mention before he looked down.

"I don't think I am. I still want a litter but..." Eddie shook his head, "Not yet."

"So, what are we gonna do?" Richie frowned, "If you don't want to breed then I can't knot you, Eds. And if I can't knot you then you'll be in agony."

"Maybe we..." Eddie looked around, "I mean we're in the city, surely

they have doctors and better contraception than in Derry."

"Oh yeah. Derry's version of contraception is either abstinence or... Well. No, that's it. I don't even think any of them believed in condoms. Definitely not." Richie snorted, "Then let's do that. Before you go into your heat."

45. Chapter 45

Summary for the Chapter:

Last chapter but there will be a Book 2 that I will put up tomorrow. So keep an eye out for Book 2!

Richie sat beside Eddie in the doctor's office. He saw the way Eddie was jittering and fidgeting and he could feel his mate's anxiety in the mate mark. As if the smell wasn't enough.

Richie had had enough of a hard time trying to pry Eddie from the house as it was. Eddie didn't want to leave the house at all, even though going to the doctor was his idea. Richie had made them an appointment right at the end of the day in the hopes that there weren't too many people at the surgery.

He was right. Although, the doctor's offices were empty, the streets around them were bustling with people that were trying to get home. Richie had made Eddie wear almost triple layers from head to toe in the hopes that it would hold his scent in. It worked for the most part. Eddie had even put on two pairs of pants and two pairs of underwear. Richie knew it would be busy and that taking a taxi would make them late.

Richie had walked with Eddie in the street, letting the omega take in the snowy scenery. Eddie's eyes were as wide as saucers, his body curled to protect himself despite the awe in his big brown irises. Richie held Eddie's hand as they walked down the street, his eyes narrowed as he eyed every single person that passed his mate. He knew he smelled like a lethal alpha in pre-rut. He knew that everyone was giving them both a wide berth because of it.

Eddie pointed to the tall buildings and all of the cars. He pointed to the advertising and literally everything else that caught his attention, showing his alpha. Richie listened with half of his attention, answering at the right times and nodding when Eddie showed him something. The other half was on everyone else all the way from their apartment to the front door of the surgery.

They sat in the consultation room, waiting in a comfortable silence for the doctor. Richie had filled out all of the necessary paperwork for his mate, asking idle questions to Eddie for any of the things he didn't know. Although, if there was a list of things that Richie didn't know about Eddie, it was exceptionally short.

Eddie had been asked to undress and put on a paper gown. He sat on the cot, his legs swinging back and forth, his feet still in a pair of yellow socks. Richie sat in one of the plush chairs that he had moved nearby, a leg folded over the other.

"Do you think they're gonna take blood?" Eddie asked in a quiet voice, a sharp jolt of fear hit Richie's mate mark.

"I doubt it." Richie shrugged as he began fiddling with a paperclip he had taken from the desk, "Why would they need to?"

"If they put me on any meds..." Eddie shrugged, "Might need to do blood tests to make sure it's right for me or something. I don't know how contraceptions work, Rich."

"We'll see." Richie smiled as he completely untangled the paperclip and then stuck the end in his mouth. Eddie grimaced, not wanting to think about how many germs were currently in Richie's mouth thanks to the metal he was sucking on.

"Gross." Eddie mumbled as he looked away, reading a nearby chart on omega diabetes.

Five minutes later, after Eddie had read all the nearby charts. His hypochondria had made him panic when he began reading through all of the omega-related illnesses. Each symptom felt like something he either currently had or something he had felt in the past. He had come in for a routine check up and was now screaming inside because he had omega diabetes, high blood pressure and omegan-cystic growth. Eddie looked away, ignoring the shoot of panic down his spine.

He knew he was overreacting to all of this. He knew it was stupid and he wasn't actually sick. It's hard to kick a habit after you've lived with it. Eddie's hand itched for his inhaler. Richie looked up when

the smell of distress hit him and he got up, rushing to Eddie's side.

"What is it?"

Eddie shook his head, waving the alpha off. He was overreacting. Still. He didn't need anything. He didn't need his inhaler. He wasn't panicking or stressing.

Richie held out the inhaler for his mate, having now taken to carrying one around because ever since they had gotten to Boston, Eddie had decidedly ditched his fanny pack and all of the medication in it. He was out of his mother's grasp and wanted to follow through until he felt completely free. His inhaler seemed like the only thing from which he couldn't part. Eddie nodded, taking the aspirator of his alpha's outstretched palm. He squeezed the trigger, inhaling the vinegary-socks bapor into his lungs. He held the inhaler in his mouth with his eyes closed for a moment, trying to still his thoughts.

Richie merely held his omega, comforting the stressed wolf with soft and gentle rubs on his exposed back. Eddie handed the inhaler back to Richie, who stuffed it into the pocket of his thick green windbreaker.

"Better?"

"Thanks, Rich." Eddie whispered softly despite the fact that he hadn't located his voice just yet.

"What's bugging you?"

"Just nerves." Eddie waved him off, "I get like this at the doctor. Germs and illness and just-" Eddie exhaled again, pushing everything down, "No. I'm okay."

"I'm right here, omega."

The door opened and Eddie jumped at the sound, the poor omega was already wound up. They looked over to see a kind-faced beta woman with her red hair piled into a bun on the top of her head. She looked to be in her thirties and was definitely pregnant. Richie was hit by the sickly sweet smell that mixed with her honeysuckle scent.

Great, Richie thought, there's the spokesperson for contraception.

Richie knew that her baby bump wouldn't help Eddie's baby fever, either.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Tozier," She shook Richie's hand, "And this must be your mate?" She smiled and shook Eddie's hand, "Mr. Kaspbrak, right? My name is Leslie Collins."

"Hi." Eddie breathed and as Richie expected, Eddie kept spying her stomach, "Thanks for seeing us."

"It says here," She sat down in her big leathery chair and spun to face Eddie as she read through his file, "You've been an omega for a little over a year now. You've only recently been knotted and... You had one unsuccessful litter."

Eddie nodded as she looked at him, "Yeah. Just the one."

"May I ask what happened?"

Eddie instantly shied back and looked away, his eyes glazing over. The doctor looked at Richie, who cleared his throat.

"He was unmated when we successfully bred him. He was alone for less than an hour and a feral alpha from our old town found him. He-Well..." Richie waved a hand, "Can you tell where this is going?"

"My condolences to you both." She whispered before looking at Eddie, "You've mated since then?"

"Just before we moved to Boston. To be safe." Richie announced proudly, "He's in pre-heat now and we decided to wait until we breed again. We want to make sure he's okay and all that first. And if there were any forms contraception available."

"Well, to do a full omega check up, we'd have to book you in for a scan." Dr. Collins looked at her watch, "Which we can only do tomorrow. That we can do to check that all of your necessary organs are in order and that if you are to carry a litter in the future, there won't be any physical ramifications or complications."

"Well, can we do that?" Richie frowned as he leaned in, "How much is it?"

"If you and your omega aren't on any medical insurance or aid of any sort then the costs are exceedingly high." She looked at Eddie's file, "However, they do have a day clinic on the other side of town that does it for free because it's government funded."

"How much-"

"Richie no." Eddie interrupted, "Don't waste our money on a scan. We can go to the clinic." Eddie smiled, "It's okay, really."

"Eddie..." Richie seemed pained by the idea and he was. He hated the idea of sending his mate to a subpar clinic in a poor part of town because he didn't want to cash out for better healthcare.

"I can assure you, Mr. Tozier," The doctor smiled, "Just because it's a government clinic, doesn't mean it's poor service. There's just a wait involved because its first come first serve. I suggest getting there nice and early to secure a spot in line."

"Is it just a scan?" Richie asked with a frown as the doctor began writing on a script of paper.

"No. I'm sending you both with a note for a full physical check up especially since he had previous litter trauma." She tore the page off and gave it to Richie, "Now that that's sorted," She looked at Eddie, "Contraception."

"Yes, please." Eddie smiled, "What do you have?"

"Have you been on any sort of contraception, Mr. Kaspbrak? Even condoms?"

"No, ma'am." Eddie shook his head, "Just... Abstinence and pulling out, I guess. Our previous town didn't stock anything for prevention. Unless you count rigorous prayer."

Richie snorted at Eddie's derisive comment and looked at the doctor, "What do you think is best?"

"When he's on heat, are you synced?" She looked at Richie, "Your rut, I mean." Richie nodded in response and she wrote it down, "Alright. We do offer condoms for both in and out of rut but they're not so popular with omegas because it takes away some of the feel."

Eddie's face twisted at the idea, "No thanks."

"Alright. What about a pill?"

Eddie paled at the mention of the p-word, his eyes widening as his entire body clenched and froze. Richie rushed to Eddie's side to hold him, pulling the panicking omega against him to scent him. Richie threw Dr. Collins an apologetic glance.

"Eddie's..." He chose his words carefully and tried to keep his anger at bay, "He was sick a lot as a child and his mom had him on a lot of different meds. I guess he's just tentative with pills."

"That's not leaving us with many options, Mr. Tozier. It's either a daily pill that he takes or an injection."

"What do the pills do?"

"It doesn't stop the heats but it dulls the cramps and makes it easier to handle. The heat still goes on but he doesn't ovulate or produce sex cells. The injection does the same thing except it's a once off thing every month or every three months."

"I see." Richie stroked Eddie's hair as the omega tried to control his breathing, "Any side effects?"

"In the first two weeks there is a bit of nausea as the hormones kick in. He gains omega weight in the hips and he gets a few cravings. Also some fatigue. But altogether it's still a better experience than a full heat." The doctor explained, "Just to be wary, if you do plan to breed, you need to stop the medication in time because it takes a while to leave the system. Success won't be instantaneous and it may take a few months after stopping the hormone treatment."

"I don't think that matters right now." Richie sat up, leaning against the cot, "I just want him to be able to get what he needs. His heat is in a couple days and I want to be able to help him without worrying."

"Well," She picked up a thick medical book, "There are a few different options. Pill or injection, Mr. Kaspbrak?"

"Injection." Eddie looked up, "No more pills."

She nodded and began thumbing through the book, "Monthly or tri-monthly?"

"Monthly." Eddie whispered as he put his head in Richie's neck. The doctor got up and began to do a quick check up. She began examining Eddie's eyes, nose and throat. She checked his ears and his temperature as Richie held his hand and stood aside.

"He is a little warm." She commented, "Not too concerning, however." She put the stethoscope into her ears and put the end against Eddie's chest, having him breathe in and out a couple times.

She eyed him and looked at Richie, "Asthmatic?"

"All his life."

"Bronchial or non-allergic?" She asked and looked at Eddie, "Do you cough with asthma or is it the sudden shortness of breath?"

"No coughing." Eddie looked at her, "It's not bronchial. It's stress-related. Both anxiety and physical. It's linked to my COPD."

"I see." She smiled as she wrapped a blood pressure cuff around his arm, putting the end of the stethoscope to his elbow crease before she began pumping, her eyes on the metre, "Have you had any other complications with your heat, Mr. Kaspbrak?"

Eddie squirmed at the tightness around his arm, his face flinching before she released the pressure and wrote his blood pressure down. Eddie thought for a moment, "Complications how?"

"No bleeding or other colors in your slick production?" She asked as she began massaging spots on his face to check his sinuses, "Or any muscular chest pains. Things that don't feel right?"

"Not that I know of." Eddie offered and then glanced at Richie out of his periphery, "Anything you remember?"

"Nope." Richie was still trying to figure out the 'other colors in your slick' comment from the doctor, "His heats have been regular."

"Alright. Well, then." She set everything down, "Have you ever had any liver disease or problems?"

"No, ma'am."

"Alright." She turned and pulled on a fresh pair of latex gloves. She reached down into a cupboard, pulling out a small vial and a syringe. She capped the syringe with a thin needle and looked at Eddie with a kind smile, "I'd like you to step down from the bed and lift your foot up onto this top step."

Eddie frowned, hopping off the bed before he lifted his leg up and out his foot on the step. The doctor half-filled the syringe with a clear liquid and leaned over.

"Take a breath for me, Mr. Kaspbrak." She instructed and Eddie's eyes widened, his hand squeezing Richie's as he took in a breath. He yelped as the needle went right into his backside, injecting him right in the cheek. Richie caressed soft circles in Eddie's hand with his thumb, whispering soft praise.

"Such a good omega." Richie crooned, "Look at how well you did." The doctor covered Eddie's pin-prick wound with a bandaid and threw everything in a bright yellow bin next to her.

"All done, Edward." She smiled at him, "You should be sorted until your next appointment with me. This time next month."

Eddie looked at her as he gingerly put his foot down on the ground, "Was that it?"

"That was it." She smiled, "It's done."

"Oh." Eddie beamed at his alpha, "I did it."

"Told you." Richie chided playfully, "Done and dusted."

"Would you like a lollipop?" She held the jar out and Eddie's eyes lit up, he looked at Richie, hands poised like a timid mouse. Richie

waved at the jar, letting his omega take a lollipop.

Eddie leaned in to grab one of the candies from the glass jar, smiling as he inspected it. Richie shook the doctor's hand as Eddie grabbed his clothing to get dressed again behind the screen.

"Doctor," Richie leaned in, "What are the chances anyway? Just curious, y'know? If- When we try for a family later on."

"Well, Mr. Tozier, it all depends on what they find in the scan tomorrow. How successful his healing was, how much scar tissue there is to his body and the overall formation of his sex organs. Generally, with an omega who has experienced that sort of trauma, it could go either way."

46. Chapter 46

So the new book is up! It's under the Mint series and it's called Ginger and Mud! It's a continuation of this book, it's pretty much what the next chapter would have been but because of how long this book is, I decided to make two books instead. So the story continues! Share and spread the love!